

INTERESTING PEOPLE BURIED IN GRANTCHESTER CHURCHYARD

*reprinted from past Newsletters for
The Friends of Grantchester Church*

[OLIVER BAKER](#)

Soldier and Grantchester Parish Councillor

[RICHARD MICHAEL BARNARD](#)

Chartered Surveyor

[CONSTANTINE WALTER BENSON](#)

[FLORENCE MARY BENSON](#)

Ornithologists

[ARTHUR BIGGS](#)

Curator Cambridge Botanic Garden

[FRANCIS CRAWFORD BURKITT](#)

Norisian Professor of Divinity

[EDWIN CHARLES CLARK](#)

Regius Professor of Civil Law

[ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH](#)

First Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge

[RICHARD JOHN SMALE EDIS](#)

Diplomat

[LORNA DOONE FREYER](#)

[DERMOT JOHNSTON FREYER](#)

Needlewoman : Author

[CHARLES BURFORD GOODHART](#)

[DIANA HELEN DOWNING GOODHART](#)

Scientist & Academic :

Teacher, WREN & Mothers' Union President

[SIR JAMES GRAY](#)

FRS – Professor of Zoology

[DAME ELIZABETH HILL](#)

Cambridge Professor of Slavonic Studies

[HENRY CASTREE HUGHES](#)

Architect

WILIAM JAUNCEY

Student, Fellow Commoner St John's College

ROBERT YEWDALL JENNINGS

International Lawyer, Teacher and Judge

PAMELA KEILY MBE

Producer of Religious Drama

FRANK KINGDON-WARD

Botanical collector in the Himalayas

ROBERT LAIDLAW

Superintendent Glasgow Medical Mission

ELIZABETH LAIDLAW

GEORGE MUIR LAIDLAW

District Officer in the Federated Malay States

DOUGLAS HUNTER LAIDLAW

Officer in the Federated Malay States

PATRICK PLAYFAIR LAIDLAW Kt., F.R.S., F.R.C.P.

Virologist – Medical Research Council

HUGH ALEXANDER LYON LAIDLAW

2nd Lt. Indian Army

CHARLES GLASS PLAYFAIR LAIDLAW

Physiologist – Imperial College of Science & Technology

JANET YOUNG LAIDLAW

Doctor

WALTER SIBBALD LAIDLAW

2nd Lt. Royal Engineers

SARAH GEORGINA LAIDLAW

HENRY DESMOND PRITCHARD LEE

ELIZABETH (CROOKENDEN) LEE

Classicist and Headmaster

JOSEPH RAWSON LUMBY

Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity

RODERICK EWEN MACPHERSON

University administrator

ARTHUR HENRY MANN

Organist & choirmaster at King's College, Cambridge

HELENA MENNIE SHIRE

Editor of Scottish music, lecturer and teacher

ELLIS 'FRANK' PAULEY

District Council Treasurer

HOWARD WILLIAM and WINIFRED PHEAR

University Lecturer : Headmistress

THE REVD CHARLES ARCHIBALD EDMUND POLLOCK

*Dean, President & Bursar of Corpus Christi College,
and Cambridge Borough Councillor*

JEAN MARIAN PURDY

World's First IVF Nurse and Embryologist

HENRY EDWARD PURVIS

University Lecturer and Mayor of Cambridge

ROBERT STEVENSON

Film director

THE REVD CHARLES ANTHONY SWAINSON

Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity

DUDLEY WILLIAM WARD

Journalist and Economist

SAMUEL PAGE WIDNALL

'Capital Contriver'

WALTER and MARIAN WITTER

Tapestry designers and weavers

OLIVER BAKER

18 June 1883 – 22 March 1915

As, in the nature of things, most serving men are killed or die abroad, only two of those whose names are on our War Memorial in Grantchester are buried in the churchyard.

One of these is Oliver Baker who was born in Comberton into a family whose ancestry can reliably be traced back to the burial of Abraham Baker in Coton in 1727. Abraham's son appears to have moved to Comberton, and his descendants remained there until Oliver's father brought his wife and eight children to Grantchester at the end of the nineteenth century in order to take over the village smithy.

Oliver worked with his father, learning the trade which had been practised by at least three generations of his family before him. At the same time he was the village postmaster and, on his postal round, he would often see Edith Mary Davies who was working for the Asshetons at Riversdale. Edith's father was a horse-porter, and later gardener, at Buckhurst Park in Berkshire, home of Sir Joseph Savory, one time Lord Mayor of London. On 5 January 1907 Edith and Oliver were married at Sunninghill.

Oliver served Grantchester in many ways and was obviously a very active member of the community. In 1910 and again in 1913 he was elected a member of the Parish Council and, at the same time, the Allotments Committee which took care of the lettings, and made sure that those who had allotments looked after them properly. In 1914, while still a Parish Councillor, he was made a Trustee of the Pools Land Charity, a Grantchester charity which received its income from the Town Lands Charity. At that time the Town Lands Charity owned the four almshouses as well as the land at the end of Fulbrooke Road.

In the Grantchester School Log Book it is noted on 22 November 1912 that ten boys were given their first lesson in gardening by Oliver. Were these junior boys perhaps, because three weeks later it is noted that 'gardening is about to be introduced into the Upper School'. The school had taken an allotment of 20 poles, but unfortunately the lessons were frequently disrupted when the weather made the ground too wet to work, and the boys had to do drawing instead!

Oliver is recorded as having been a prominent member of the Trumpington Conservative Association, and he also belonged to the 'City of Grantchester' Lodge of the Ancient Order of Foresters. Still in existence, the AOF was founded in 1834 and was one of the biggest of the Friendly Societies. Membership of the Court (branch) was restricted to men living within 2½ miles of the Court meeting place which was initially the public house, and later on, in response to the rising tide of Temperance, any available reading room, coffee house, institute or special Foresters Hall. The society provided families with income protection in times of sickness, and funeral grants which not only paid for the burial but provided the family with support for a few weeks until other sources of livelihood could be established. In 1865 the subscription seems to have been about 9d a quarter and the funeral grant £12 on a member's death, and £6 for his wife.

One Court had some excellent rules for its meetings, but it is not known whether these applied to all branches:

No member might speak twice on any question;

No member might speak for longer than 10 minutes;
Members were subject to fines for making an improper noise, or for audible whispering;

many a modern-day chairman would be delighted to apply these rules!

In 1905 Oliver joined the 2/1st Suffolk Yeomanry. Created in 1761, the yeomanry grew steadily and by 1803 there were 44,000 yeomen. Thereafter numbers declined, but rose again when it became obvious that mounted troops would be needed in the South African War. In 1907 the yeomanry became part of the new Territorial Force. Yeomen were small landowners and all ranks had to supply their own horses, so there was an obvious need for farriers such as Oliver Baker.

When only 32 Oliver suffered a stroke while bicycling in Ely. He was taken to the local hospital but died the next morning without regaining consciousness. The Cambridge Chronicle reported that ‘considerable regret has been occasioned throughout the district at the death, with tragic suddenness, of Farrier-Sergeant Oliver Baker’.

On 24 March his body was taken on a gun carriage to Ely Station, escorted by men of the Suffolk Yeomanry, and from Cambridge was brought to his house on the Green in Grantchester. The next day, with the blinds drawn in nearly every house in the village, his coffin was borne to the Church by troopers of his regiment. It was draped with a Union Jack and on it rested his Sergeant’s service cap. Many relations, friends and representatives of local organisations attended the funeral, and a trumpeter of the 2/1st Suffolk Hussars sounded the Last Post at the graveside in the third churchyard.

Edith and Oliver had three children, the youngest of whom was under a year old when he died. Except for a few years during which she returned to live with her father, Edith remained in Grantchester until her death in 1964. She is buried with Oliver in the Third Churchyard.

Newsletter May 1997

RICHARD MICHAEL BARNARD
12 MARCH 1918 – 6 DECEMBER 1990

I have been asked to write about Michael, who is buried in Grantchester Churchyard, to give life to the name on the stone. The details on the stone say all that is necessary about Michael – that he was a good Christian man, a regular communicant, and that he died in Christ, deeply loved by his family. A priest was with him at his dying and gave him all he could manage – a sip, and a benediction. All the family were with him except two who were sadly held up by a blizzard. A doctor and nurse were also there to ease his last sufferings. So he died as he lived, in the giving and receiving of kindness and love.

Michael was also regarded with great affection by everyone who knew him at Bidwells where he was a chartered surveyor all his working life, having read Agriculture with land Economy at Cambridge. In this he followed his father who was a Government District Land Commissioner.

Michael's work meant plodding over rough Fenland fields in all weathers, which he loved. He was popular with landowners and tenants alike, who knew him as a quiet, modest man. One of his colleagues delighted in describing Michael's method when a farming problem arose. He and the farmer would sit at a table in silence. The silence would lengthen and become very long indeed. At last Michael would break the silence, saying, 'That's it then', and they would shake hands in agreement. This same colleague, knowing that Michael was always regarded as a careful driver, reports that he was surprised when Michael indulged in some very fast driving along lonely, straight Fenland roadways. Perhaps the origins of this lay in his pleasure in going regularly to the motor racing at Silverstone.

Thanks to Sir Francis Pemberton, the family had the good fortune to be offered the chance to live in the Manor House in Grantchester. The five children were able to grow up in its generous spaciousness and in its interesting history. It has a priest's hole where priest could hide in times of persecution, and a secret passage leading from its 15th century cellar. The house was perfect for family celebrations of every possible kind and these became part of its way of life, possibly remembered by those who shared them. In addition to the family of seven it had room for the maternal grandmother – another benign influence in the house.

Michael gave six years in service to his country in the War, both as a Private and Officer. He signed up the day before War was declared. Thankfully he and his two serving brothers all returned safely. He also gave many years of service to the Samaritans, once having to go out in the middle of the night to rescue a distressed young woman from a telephone box and take her to a hostel.

He was an early riser to go swimming and also act as Server at Holy Communion at Little St Mary's church in Cambridge.

Michael died of cancer of the oesophagus, aged 73, enduring the illness with brave acceptance. The large number of people, including Fenland clients, who came to his funeral, bore witness to an admirable and affectionately remembered man.

These notes are kindly provided by his wife Patricia Barnard, who many will remember, particularly for her inspirational role in the village's Silver Jubilee pageant in 1977.

CONSTANTINE WALTER BENSON

2 February 1909 – 21 September 1982

FLORENCE MARY BENSON

27 September 1909 – 8 January 1993

It seems that the reason that Constantine Benson and, later on, his wife Florence, chose to be buried in our third churchyard was his fondness for his favourite aunt Mary, first wife of Henry 'Hugh' Hughes (see Friends' Newsletter No. 23). Noone locally remembers anything about Mary, except that she wore long flowing dresses, and she can't actually have been very much older than Con, but she kindled his interest in birds as a child and always encouraged his ornithological work. No doubt his connections with Magdalene College and the Zoology Museum, may have been another factor in his attachment to Grantchester.

'Con', as he was always known, was born in Somerset and was educated at Eton and Magdalene. He excelled at sports, particularly cross-country running, and was an accomplished chess player, but his love of natural history and birds dominated his life, and when, on leaving Cambridge in 1932, he had to choose a career, he joined the Colonial Service, knowing that it would give him the opportunity to do original research on birds in his spare time. He was posted to Nyasaland (now Malawi) as a District Commissioner, was elected a member of the British Ornithologists' Union in the same year, and immediately began a systematic study of Malawian birds. Almost from the beginning he was assisted by a local African, Jali Makawa who, though initially holding the lowliest of positions within the household, soon proved to be an observer and collector of outstanding ability. Having been instructed in the preparation of birds' skins, and having taught himself to read and write, Jali was to work with Con throughout his long service in Africa and occasionally thereafter. It is said that one could mimic a bird call, tell Jali to go and find the bird which made it, and within a day or two he would come back with a specimen.

Con remained in Malawi for over 20 years except for a period in the army (enlisting as a Private) in the Second World War, when from 1941 to 1942 he was posted to southern Abyssinia as Political Officer in the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration. Having managed to take Jali with him, he made an outstanding contribution to the ornithology of a little known part of Africa. Apparently his collecting gun was fired so often that the Italians refrained from attacking what they considered must be a large force! Much of Con's work lay in the collection and documentation of specimens from little known or explored areas which resulted in seven species new to science.

In 1952 Con was transferred to the Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) Game and Fisheries Department. In 1958 he was given extended leave when he was invited to lead the centenary expedition of the British Ornithologists' Union to the Comoro Archipelago in the Indian Ocean, and in 1962 he was seconded to the Rhodes Livingstone Museum as Assistant Director to take charge of the newly formed bird collection there. Another trip to the Indian Ocean took place in 1967–8 under the auspices of the Royal Society when the world's second largest coral atoll of Aldabra was threatened with development as an RAF base by the British Government. The plan was abandoned after international protest. He was a conservationist at heart and was appalled by the prospects of environmental destruction. Con was apparently a delight to work with though demanding and precise. His work was marked by care and accuracy and he expected the same from his colleagues, but he was unconcerned for his own advancement and

would give endless time to help others with their projects as long as he felt that ornithology would benefit.

On a trip to South Africa at the end of the war, while visiting the Transvaal Museum, Con met Florence Mary Lanham (Molly), who worked there as a botanist and artist. Molly was born in South Africa, and she and Con were married after the war and had two daughters, Rosemary and Diana. Molly supported Con's work throughout their married life, and co-authored several books with him, also publishing a little of her own. At his death he had almost completed, with Molly as co-author, his manuscript on the parrots for *The Birds of Africa*. She was the practical one and did the day to day running of their lives – Con could think of nothing but his work. Although born in South Africa, when they retired to England Molly spoke of 'coming home'.

Con was awarded the OBE when he retired in 1965 and returned to Cambridge. From 1966 until his death he undertook the enormous task of curating the entire collection of bird skins held by the Museum of Zoology. It is a large collection of over 30,000 specimens from all continents of the world and is one of the most historically and scientifically important bird collections in Great Britain. It contains some exceptionally important material including, for example, Galapagos Island finches collected during the *Beagle* Voyage. Con checked the identification of every specimen and updated their scientific names, assigned catalogue numbers – using an extremely elegant numbering system that he devised – added a new label to all specimens, and created a comprehensive card-index catalogue. This is an outstanding, meticulous, curatorial effort that could only be successfully achieved by a man with a remarkable level of expertise and ornithological knowledge. For much of the time that Con worked on the collection the University was unable to provide funding for the project and he worked without remuneration.

Throughout the project Con was assisted by Molly in many different ways. Apparently, Con's handwriting was not very good and it was Molly who produced the labels and catalogue index-cards. She was also joint author of a number of scientific papers. The bird room, where they worked in the later years, is air-conditioned and kept at a low temperature for the benefit of the specimens and is quite cold if you are working there all day. Molly suffered from arthritis in her hands and frequently wore gloves to ease the pain but never complained. Con was still working on various aspects of the project when he died, in particular a number of publications. Molly was absolutely determined to complete the work and she devotedly continued alone until it was all finished. Their contribution to the field of ornithology is legendary.

This article is based on an Obituary of Con Benson by Michael Irwin, © The British Ornithologists' Union. Valuable help was also provided by Ray Symonds, retired Collections Manager in the Cambridge University Museum of Zoology.

Newsletter 2012

ARTHUR BIGGS

1767 (?) – 27 January 1848

Partly under the shade of a yew tree in the south-east corner of the First Churchyard you will find the memorial to Arthur Biggs. The inscription on the vertical side of the column tells us that he was ‘Late Curator of the Botanic Garden, Cambridge’ and that he died aged 80 on 27 January 1848. He was in fact the last Curator of the old ‘Walkerian Garden’ which had been given to the University as its first Botanic Garden by Richard Walker, Vice-master of Trinity College, in 1762. Oxford had obtained its Botanic Garden some 150 years earlier; it was a matter of regret amongst the Cambridge botanists, especially the famous John Ray (1627–1705), that his own University lagged so far behind Oxford in this respect.

The Walkerian Garden occupied nearly five acres of land bounded by Free School Lane, Benet Street, Corn Exchange Street and Downing Street. The land and buildings, known as the Mansion House, were on the site of the ancient monastery of the Augustinian friars, and were bought by Walker in 1760. After Walker’s death the University sold the Mansion House itself to John Mortlock, who established his Bank there: this was the modern Barclay’s Bank in Benet Street [now moved to St Andrew’s Street], originally called Mortlock’s Bank. Our small Botanic Garden was laid out formally on the model of the Chelsea Physic Garden (which still survives in London) by the first Curator, Charles Miller, son of Philip Miller, curator of the Chelsea Garden and author of the famous *Gardeners’ Dictionary*, which ran to many editions in Georgian and early Victorian England.

By the time Arthur Biggs was appointed Curator in 1813, the Botanic Garden had become a quiet, rather inactive, but pleasant oasis for academics and their wives. There are several prints of the time: in a contemporary picture the gentlemen of the University and their ladies and children are shown at the entrance to the Garden. The handsome wrought-iron gates were removed from Downing Street and re-erected as the present formal entrance in Trumpington Road.

Botany was at a low ebb when Biggs took over: the Professor, Thomas Martin, no longer resided in Cambridge and indeed hardly ever visited the University, but held the Chair until his death. When that finally came, in 1825, the way was clear for a fundamental change. His successor, John Stevens Henslow, teacher of Charles Darwin, was an enthusiastic scientist with a vision of how Botany should be taught – a vision that included a much larger Botanic Garden. This, our present-day Garden, was opened in November 1846, and it would be nice to think that Biggs, already retired from his Curatorship, was present at the official ceremony.

What was the Grantchester connection that enabled Biggs to be buried in our churchyard? Until recently we had no idea, but now we know that he was a great friend of Samuel Widnall, who acted as an executor to Biggs’ will. Widnall, a nurseryman and florist, established in the 1830s a flourishing business at his market garden on the land now occupied by Riversdale, the large house opposite the Orchard Tea Rooms entrance. It is said that the Widnall nursery, which specialised in Dahlias, counted among its customers the Czar of Russia! Widnall’s son, Samuel Page Widnall, bought the Old Vicarage in 1853, and is one of our locally famous men.

Max Walters

Newsletter May 1999. More about the Cambridge Botanic Garden can be read in Darwin’s Mentor: John Stevens Henslow 1796–1861, S M Walters & E A Stow, 2001, Cambridge University Press

FRANCIS CRAWFORD BURKITT

3 September 1864 –11 May 1935

On one of Albert Schweitzer's visits to Cambridge he expressed the wish, in his imperfect English, to 'trample on the grave of my old friend, Francis Burkitt', the grave which is just outside the west window of the church. Schweitzer was one of the many international theologians who had an affection for Burkitt. In his case it may have dated from 1906 when, at Burkitt's instigation, Schweitzer's great book *Von Reimarus zu Wrede* was translated into English as *The Quest for the Historical Jesus*.

Francis Burkitt was born in London, the only child of Crawford and Fanny Burkitt. They lived in York Terrace, on the edge of Regent's Park, and Francis was sent to school nearby at St Marylebone and All Souls Grammar School, where his first report at Easter 1874 describes him as 'quick, intelligent and industrious, ... a very promising boy', though by Christmas of the same year his conduct was said to be 'excellent, were he not so excitable'. In 1878 he won a scholarship to Harrow and all through his schooldays he won prizes, some of them the most prestigious the school could offer.

In 1883 he came up to Trinity College, Cambridge. He read Part I of the mathematical tripos, but then turned to Hebrew and Theology and the study of the Old and New Testaments and the early history of Christian thought, graduating in 1888. In the same year he married Amy Persis Parry, daughter of the Rector of Fitz in Shropshire. Persis had spent much of her childhood in Lebanon, the climate of which was thought to be good for her mother's health, and she had a good working knowledge of Arabic, particularly the rather common dialect of camel-drivers and washer-women! This was to stand her in very good stead when she and Frank (as he was always known) travelled to the Middle East. When they were first married they lived in Harvey Road, Cambridge, where their only child Miles, the archaeologist, was born; they later moved to Grange Road, and finally to 1 West Road as tenants of Caius College, where they remained until Frank's death. After this Persis took a house in Herschel Road, now pulled down to make room for Clare Hall.

A few months after their marriage Frank was encouraged by his tutors to attend the Oriental Congress being held in Stockholm, and it was noticeable that there, even at the age of twenty-four, his learning was regarded with respect by older Orientalists. During many of his Cambridge vacations he attended congresses abroad or visited foreign libraries, the Vatican Library among them. He also attended and spoke at many church congresses; once in Manchester he was shouted down by clergy because he did not believe in the literal truth of the story of the Gospels. He stood still until the noise had died down and then spoke quietly: 'If the Christian cause perishes at last, it will not be because Historical critics have explained the Gospels away, but because the followers of Christ are too faint-hearted to walk in the steps of their Master and venture everything for the sake of the Kingdom of God.' Not a sound was heard from anyone as he sat down.

Burkitt was fortunate enough to have private means and was therefore able to devote himself to study, learning other oriental languages and becoming widely known as a scholar of Syriac, the language of ancient Syria. It was not until 1903 that he held any academic post, the University Lectureship in Paleography which had been established in 1892 when the need for special teaching in the science and art of deciphering ancient manuscripts was recognised. Then in 1905 he became the first layman to be elected Professor of Divinity, holding the Norrisian professorship (which became Norris-Hulse in 1934) until he died. He is described as having a 'brilliant and unconventional mind' and he published widely – a list of his writings takes up ten pages of small print in the 1935 edition of the *Journal of Theological Studies* – his most important work being his critical study of the New Testament. His transcription of the Syriac palimpsest of the four Gospels which was discovered in St Catherine's Monastery on Mount Sinai by the twin sisters, Mrs Gibson and Mrs Lewis, was of inestimable value, but he also made important contributions to the study of the Old Testament.

In bygone days before paper was invented, monks used to write on vellum – the finely-prepared skin of animals. If they ran out of vellum they would scrape away the writing with a knife and then write on it again. This is called a 'palimpsest', and of course the first layer of writing is the oldest. The under-writing which Agnes Lewis had discovered later turned out to be a fifth century copy of the four Gospels in Syriac, a language of which she knew a little but not sufficient to be able to identify the manuscript. Not only was it the oldest Syriac version but was a translation from a second-century copy of the Gospels written in Greek. The sisters set to work to photograph all the pages they could find and brought home altogether about a thousand negatives. Frank Burkitt recognised the manuscript for what it was and he, the twins, and two other Professors of Syriac were responsible for its transcription and publication.

Frank Burkitt received Honorary Degrees from Dublin, Edinburgh, St Andrews, Breslau, Oxford and Durham Universities, and he was elected a Fellow of the British Academy in 1905. Learning was of great importance to him but he was generous with his knowledge. As a young man he was studying a Syriac manuscript when he found out that someone else was preparing an edition. Urged by his friends to publish his notes quickly he replied that it would be more useful to send them to the other man, which he accordingly did.

With other theologians Francis Burkitt was disturbed by the storm clouds which gathered over Europe in 1914. On 1 August nine of them wrote to the *Western Morning News* saying:

'Sir, - Considering the urgency of the present crisis, may we request you to insert this letter in the hope that many English scholars may see their way to giving their support by sending their names to your paper for publication as in general agreement with us?

In view of the extreme tension of the international situation, the signatories, who all in different ways enjoy the friendship and co-operation of German colleagues, desire to express their feelings on the possibility of war between Great Britain and Germany. We regard Germany as a nation leading the way in the arts and sciences, and we have learnt and are learning from German scholars that war upon her in the interest of Serbia and Russia will be

a sin against civilization. If by reason of honourable obligations we be unhappily engaged in war, patriotism might still be in our mouths, but at this juncture we consider ourselves justified in protesting against being drawn into the struggle with a nation so near akin to our own and with whom we have so much in common.'

War, however, came, and in the Spring of 1916 Frank and Persis Burkitt left Cambridge and went to join their son, Miles, in helping to organise a YMCA Recreation Hut in a Camp Hospital of 5,000 beds near Rouen, where they stayed until after the Armistice. After Frank's death Persis received a letter from someone who had been there: 'I can never forget him and you and your son ... The men just loved him and no wonder. I can see him with them now, playing the piano for their services and their sing-songs, helping them with their games, giving them paper and envelopes; and supremely happy in laying himself out to do everything possible for them. For myself, I loved him too, and revered him, I just could not help it; he was so brimful of love and goodwill for everyone, for humdrum ordinary folk as well as for those who were interesting, and he became my ideal of what a saint ought to be.'

Not only was his field of scholarship wide, but so were his interests. He was musical, played the piano and wrote hymns (e.g. the Whitsun Hymn, 155 in A & M); he loved his rock garden and enjoyed fishing, and many happy holidays were spent on Scottish rivers; he enjoyed drawing and his Syriac script was so beautiful that Cambridge University Press used it as its basis for their Syriac typeface; he was very fond of children and there are many stories of his kindnesses towards them. One lady, giving a children's party, wrote to him saying: 'I am not asking your boy (aged 10) because he would be bored playing with little children, but I should be so very glad if you will come.' And the remembrance of Frank Burkitt, who died of a stroke at the age of seventy-one, is of someone with the curiosity and enthusiasm of a child, with Puck-like flashes of humour and mischief, always eager for new experiences and knowledge and the joy of sharing them with his friends.

Newsletter November 2000

For a fascinating account of the Sinai Palimpsest see *Sisters of Sinai*, Janet Soskice, 2009, Chatto & Windus.

EDWIN CHARLES CLARK 1835 – 1917

MARY ANN CLARK 1838 – 1887

MARY WEBBER 1867 – 1946

GEORGE SIDNEY ROBERTS KITSON CLARK 1900 – 1975

In the Second Churchyard, there is a burial plot with a well established evergreen tree and two large memorial plaques on the wall above it. Three of the four buried within the plot have the surname Clark. A fourth couple with the same surname lie immediately outside the plot. These are Frederick Clark, a college servant of 13 Selwyn Road, and his wife Mary Ann.

The four buried within the plot are Professor E. C. Clark, his wife, Mary Ann, née Kitson, their daughter, Mary Webber, well known between the wars as Councillor Mrs Webber, and their grandson, Dr George Kitson Clark, Fellow of Trinity College for many years, Tutor and Reader in History. Dr Kitson Clark was well known to many generations of Trinity men. (It is correct to say this because he died just before women were admitted to the College!)

The Clark family farmed at Bankside, Thorne in South Yorkshire. They have been traced back to at least the 17th Century, including a person with the first name Kitholub – and no record whether it belonged to a man or woman! Thomas Clark was born in 1750. Sadly his father died when he was only 10 and his Mother married again, a man called Middleton. Young Tom became a Ward of Court. Flourishing at the same time was a very successful architect in York, well known to this day – John Carr (1723–1807). Although married, he had no children of his own, but he was fond of the three nieces of his next oldest brother, Robert. The Carr family originated from Horbury, near Wakefield – not far from Thorne, although John, the Architect, made his home in York. Somehow, Thomas Clark met Ann, John Carr's favourite niece and married her before he was 21 – or so the family story goes, which adds that he had to re-marry her when he had attained his majority, to keep the Lord Chancellor happy.

John Carr was very benevolent to the newlyweds and bought a fair sized property for them at Ellinthorpe, just outside Boroughbridge, north of York and on the banks of the River Ure. They removed there from Thorne sometime between 1775 and 1777, family tradition being that they and all they possessed made the journey by river. Carr built a large wing with a dining room (some say a music room) on to the west of the main Queen Anne style block, apart from making a number of other improvements. The Clarks then settled down to a prosperous life of farming – and producing 11 children. Six of these were sons, of whom three had sons themselves. The youngest son and youngest child was Edwin (born 1796) who, in 1831 married Mary Stott, the daughter of the Boroughbridge doctor, who came of a remarkable family of doctors in many generations. Unlike her mother-in-law, she had great difficulty in having children, so that although she gave birth to 4 babies, only one, a son, Edwin Charles, born 1835, survived to adulthood. After Thomas died in 1832, it was the youngest son, Edwin, who took over Ellinthorpe. Tradition has it that the estate had been vested in Trustees by John Carr and let to the Clark family for 'three lives', but this has not been confirmed, although only one other Clark had the property after Edwin died. Why one of the older brothers did not take over the estate at once, is not clear, probably it was because they were too well settled elsewhere to be prepared to move.

It must have been a lonely life for both Edwins, father and son. The boy was sent first to Richmond Grammar School, where he did so well that it was decided to send him to Shrewsbury School, which by that time was under the second of its three great 19th century headmasters – Kennedy, who wrote the Latin Grammar Primer that many older readers will be familiar with. From school E. C. Clark went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he also did well. By coincidence, on the

same list of Wranglers that has his name, there was one G. P. Bidder, who comes into the story later. Sadly, E. C. Clark lost his father to stomach cancer in 1854. He became a Barrister and after a short time practising in London, returned to Cambridge, where, amongst other work, he gave regular Latin classes to the girls of 'proto-Girton' who were then allowed no closer than Hitchin. In 1873 he was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University.

In 1865 he had married Mary Ann Kitson (1838–1887), the third child and oldest daughter of another remarkable Yorkshireman, James Kitson (1807–1885). As a boy, James was in the choir of Leeds Parish Church where he is reputed to have sung a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the Battle of Waterloo. He was the son of a Publican, keeper of the Brunswick Tavern in Leeds, and as he grew up, he must have seen the Middleton railway in action. This was a private line used by a local colliery to bring coal down to a staithe on the bank of the River Aire, and, contrary to popular misconception, it was the first place in the world that steam locomotives were used (from 1812) to work a railway on a regular basis. Four were needed and they were built in Leeds to a commercial order. George Stephenson came to see them just after they had started work and it must be no coincidence that his first experimental locomotive (completed in 1815) and those he built later, were all of the same general layout as the ones he had seen in Leeds - but that is another story!

Young James Kitson also saw the Middleton locomotives at work and became inspired by the whole concept of the new railways. Indeed after his marriage in 1828, he and his wife moved to the Hunslet area across the River Aire so as to be near the action. In 1837, in partnership with a man who had trained and worked in the same celebrated 'Round Foundry' in Leeds that had produced the Middleton locomotives and was married to his wife's aunt, together with another (a Scotsman) who put up the capital, they landed an order for no less than six new locomotives for the by-then-well-established Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which had already operated for 7 years. The first to be completed from this batch was LION, which by a series of chances survives as the second oldest operable locomotive in the world. (The oldest being another British built locomotive called JOHN BULL in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington D.C.) LION may be more familiar as the star in the hilarious 50-year-old film 'Titfield Thunderbolt'. Kitson & Co which James had started built premises at Airedale Foundry in Hunslet, and over the next century produced well over 5,000 locomotives for railways all over the world. One built in 1851 still does regular duty hauling tourist trains in India.

James Kitson also had a family of 10 children, born over a period of 45 years. His youngest grandchild died only in late 2006, some 199 years after her grandfather was born. His second son, another James, became the first Lord Airedale. His first wife died suddenly about six months after Mary Kitson's wedding, but her chief bridesmaid, the daughter of a Vicar in Southwell, Nottinghamshire, must have caught his eye, because he married her just over a year after his bereavement. They had four more children to add to the six by his first wife.

How E. C. Clark met his wife Mary, is not clear, despite their common Yorkshire roots. There is a vague family tradition that they met at a 'family wedding' – which would accord with the saying that 'weddings beget weddings'; but any such details are now lost. They started their married life in Grove Cottage behind the Red Lion in Grantchester. He would walk across the meadows into Cambridge for his work and she entered the social life of the town and University, particularly the Cambridge University Musical Society. Like her father, she had a good singing voice.

They had two children: first, in 1865, was a son, another Edwin, given the middle name Kitson after his mother, then in 1867, a daughter, Mary Margaret, always known as May. For most of his life E.K.Clark was known by all and sundry as 'EK'. He followed his father both to Shrewsbury School and Trinity College, but then he joined the uncles on his mother's side in Leeds at Kitson & Co and worked there for over 50 years, eventually becoming Chairman. He was always very

proud of his Yorkshire roots. Sadly his mother died just as he was about to sit his final Tripos Exams. She was the first to be buried in the plot in Grantchester.

Those who have read thus far may recall reference to G. P. Bidder who was an exact contemporary at Cambridge and Trinity of E. C. Clark (subsequently Professor Clark). This G. P. Bidder was also a Q.C., but worked as a Parliamentary Counsel. He was the eldest son of another G. P. Bidder who was the celebrated 'Calculating Boy', so called due to his extraordinary powers of mental calculation, which were, incidentally, entirely self taught. This first G. P. Bidder subsequently became a very distinguished engineer of the early railway age, the almost exact contemporary of I. K. Brunel, and effectively the partner for some 25 years, of Robert Stephenson. He was also 10th President of the Institution of Civil Engineers and was responsible for the building of many of the railways in East Anglia, amongst many other projects, and including the line through Cambridge to Norwich.

G. P. Bidder, Q.C., (the son) married the daughter of another pioneer railway engineer, John Robinson M^cClean and they too had a large family. Their fourth child and third daughter was Georgina, born on Christmas Day 1865. She married E. K. Clark in 1897. Her immediately older brother was yet another G. P. Bidder who settled at 'Cavendish Corner', Hills Road, Cambridge in the early part of the twentieth century – and married another lady from Yorkshire, who does not come into this story!

After his death, his unmarried younger daughter, Anna, whom many may remember, built a house in what had been a part of the garden, across Cavendish Avenue.

E. K. Clark and his wife Georgina Bidder – always known just as 'Ina' – lived for nearly 50 years in a substantial house, 'Meanwoodside', on the outskirts of Leeds. They had three children: another Edwin, who was distinguished by his Mother's maiden name – Bidder; a son, George, and a daughter Mary. Because of his connection with Kitson & Co, it is not surprising that E. K. used Kitson very much in association with his surname Clark, although the two names were never officially hyphenated. E. B. Clark went into the Navy as a Cadet, a world where the name Kitson meant nothing. He was just of an age to see service right through both World Wars. The next son, George, did however attract the name Kitson and in fact throughout most of the rest of his life, which he spent mostly in Cambridge, he was known as 'Kitson'. He never married and is buried in the plot in Grantchester along with his two grandparents. Like his grandfather, his distinctions are set out on the plaque dedicated to him on the wall above. His other home was Meanwoodside, in Leeds and he always valued his connections with Yorkshire.

Before his wife died, the Professor had found that it was inconvenient to live as far out of Cambridge as Grantchester, so he sold the house there and moved to Newnham House, near Newnham Mill. It still stands, somewhat enlarged, more or less opposite where Darwin College is now, and where, in his time, various members of the Darwin family lived. The book 'Period Piece' gives a vivid impression of what life must have been like for them at that time.

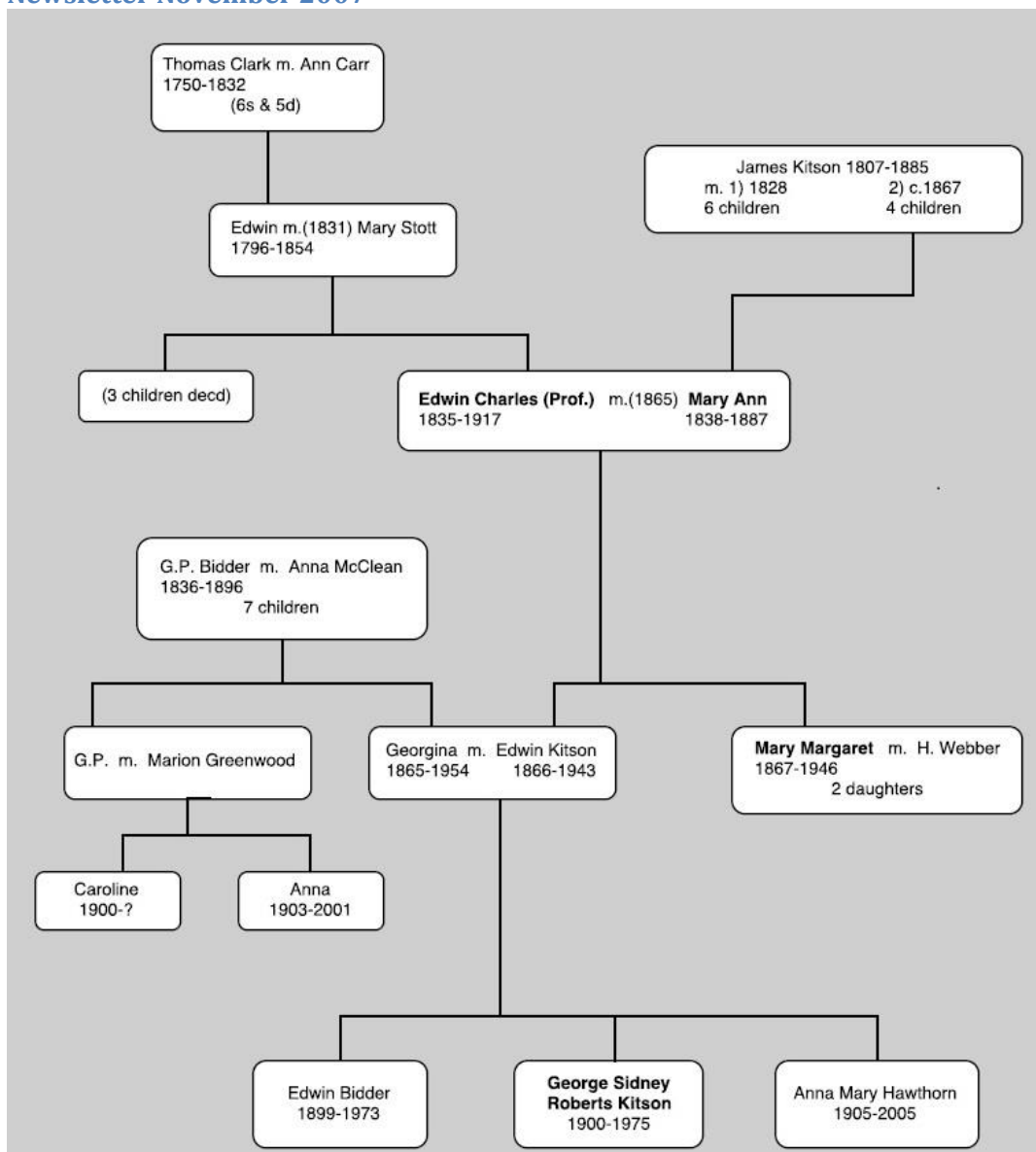
With two children growing up, the Professor continued to live in Newnham House after his wife died. E. K. married first and went to Leeds. May eventually married and went with her new husband to South Africa. But it was not a success and, unusually for those days, she obtained a divorce and returned to Cambridge with her two young daughters. She had already returned when her father resigned as Regius Professor in 1913 after holding the post for 40 years. To mark his retirement he was presented with his own portrait painted by de Laszlo which he immediately donated to St John's where he had held his Professorial Fellowship. The Professor died in 1916 and is buried in Grantchester beside his wife. The evergreen tree in the plot is intended to represent

the cypress trees of the Middle East – so characteristic of the landscape of the Holy Land – which he liked very much.

May Webber, as by this time she had become, stayed on in Newnham House and brought up her daughters, both of whom married. Between the wars she became a well known figure as ‘Councillor Mrs Webber’ – a long serving Town Councillor (Cambridge being not yet a city). Right up to the time she died shortly after the Second World War, Newnham House had no electricity – possibly the last house in Cambridge to be without it. May Webber, née Clark, is the fourth member of the family to be buried in the Grantchester plot, and the only one without a specific Yorkshire connection.

These notes are kindly provided by Mr E F Clark, son of Edwin Bidder Clark.

Newsletter November 2007



ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH

20 January 1820 – 27 February 1892

In 1870 Henry Sidgwick, Cambridge professor and Fellow of Trinity College, instigated a scheme of lectures for women in response to the opening to women in 1864 of the Cambridge Local Examinations. A firm believer in women's education he felt that such lectures would be of benefit to candidates, though, ironically, it was the close connection of his lectures with these examinations which later on proved to be one of the reasons why the Women's College at Hitchin went to Girton and did not join Newnham. The Mistress and Fellows thought that the women's examination certificate would carry little weight and that only exams used for men's education would maintain the standard needed for the improvement of women's education. However, eighty young women attended Henry Sidgwick's course in the first year. Such was its success, and because several of the students came from far afield, he decided to provide them with accommodation, and in October 1871 he took the lease on a house in Regent Street and invited Anne Clough to come to Cambridge and take charge of the five residential students.

Anne Clough was born in Liverpool in 1820, the third child of James Butler Clough and his wife, Anne Perfect. She had three brothers, one of whom was the well-known poet, Arthur. Anne had a happy childhood. Her father, she said, was 'bright and joyous'. Her mother, on the other hand, was 'very fond of reading, especially works on religious subjects, poetry and history'. James Clough was a cotton merchant and in 1822 he took his family to Charleston, South Carolina, where they remained for fourteen years. The boys were sent home to school in England but Anne had her lessons with her mother and had no formal learning. She wanted to become a writer, but she had a great interest in education, and when the family finally returned to Liverpool, she taught in the Welsh National School founded by her father, in Sunday School, and at home to a group of older girls.

James Clough's business failed in 1841, and in order to help pay off some of his debts, Anne started her own school which she ran for five years. After a period of teacher training in London she moved to Ambleside and started another school, on her own. By the time the call came from Henry Sidgwick she had given up this school and gone to live with her brother Arthur's widow to help bring up her nephews and nieces. And by now, although not much of a scholar herself, she was a recognised authority on women's education.

After Anne's arrival in Cambridge the number of residential students increased and they moved to Merton Hall, now part of St John's College, and finally Professor Sidgwick organised the building of Newnham Hall, part of the present college, and opened it in 1875. Students were charged £20 for an eight-week term with a reduction of £5 for those who intended to become teachers, and the rules were few, but particular:

- 1) Students are expected to inform the Principal what place of worship they choose for regular attendance, and to mention to her when attending any other. (Newnham College has never had its own Chapel; in spite of her firm religious background, this was of no particular worry to Anne Clough who liked her students to worship in the way they did at home with their own families, and was more concerned that the College should be interdenominational.)

- 2) Students are expected to consult the Principal on receiving invitations from friends, and also if they wish to make excursions in the neighbourhood.
- 3) Students are expected to be at home, during the Michaelmas and Lent Terms at 6.30 pm, during the Easter Term at 8.30 pm and on Sundays though the year at 8.30 pm.

As first Principal of Newnham, Anne ruled her students more in the manner of a headmistress than a university don, but above all things she had their welfare at heart. She was very careful about their health, particular about the way they dressed – she hated the fashion for hair fringes – but she could be broadminded; she introduced Hockey in 1891 to keep them warm in winter! She liked them to enjoy themselves with dancing and tennis. She had a great love for people and one of her early students wrote: ‘Miss Clough is the kindest of kind creatures!’ Indeed, her kindness is the characteristic that crops up most often in the writings about her. She took an intense interest in all her students, past and present. She remembered the names of their brothers, sisters and children, and would enquire after and show concern for the health of their parents. She took trouble with her servants, teaching her cook to read in the evenings; she didn’t like to leave one shop for another in case she should hurt the shopkeeper’s feelings.

Perhaps as a result of her own unstructured education with its lack of intellectual discipline, she did not have a very logical mind. Her conversation sometimes seemed wandering and inconsequential, and her business affairs were chaotic. But she had an unusual ability to see both sides of a subject and it therefore did not surprise her that some people should disapprove of women students, a matter which needed very careful handling. But she did not oppose those who held contrary opinions and set about quietly to persuade them otherwise.

In 1888 Anne Clough’s health began to fail and she died on 27 February 1892. She had asked to be buried in a churchyard, not in a city cemetery, and having built a pair of cottages (Crofton Cottages) in Merton Street, Newnham, which was then in Grantchester parish, with money left to her by a friend in 1877, she acquired the right of burial in the parish. Her funeral service was held in King’s College Chapel and she is buried at the far end of our second churchyard. Her epitaph reads: ‘After she had served her generation by the will of God, she fell on sleep.’

Ann Thomson, Newnham College archivist, kindly supplied material for this article.
Newsletter May 1998

RICHARD JOHN SMALE EDIS

1 September 1943 – 10 April 2002

If you go to the far end of the fourth graveyard, you will find the tombstone of Richard Edis, who was delighted that the church had been able to acquire this plot of land and indeed contributed to its purchase. He said he wanted to be buried there; sadly his wish came true a bit too early as he died aged 58.

Beyond the usual dates of birth and death and the CMG award for services to the nation as a member of the Foreign Service, I worked with Lida Kindersley from the Cardozo Kindersley Workshop in Cambridge to add a few interesting and relevant details.

At the top of the stone, there are three suns, I refer to them as the ‘dancing suns’ as their rays are jaunty. This is a pun on the word ‘Sons’ as we had three sons. Richard was a very devoted family man, he adored his sons and was very proud of them. There is also a nod to me as the sunflower is my emblem – Richard and I were married in 1971.

Below his name are the three Ambassadorial posts he held – Mozambique, Tunisia, and Algeria. Richard was a great patriot and very proud to serve his country. He had considered a military career but opted for the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. His first foreign posting was at the British High Commission in Nairobi, Kenya. It was the start of his love of Africa and a series of Africa-related jobs, whether in London departmental jobs or in his three Ambassadorial postings. Changing jobs within the office every three years or so was the sort of intellectual challenge that appealed immensely to him. He thrived on negotiations, particularly at the multi-lateral level, and was able to exercise these talents as UK representative to the United Nations at the Human Rights Committee in New York and the Disarmament Committee in Geneva. He played a capital role, along with the UN Special Representative, in the success of the peace process in Mozambique after years of civil war, a process that was on the verge of collapse one dramatic night.

One of his jobs as head of the East Africa Department was Commissioner to the British Indian Ocean Territory, a group of islands of great ecological importance but also the site of the military base of Diego Garcia. When on official visit to the island, he had to wear the white uniform with feather-topped helmet and sword – something that appealed to him enormously as he enjoyed wearing formal outfits.

Richard also served his country as a special constable in London, with ten years service fitted in during various London postings. Another outfit for the collection! During the last three years of his police service, he was attached to Vine Street Police Station in the heart of the city. I joined the special constabulary as well during that time and we would police the streets of Mayfair and Soho together!

At the bottom of the tombstone are the words ‘the service of my love’. These are of course taken from the second verse of the hymn ‘I vow to thee my country’ (which go ‘I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above/Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love’). These words were written, as it happens, by a British diplomat, Sir Cecil Spring Rice (1859–1918), who also died aged 58. They are a perfect expression of the patriotic love Richard had for his country and the service he gave it. They therefore were an obvious choice as an inscription.

It is impossible to give a full picture of a person on a tombstone but I hope that what is there gives some idea. Richard had a highly academic bent, he wrote many articles on various diplomatic issues and a unique book on the history, geography and ecology of the Indian Ocean Territory called *Peak of Limuria*. He had a sabbatical year as mentor on the M.Phil programme at Cambridge and spent two years as civilian director at the Royal College of Defence Studies. He was an alumnus of St Catherine's College, another of his passions. He co-wrote a history of the college, made many donations, and was hugely proud to have two sons, Rupert and Jamyn, follow in his footsteps and graduate from the college.

He spoke excellent French and we raised our boys to be bilingual. I had the benefit of a bilingual upbringing and schooling and we wished to pass on this free gift to our sons. For his postings, Richard had to learn Swahili and Portuguese. He spoke both very proficiently and enthusiastically. He was very energetic and a keen sportsman. He completed many marathons. He led a healthy life and yet succumbed early to cancer.

Do visit and say hello to him!

These notes were kindly supplied by Richard's wife, Genevieve

LORNA DOONE FREYER

13 May 1886 – 27 February 1919

DERMOT JOHNSTON FREYER

29 July 1883 – 11 January 1970

Tucked away under the lime trees on the western edge of the Third Churchyard stands the memorial to New Zealander Lorna Doone Freyer. Why did she die so young and so far from home? And was she, perhaps, named after R. D. Blackmore's romantic novel of that name which had been written in 1869?

Lorna was born in Wanganui, on the north island of New Zealand, the daughter of James McPherson and Helen Mary McLean. She came to England as a student to study medicine at Edinburgh University in 1905 and there she was introduced, by an Irish friend, to Dermot Freyer.

Dermot too had been born on the other side of the world, in Moradabad in the Indian North West Provinces, where his father, Surgeon-Colonel (later Sir) Peter Freyer, was a medical officer in the Indian Medical Service. By all accounts a somewhat fiery character, he became noted for his work on urinary problems, particularly the removal of bladder and kidney stones – he later pioneered, and is perhaps best known for, an innovative operation on the prostate gland.

Dermot and his sister Kathleen spent their early years in India until their father retired in 1896 and joined the staff of St Peter's Hospital for Stone in London. In 1898 Dermot was sent to Wellington College in Berkshire where he remained until he came up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1901. There he followed in his father's footsteps and read medicine. In 1905 we find him at St Thomas's Hospital, and it is possible that he spent some time at Edinburgh University, but 'almost on the brink of qualifying, he finally deserted the wards for the more precarious living of a writer – journalist, poet, freelance, anything that might turn up'.¹

Lorna's time in Edinburgh was joyful – she studied hard, but made time for golf, tennis, swimming and, in the winter, skating. 'In the evenings theatres, concerts, debates and meetings, dances, supper parties.'² But all this fun was cut short when she contracted TB. Dermot, to whom by now she was deeply attached, took her to a specialist in Wimpole Street who advised her to return to New Zealand and its equable climate, and said it would be wrong for her to marry for at least two years.³ There is a touching description of the liner departing from Tilbury in Dermot's semi-autobiographical novel *Not All Joy*. But she did return and they were married in London at the end of 1909.

In 1908, while she was away, we find Dermot back in Cambridge, in a performance of Milton's *Comus*, put on by the Marlowe Dramatic Society in the garden of Christ's College (Milton was a past student), with Francis Cornford in the lead part, and Rupert Brooke and Noel Olivier helping backstage. One of the conditions of the performance was that the participants should remain anonymous, but Dermot is thought to have been in the team of Morris Dancers, though not a member of the Society. His literary interests, as well as those for folkdancing, were well established by then, as is evidenced by a letter from W. B. Yeats accepting Dermot's invitation to lecture on 2 June 1904 – 'My subject will be the Heroic Poetry of Ireland. It will interest me to see Cambridge as I have never been there.'⁴

Lorna returned to New Zealand for her health in the early days of their marriage. One has to

remember that such a visit would have involved two long sea voyages and would have taken many months so any visit would have been for a long time. Because in 1912 and 1913 Dermot was editor of the *Granta*, and at the time was living alone in 24 Trumpington Street. One chapter of *Not All Joy* is devoted to the description of his heartbreak at the felling of four beautiful chestnut trees to make way for an extension to Old Addenbrooke's – 'my house is the property of the hospital. It is a little house and old, very old, with bulging, discoloured, plaster-covered walls. I pay very little for it in rent because it is supposed to be "tumbling down"'.⁵ Among the paintings in The Fitzwilliam is a watercolour from 1912 by Edward Vulliamy, painted in the early morning with the sun rising in the east, and entitled 'The House that was by Addenbrookes'. Soon after that, in 1913 once the trees were down, the house was demolished.

In March 1914 Dermot and Lorna's first son, Michael, was born in London and then the family came to live in 42 Owlstone Road, four years later also buying number 40. Grattan followed in 1915, and lastly Patrick in 1918. Lorna was an exquisite needlewoman; she loved her home and her garden in Cambridge, and with her husband as a collector she became an avid reader. All the time Dermot was writing – *Rhymes and Vanities: verses in a lighter vein* (1907), *Sunlit Leaves* (1909), *A Cambridge Alphabet*, *In Lavender Covers* (1912), *For Christmas and for Easter* (1915), *Night on the River* (1923) and no doubt others.

Dermot had joined The London Irish Rifles in 1905 and served with them throughout the First World War. Formed in 1860 as the 28th Middlesex (London Irish) Rifle Volunteer Corps they were transferred to the Territorials as the London Irish Rifles in 1908. His service history is vague; one report says he was in charge of fitting out soldiers with uniform from London's Olympia.

Tragedy struck in February 1919; 'She was a mother, and she was young – 32. She died suddenly, in six days, in the great influenza epidemic . . . She had come from a far country – half across the world – for the fulfilment of all that a woman yearns for. And the gods had been good: given joy in full measure – love, marriage, children. Oh, and she had vitality! One of her girlfriends wrote . . . "She always seems so vitally alive and so full of enjoyment of the world and people"'.⁶ Dermot, distraught, was unable to go to her funeral as he also had 'flu, and now he was left with three small sons, the youngest only ten months old.

He had to pick up his life again. On 2 November 1922 he married Ethel Morris from Hertford. The family remained in Owlstone Road and, as well as writing, Dermot immersed himself in local and national politics. From 1920 to 1923, and again from 1930 to 1936, he served on the Cambridge Borough Council and in the 1920s and 1930s he stood as a Labour candidate in five General Elections, but unsuccessfully. The boys grew up and went to school at Bedales in Hampshire and then up to Cambridge. Patrick became an architect; Grattan founded the Terrybaun Pottery in County Mayo, making slipware and giving lecture tours on Irish literature – he died in 1983; Michael followed his father in the literary world, owning the Brown Jacket bookshop in Dublin where he had a business in fine editions including early titles from the Dolmen Press. He was later manager of the Zetland Hotel in Connemara – he died in 2002.

After the Second World War Dermot returned to Ireland, with frequent visits to Cambridge, while Ethel remained in Owlstone Road – they each were happy with their own space. He bought Corrymore House on Achill Island off the west coast of Ireland and turned it into a hotel. In the 19th century it had been the home of the famous Captain Boycott, and in the 20th had been the haunt of many famous literary and artistic figures. In 1950 it was visited by Hilary Rubinstein who wrote about it in his *Good Hotel Guide*. 'Freyer wouldn't offer you a bed if he thought you were an OM – an acronym for Oldie Mouldie which characterised

guests at more conventional establishments. He wouldn't ask you to pay if he thought you couldn't afford it, but he would charge you extra if you didn't take a daily bath. You were under some pressure to sit up drinking and gossiping with him till the small hours, and on Sundays were expected to join in English folk dancing which he had inaugurated, to the amazement of his Irish neighbours, in an open-air theatre he had built in his grounds'⁷ – perhaps this was a throwback to his Morris Dancing days at Cambridge. But he still continued his literary career. He was the publisher's reader responsible for rejecting James Joyce's *Dubliners* because he said that 'most of these stories treat of very lower-middle class Dublin life. They are never enlivening and often sordid and even disgusting.' He regarded *The Dead* as a classic and on occasions would read it aloud to visitors staying at Corrymore.

In 1964, when the bank manager required him to sell Corrymore, Dermot returned to Owlstone Road and died there in 1970. His ashes were interred with Lorna's in Grantchester. As the Vicar, Pat Hewat (coincidentally an Irishman) recited the prayers over the grave, a robin flew down and perched on the headstone throughout the short service. Patrick looked back as they left and the robin was still there. Michael, Grattan and Patrick were devoted to Ethel and continued to visit her regularly until her death in Cambridge in 1977.

^{1, 2, 3, 5, 6} Dermot Freyer, *Not All Joy*, 1932, Elkin, Mathews & Marrot Ltd. Limited edition of 100 copies.

⁴ Alan Clodd Library

⁷ Hilary Rubinstein, *A Farewell to Inns*

With her persistent and skillful use of the internet, Helen King was instrumental in finding out the initial information on the Freyers. Several years later we heard from Patrick Freyer and were able to learn more about the family.

Newsletter 2008

CHARLES BURFORD GOODHART

7 January 1919 – 9 December 2000

DIANA HELEN DOWNING GOODHART

12 May 1920 – 29 July 2005

Johan Heinrich Guthardt came from Germany in 1755 and decided to anglicise his name to Goodhart. Six generations later Charles was born of Nell Goodhart, who was brought up in the family home of Tooting Manor and married her cousin Burford Goodhart, one of twelve siblings, from Langley Park, a fine Georgian house in a large estate that now comprises a sizable area of South London. Burford was badly gassed in France in 1915.

Charles spent most of his childhood at Keyhaven Lodge, an Arts and Crafts style house which the family had built. The house overlooks the marshes and has views of the Isle of Wight across the Solent. The family had several boats, Charles' father being a keen yachtsman. Charles developed a fascination for flora and fauna as he walked the family dog along the marshes and sailed his dingy through the creeks. His early schooling was disrupted because his family spent much time abroad, in France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany. However he passed the entrance exams for Harrow School where his father and grandfather had been educated. On leaving school in 1936 he experienced seven months in the turbulence of pre-war Germany before going up to Caius College Cambridge, receiving a first class degree in Zoology in June 1940.

He had been in the Officer Training Corp while at University and was called up to serve in the Royal Tank Regiment in July 1940. In May 1941 he joined a troopship and sailed around the Cape, finally disembarking at Suez. As a tank officer, Charles' North Africa campaign was initially thwarted due to lack of tanks, and his squadron found themselves converting damaged trucks into dummy tanks intended to deceive the enemy into thinking they were real. Charles became the regimental reconnaissance officer and was involved in a number of bloody skirmishes in trucks and tanks before the Germans surrounded the depleted British Garrison in Tobruk. While Tobruk was surrendering in June 1942, Charles and three others escaped in a battered truck but were unable to avoid Italian convoys. They were captured but he escaped on foot before being recaptured and caged with other POWs, then flown to a prison camp in Italy. He suffered jaundice; was malnourished; and his six foot frame weighted only 7 stone. During his captivity he taught himself to speak Italian and Russian.

He was moved to a POW Camp in Bologna until the capitulation of Italy in September 1943 when the camp was taken over by the Germans. Charles took part in an unsuccessful mass breakout, after which he and the POWs were herded into cattle trucks of a train guarded by mounted machine guns for the transfer to prison camps in Germany. Charles jumped from the moving train at dead of night and spent a week on the run, trying to make his way into Switzerland. However, he was apprehended by an armed soldier and taken at gunpoint to a fort. He had been apprehended by Bosnian Muslims and was mistaken for an Italian deserter. He was made to stand facing a wall while they had animated discussion in Serbo-Croat and formed a firing squad awaiting orders. He was saved by indecision and was marched to the Divisional HQ where he was able to explain that he was British. The Croat Colonel spoke Italian and was friendly in a war-weary way. Charles was treated as a guest rather than a prisoner, and a plan was hatched to get him to Switzerland. Unfortunately he was betrayed by a 'Croat Fascist,' leading to his recapture by the Germans. He ended up in a chaotic POW camp near Munich and was liberated by the advancing Americans when General Patton drove through the prison gates in person.

After a short recuperation in England, Charles returned to Germany where he worked for a year as a Political Intelligence Officer and was involved with de-nazifying Göttingen University and facilitating Germany in starting a democratic process of government. He turned down a post as a major with the Control Commission, and returned to England in July 1946 to be elected to a research fellowship at Caius. He married Diana in 1950.

From then onwards Caius College played a major part in his life, and vice versa. He was single-minded: a person who expressed his uncompromising opinions while seldom exposing his feelings. He had stern ethical convictions and was a founder member of the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child (SPUC). He enjoyed controversy and enraging the feminist movement of the 1960s.

Charles held many posts within Caius, the Zoology Department and the University. He was appointed Proctor in 1968, a year that was said to have had more student unrest than for centuries previously. Since medieval times, the Proctors, flanked by their henchmen known as Bulldogs, have 'policed' the University; a roll that is now mainly ceremonial. He took his responsibilities very seriously, taking decisive action against the 'revolting students'. In 1970 he attempted to quell the infamous riot at the Garden House Hotel and he received a severe gash on his forehead, caused by a flying brick. Fortunately the academic mortar board he was wearing did provide some protection!

Academically Charles was mainly known for his research on invertebrates (especially snails); on primates; and on his concern for medical ethics. Charles had very conservative tendencies and he despised 'wishy washy liberals who don't believe in anything'. He did, however, have a reputation for being fair and caring, quietly going out of his way to help students in need. Charles was made a lifetime fellow of Caius in 1988, and had a room in College until his death. He took his moped into college from Grantchester most days and lunched in the Senior Combination Room where he had a fearsome reputation. On one occasion, someone suggested that he was not the centre of the Universe, whereupon Charles bet him that he was. Fellow fellow and cosmologist Stephen Hawking, was consulted and declared Charles the winner as his claim could not be disproved!

Diana was born Diana Helen Downing Fullerton. Her parentage via the Downing lineage can be traced back eighteen generations to the reign of Edward III in the fourteenth century, being of the Downings who developed Downing Street and founded Downing College. However, in contrast to her forebears, she was an exceptionally modest and gentle person. Her father, Cecil, suffered from ill-health and Diana was left in the care of her Irish nanny, while her parents spent time in Switzerland and the South of France 'on doctor's advice'. She described her nanny as 'a loveable and sociable person who instilled in me how to treat people properly, something for which I have always been grateful'.

Her father, Cecil, had a fortunate habit of inheriting from distant spinster relatives. In 1927 he inherited the village of Balintoy and the Carrick-a-Rede salmon fishery and rope bridge (now owned by the National Trust), on the beautiful north coast of Northern Ireland, and the family moved there. It was there where Diana discovered her love of the sea and boats, the rocky coastlines and mountains. Kathleen Boyd, spinster and the Great Lady of Ballycastle, started a brownie pack and, as self-appointed Brown Owl, she made Diana leader of the Elves. Diana said she was petrified of Miss Boyd. However Kathleen was considered to be a kind and fair person and the Boyd family had done much to enhance the comparative prosperity of the area.

To this day they appear to have been well respected within both the protestant and catholic communities. In 1928, Diana's brother, Derek, was born. The family at long last had their son and heir, much rejoicing, and mixed feelings from a jilted Diana! Soon after, Cecil inherited the grand house of Pennington Chase, near to Lymington, and the family moved to live there with a full complement of servants. Diana said she hated the formality, snobbery and stilted etiquette of Hampshire and she yearned for the friendly informality of Ireland.

Diana's schooling had been chaotic and at times very unhappy. That is until she was sent to a school in Southbourn where she became more confident and developed her talent for tennis. Due to a typhoid outbreak in Bournemouth, the school relocated to Lillesdon Mansion in Kent. The school closed in 1999 and the grand building is now sadly derelict. However it was here that Diana flourished, becoming captain of tennis, games secretary and playing leading roles in drama and music.

Leaving school she was accepted by the Froebel Educational Institute where she trained to be a teacher. With the outbreak of war, the college relocated from Roehampton to the grand Stately Home of Knebworth. Diana spent the vacations working for the Land Army, picking the nation's fruit in Norfolk with the Battle of Britain raging overhead. Her final teaching practice was at King Alfred's, a school that had been evacuated from London to Royston. Many of the children were Jewish refugees. Resources and food were in short supply. Diana rose to the challenge and loved the school's ethos of tolerance. However, during her first teaching job in a crowded and dilapidated school in Stevenage, she suffered from constant colds, boils, ear infections and stress. The family doctor was consulted and proclaimed that she was only suitable for outdoor work. This was the ticket she needed to leave teaching and join the Navy. While awaiting call up she set to at the British Restaurant in Lymington, catering for hoards of needy people in the basement of the Methodist Church. She started as an overworked skivvy, but when the cook died and the manageress had a breakdown, she found herself responsible for the ordering and menus.

As a WREN, Diana received Motor Transport training before becoming a stoker, where she was responsible for the engine of a motor launch and a key member of a boat's crew of women who chugged around war-torn Portsmouth harbour running errands. They slept in hammocks and formed life-long friendships. Duties included fitting balloons to the fore and aft of landing craft to deter dive-bombing, as the troops set-off for the 'D' Day landings. Off-duty, they helped the hospitals care for the returning wounded. After VE Day, Diana returned to teaching, spending several happy years in charge of a private school kindergarten. She then 'spent a happy year with lovely kids who were often deprived and depraved' at St Peter's School in London's docklands of Wapping, where she shared a class of seventy-two 6-7 year olds with one other teacher. It was during that year that her friendship with Charles developed, and he proposed to her after they had sailed a dingy across to the Isle of White and were enjoying a picnic. Marrying in 1950, she set up home as a don's wife, and sons, Peter, Michael and Stephen, were born in 1951, 1953 and 1955 and daughter Clare arrived in 1957. Diana reflected that her life then revolved around the three Fs: faith, friends and family.

She was a devout Christian and stalwart member of the Mothers Union. In the '60s and '70s she worked with Bidy Hewat, wife of Grantchester's vicar, training speakers for the MU. She served as Ely Diocesan President and also on the Board of Trustees of the MU, where she forged friendships with some of the four million members in the 83 countries where the organisation is active. She loved Grantchester Church and she also remained loyal to Little St Mary's Church in Cambridge. Diana was a member of the Cambridge Drawing Society and a

talented water-colourist. On moving to Grantchester, the studio at Home Grove frequently hosted classes for artists, and the garden and Grantchester meadows became the subject and inspiration for countless paintings.

Family holidays revolved around sailing and walking in remote and mountainous areas. This inspired her children and grandchildren to work and explore in some of the remotest and most diverse parts of the world. Late into their 70s Charles and Diana set off on travels that included trips to Ethiopia and India, and Diana recorded their adventures in log-books.

When Charles died, the family built Oak Cottage at the side of Home Grove for her, Clare's family moved into an extended family home, and the garden was shared. Oak Cottage became a magnet for family and friends, where they were greeted with her lovely welcome and home cooking. In the week before the stroke that caused her sudden death at the age of 85, her life had been packed with activities including hosting a dinner party for eleven people and walking dogs with grandchildren.

With thanks to Michael Goodhart for this account of his parents.

Newsletter November 2013

SIR JAMES GRAY

14 October 1891 – 14 December 1975

James Gray was born in 1891 and attended Merchant Taylors shortly after that school added science to its diet of mathematics, classics and 'modern studies'. He won an entrance scholarship to King's College, Cambridge in 1909 and distinguished himself in natural sciences, specialising in zoology. The central interest of the Zoology Department then was in the divergences of animal structure, as this reflected the course of evolution. How the animal body functioned was little considered. Thus the geneticist William Bateson failed to get a university appointment and settled in Merton House, Grantchester, where the grounds gave enough space for breeding chickens. Gray was more fortunate, gaining a university post on his return from the 1914–18 war during which he was awarded the MC, and the *Croix de Guerre avec Palme*. His particular interest was the functioning of the animal cell – how it multiplied, how it was fertilised, how it moved. These studies occupied the first half of Gray's research career, culminating in a now classical text book. Then he turned his attention to a very different aspect of animal functioning – animal locomotion. Swimming, flying, walking, snaking, raised fascinating mechanical and anatomical problems, often of an advanced nature, which Gray worked on until his retirement.

Gray's scientific life received international recognition – a fellowship of the Royal Society and several honorary degrees. But he was active in many other directions. In 1921 he married Norah King and settled in Storey's Way where the newly-wedded couple received 200 visits or cards after the fashion of those days. He worked at the Marine Laboratories on the Clyde, and at Plymouth where Juliette Huxley (wife of the zoologist Julian) thought that an experimental cytologist should be able to clean his razor without cutting the towels. He became Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Fishery Research. He played a major role in the design of a steel frame which the Zoology department cleverly fused onto the 19th century classical facade in Downing Street; and soon after the building was finished, he was elected Professor of Zoology and Head of the Department.

Gray was a tall handsome man with a superficial diffidence below which lay an iron will, both features being visible in Jacob Epstein's bronze, now in the departmental library. He ran the department with autocratic simplicity; what the professor said, directly or by delegation, was to be, even if somewhat eccentric – he decreed, for example, that there should be only one telephone, lest people wasted time in unnecessary communication; and that there should be no radioactive materials in the department, despite their increasing importance in biological technique. The rise in experimental biology was paralleled by the rise of a journal of that name, of which Gray was sole editor for twenty-five years. And his knighthood in 1954 was for 'public services'; a recognition that his influence extended well beyond the confines of zoology, distinguished though that had been.

After his retirement in 1959, Gray ceased experimental work though he published a handsome semi-popular book on animal locomotion. He liked to keep in touch with events and colleagues over a glass of sherry at Kingsfield, the house next to King's Choir School, into which he and Norah had moved from Storey's Way. There he went into a gradual decline, dying on 14 December 1975. His ashes were scattered in the Grantchester Churchyard and there is a memorial tablet on the wall.

Donald Parry November 1994

PROFESSOR DAME ELIZABETH HILL

24 October 1900 – 17 December 1996

Elizabeth Mary Hill, or Bessie May as she was baptised (or Lisa as she was universally known to colleagues and students alike), was born in St Petersburg, the fifth child of a prosperous English businessman. Her father's family had traded in Russia since the early eighteenth century, shipping coals from Newcastle and prospecting for gold in the Urals, among other things. He remained firmly English in speech and outlook, but his wife, Louise de Miller, whose family had originally come from Prussia, was completely Russianised, and between them they ensured that their children were well educated. By the age of three Elizabeth could speak English and Russian, and at eight, by which time she had a Russian nurse and English, French and German governesses, she could speak all four languages; every week she was made to learn by heart a poem in each one of them. In later life she would use all four languages in a single sentence – ever the epitome of the eccentric professor.

This cultured life was suddenly interrupted by the Russian Revolution of 1917. In the clothes they stood up in, the family fled to Britain, via Finland, Sweden and Norway, arriving in a cattle-boat. They initially stayed in a smart London hotel, expecting their visit to be short, but they soon heard that their property had been confiscated and that they were penniless; they were never to see Russia again.

Elizabeth managed to get a job teaching languages at a school in North Wales. She saved up her salary and in 1921 gained a place at London University, intending to specialise in French, but she was persuaded to read Russian instead. She graduated in 1924, and in 1928 completed her PhD, having supported herself throughout by translating, teaching and interpreting. It was during this time that she met Doris Mudie who was to become a dear friend and companion until her death in 1977.

It wasn't until 1936 that Elizabeth Hill managed to get a University post, and she was then appointed Reader in Russian at Cambridge. The war followed soon afterwards and her knowledge of languages was much in demand at the Ministry of Information. From there she moved on to spend her time training Russian interpreters. In 1946 she persuaded the War Office to send 200 men from the Navy, Army and Air Force to Cambridge on an intensive language course, and for several years afterwards she would take 100 men, three times a year, and keep them in Cambridge for twelve months studying nothing but Russian, the language, both literary and technical, and the history and culture. By the end of their year most of them would graduate with an honours degree.

In 1948 Elizabeth was appointed the first professor of the new Chair of Slavonic Studies, and one of the first women professors in the University. She dominated a department composed almost exclusively of male lecturers, teaching mainly male students. She held the Chair until 1968, but on retirement accepted a professorship of Slavonic Languages and Literature at the University of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. In 1976 her work was given recognition by her appointment as a Dame of the British Empire.

Perhaps surprisingly, she left very little original work and few publications. In the '30s she and Doris Mudie edited two volumes of letters, Dostoevsky's *Letters to his wife*, and Lenin's *Letters*. Her strength lay in her ability to inspire others with her enthusiasm. She was an

inspirational teacher of inexhaustible energy who terrified her students. She was not a good teacher of literature but somehow managed to instil in others a love for the Russian writers. Very impatient, she would dismiss a hesitant student with a wave of the hand, and pass expectantly on to another for the answers she required. 'Gospoda' – 'Gentlemen' – she would address her group of national servicemen; after months on the barrack square this was not an introduction they were used to! Students quaked at the force of her personality; public and police quaked at the gay abandon with which she drove her small cars, and gateposts quaked at her approach.

Lisa tended to get fixed ideas on things from which she could not be budged. She always maintained that Anastasia, the daughter of the last Tsar, had escaped assassination in 1917, and she was quite convinced that Tsar Alexander I had not died in 1825 but had wandered off to Siberia to live as a hermit. There had been a rumour that his coffin had been dug up and found to be empty and by some it was said that a mysterious monk named Fomich, who had lived at Tomsk and was deferentially treated by successive Tsars, was none other than Alexander.

In 1984 she married a Serbian aristocrat, Stojan Veljkovic. They were old friends but in marriage they proved to be incompatible, and they divorced in the year of her death.

She was not a good organiser and was not a success on committees, but the warmth of her character and her huge enthusiasm ensured her a very wide circle of friends and admirers of all nationalities, many of whom visit her grave as they visited her in life. The spy, George Blake, whom she taught in 1948, was one of her admirers! *She* described *him* as 'an odd fish'! She was immensely generous with her help and advice, in her lending of books from her huge library, and in her interest and pleasure in the success of her many students, several of whom progressed to very illustrious careers. Her kindness was exemplified in the devotion with which she nursed Doris Mudie through many years of illness, making icons and buttons to sell in order to find enough money with which to supplement her own attentive care. They are buried together in Grantchester.

Newsletter November 1997

HENRY CASTREE HUGHES

29 May 1893 – 1 January 1976

MARY HUGHES

died 1964

GWENDLE HUGHES

1900 – 1983

H. C. Hughes, variously and affectionately known as ‘Hughey’, ‘Hugh’ or ‘Daddy’ Hughes, was born in 1893, the only son of William Hughes, Chief Secretary for Irrigation, Madras Presidency, India. From school at Sherborne, in Dorset, pausing only to edit a *Guide to the Neighbourhood of Sherborne*,¹ he went up to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he studied architecture. In the First World War he served with the Royal Field Artillery with the Anglo-Indian forces in Iraq and was present at the taking of Baghdad from the Turks on 11 March, 1917. He was wounded while fighting in France. The field diary,² which he kept at the time of his campaign in Iraq, shows Hughes thinking about and protecting the interests of Indian troops who had been shabbily treated, appreciating woollen comforts, getting school friends together, and reflecting on his professional tasks with guns. His writing is all of a piece with his later career. He is already ‘Hughey’.

After the war he joined the office of T. D. Atkinson in Cambridge, where he developed his interest in historical architecture and published papers on vernacular building and windmills. He illustrated ‘A Little Guide to Eucharistic Worship’ in 1920. The illustrations were drawings of the chapel for Sidney Sussex College. The architect was another of Hughes’ one time employers, T. H. Lyon.

He lectured at the Cambridge University School of Architectural Studies from 1920 until 1931 but gave up academic life for the active practice of architecture. He resigned from the office of T. H. Lyon in protest against a scheme which would have destroyed a number of cottages, setting up in practice on his own in converted cottages in Tunwell’s Court of Trumpington Street. There he continued until his retirement, taking into partnership, in 1936, Peter Bicknell.

Hughes’ work of rescuing old houses began with the purchase of two cottages on an unpromising site on the edge of Grantchester (Garner Cottage). These he converted sensitively for his own use. He lived there, through two harmonious marriages (although his first marriage was marred by the long illness of his wife) until his death.

His architectural work took three different forms: the conservation of old buildings; a personal continuation of the Arts and Crafts movement, and, in a few memorable buildings, his own coming to terms with the modern movement in architecture. Hughes was involved in the work of the Cambridge Cottage Improvement Society (Cottimps). From the purchase of Wright’s Row, Grantchester which he instigated, in 1938, until his death in 1976 he was at one time or another, architect, committee member and chairman. His period in the chair, from 1954 to 1967 was a time of consolidation and achievement.

In Grantchester Hughes was responsible, among other buildings and conservation work, for a pair of cottages in The Footpath for the Grantchester Trust. The Trust built the cottages for 'persons of the working class who have genuinely resided in Grantchester for at least one year'.³ Built in 1926 they occupied a natural place in the village. Simple, straightforward, unassuming, they are well proportioned, the detailing adequate and unobtrusive. It is the work of a modest man more concerned to honour the place and the brief than to make a personal statement. They are what someone described as 'Hughes in his economy mode'.

Orion, Grantchester, will stand for another aspect of his work; the house is on a slight rise, the last, or first, of Grantchester depending on your direction. It sits firmly on the land, brick and tile, 'L' shaped, Arts and Crafts in origin, belonging as if timelessly to the landscape and the village. He possessed an ordered sense of values to which he could safely appeal and which he felt no need to change. These values are as apparent in the houses he designed for academics as in the cottages he repaired for agricultural workers. Three examples from Cambridge will show his capacity for handling modern forms as well as the language of Arts and Crafts. 'Stylistically he worked as a modernist when he could.'⁴

The first, and perhaps most impressive of the three is the Mond Laboratory, 1932–1933. Working to a complex brief Hughes produced a simple and elegant building on a constricted site.

Hughes designed Brandon Hill, now called Salix, in Conduit Head Road, Cambridge, in 1934. Brandon Hill is plain, straightforward, modern, qualities rare in England now, let alone in 1934.

Fen Court, Peterhouse, 1938, was described by Pevsner: 'it is – a great rarity then in Cambridge – frankly in the style of its date' and 'the whole is an unpretentious building – but well thought out in no detail routine'.⁵

His work for Cottimps displayed the practical man to the full. He had a reputation for fitting baths into tight corners.⁶ Like his contemporary in Cambridge, Theodore Fyfe, also a Cottimps architect, he worked in accordance with principles of minimum intervention. The cottages for Cottimps, principally in Grantchester and Abington, did not suffer character changes. They were respected for what they mostly were, the early eighteenth- or late seventeenth-century dwellings of artisans and skilled farm workers. A ledged and braced door was not changed for something else because it was 'better'. The work of Cottimps was a last tribute to a long tradition. Perhaps in optimistic moments they thought they were keeping it alive. Now, when on all sides we are confronted with building-estate Gothic, developer Tudor, plastic Arts and Crafts and planning authority vernacular, all of them bogus, we can see how greatly to be valued is the work of a man like Hughes. You might not say of him that he broke new ground architecturally, but he was inventive and undogmatic; as much craftsman as architect.

Hughes' influence is seen in the language of the 1934 Report of the Regional Planning Committee, when it lays stress on the need to catch the old cottages before they melted to the ground. He was one of the first five architects appointed to the panel whose task it was to advise on the use of the Housing (Rural Workers Act) 1926 on housing for the poor. At the end of his life, Hughes gave the Tower Mill in Norfolk to the National Trust; he left his five cottages at King Street, Ely to Cottimps, and a generous donation to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings – another of his active interests. He died in 1976, aged 82. A man, as *The Times* obituary said of him, 'of infinite kindness and generosity'. The sort who, unless you go and look for him, slips easily through the pages of history without mention; he is worth the effort of looking.

- 1 Archivist, Sherborne School
- 2 RIBA Library
- 3 Terms of the conveyance to the Trustees from King's College, 1926
- 4 Nick Ray in a letter to the author, February 10, 1999
- 5 Pevsner *Cambridgeshire* 1954, p. 133
- 6 Joan Fitch OBE. Lecture notes

Peter Soar

Hugh Hughes built many family houses in a similar vein to his work at Orion mentioned by Peter Soar, and there are several in Grantchester and in the surrounding area. These were, as at Orion, in a broad interpretation of the Arts and Crafts manner which allowed him to use traditional materials and crafts in a variety of ways which would be applicable to individual situations. He was always however ready to use new materials such as concrete, and steel windows for example, wherever this was suitable, but invariably giving whatever he did the mark of his own hand.

In his early years he built several houses for dons settling into Cambridge after the First World War, needing comfortable family homes reflecting their own ideas and way of life to which Hugh was able to bring understanding. Perhaps this approach goes to explain his Thirties modern houses where the particular ideas of the client were sympathetic to this approach and where again he was able to respond with complete success. He never missed an opportunity to introduce the work of artists, sculptors and craftsmen as he had done with Eric Gill at the Mond Laboratory.

A few examples of his work in and around Grantchester are listed below, and in a book on Grantchester by Nevill Willmer which has a useful map. Pevsner's book on Cambridgeshire in the Penguin *Buildings of England* series has many references to his buildings.

Old Mill House 1929

Home Grove, 8 Burnt Close 1928
50 Grantchester Road, Newnham 1928
Manor Field, Vicarage Drive 1928–29
Orion and Orion Cottage 1932 and 1939
Old Ellwoods, Bridle Way 1933
1, 2 and 3 Symonds Lane 1938
Scales, 26 Coton Road, Grantchester 1954

One very important aspect of his architectural work was that on historic buildings and churches. This was work he carried out throughout his life and in many ways could be regarded as central to his interests, and a lot of investigation will be needed to get a clear idea of the extent of it. These are only brief notes and further information on it would be gratefully received.

On his ecclesiastical work the first large church job he appears to have done was Shepreth Church where in 1922–3 he did major work on the tower, and this was followed by the stitching together of the extremely difficult tower at Balsham. So he seems to have started immediately with great responsibilities in this field, and continued on similar work until shortly before he died in 1976. Many people concerned with the care of churches in Cambridgeshire sooner or later invariably found that Hughes had already been there, often unobtrusively and with minimum intervention. Churches in the area he was working on at some time are Barton, Kingston, Little and Great Eversden, Harlton and of course Grantchester to mention but a few.

At Grantchester he virtually acted as church architect all the time he lived in the village, i.e. over 50 years. This of course pre-dated the time in the 1950s when such appointments became the norm. Fortunately, following the major restoration of the 1870s Grantchester did not need major repairs for another 70–100 years but of course it did need, as all historic buildings do, the tender loving care that Hugh unstintingly gave it. Much of this work was of the small unobtrusive repair type, but quite a lot can readily be seen even if it fits in so well that it is not immediately obvious. In 1929 he designed a new altar which with its proportions and detail fits the space perfectly. Later in the 1950s he designed the credence table on the south wall beside it, the gift of Miles Burkitt. In the mid 1960s he reordered the east end of the south aisle to form a small side chapel and installed the rather experimental as then (typical of him) panel electric heaters in the pews. In the churchyard he designed the Corpus Memorial with David Kindersley who did the carving. He had in mind the repair of the lovely windows in the south side of the chancel which was done by Corpus Christi College as Lay Rector in 1979 after he died. In addition to his church and cottage restoration work mentioned previously he frequently worked on the historic buildings of the Cambridge colleges.

One building however in Grantchester must be referred to here and that is the work he did on the site of the old mill which had burnt down in the disastrous fire of 1928. Somehow the adjoining manager's house was left standing and in place of the mill he designed a new house. In spite of the fact that when you look at it carefully it is distinctly a Hughes house, its

skilful design enables it not only to harmonise completely with its surroundings but positively to enhance it. This is all the more remarkable when it is realised that the volume and ground floor plan is considerably smaller than the original mill and yet it still fits together with the adjoining buildings. If ever there was an opportunity taken and completely resolved this is it.

Peter Hall

MARY HUGHES, the first wife of H. C. Hughes, the architect, who lived in Garner Cottages, Mill Way, was educated privately with the Hon. Marion Saumarez at Shrublands Park near Ipswich. They were very close friends. This was the reason why Marion asked Hugh Hughes if he would build her a house in Grantchester so that she and Mary could be close to each other. A plot of land was purchased from Mr Houlton who had been the Grantchester schoolmaster and who had a wooden house as a weekend and holiday retreat along the Coton Road. The house Hugh built was named *Orion* commemorating an ancestor of Marion's, Admiral de Saumarez, who was at the Battle of the Nile where the cruiser *Orion* played a prominent part in the Napoleonic wars. Mary Hughes was a charming lady, slightly vague in manner and always garbed in diaphanous chiffon scarves and drapes. She and Hugh were a devoted couple and her death must have been a terrible blow to him.

Sheila Macpherson

I first met **GWENDLE** (then Gwendolyn Rendle) when I went to London in 1933. She lived in a flat in Mecklenburgh Square, with Casty Cobb (Cockerell as she then was) in the flat above. She worked extremely hard at her jewellery which was differently conceived from the new jewellery made at the time. She and Casty used to go to all the markets like Portobello and buy up jewellery which they took apart for the sake of the stones. It was at this time that she met Mosheh Oved and, while keeping the London shop, they went to Israel to set up a shop in Jerusalem (she later changed her name to Sah Oved). However, the time was not ripe and they gave it up and returned to London. She was extremely knowledgeable about jewellery through the ages and wrote a book about it, *The Book of Necklaces*, in 1953. She always had her own taste and style in clothes, often wearing a cloak – unusual at that time in the Thirties.

Gwendle was always very kind and motivated to be part of the community in which she lived and helpful to anyone. She was practical and clear with anyone she met and enjoyed going to the theatre and ballet. I was free to go and see her at any time in London and she never appeared too busy to stop and give me tea or a meal although I must have been a real nuisance. She was a keen gardener and she did, of course, do a great deal for the garden in Grantchester.

She became a director of Primavera in London and our Annual General Meetings, crowned with a lunch, were greatly enhanced by her presence. She had known Henry Hughes as early as 1918 but they had gone their different ways and it was Casty Cobb, who had been living in Cambridge for many years, who re-introduced them. They married in Burnham Overy church on 8 December 1964.

Henry Rothschild

Very many thanks to Peter Soar, Peter Hall, Sheila Macpherson and Henry Rothschild for kindly contributing these notes on Hugh Hughes, and to all those who provided other information.

Newsletter November 2003

WILLIAM JAUNCEY

9 July 1811 – 19 November 1830

Have you ever wondered what story lay behind the inscription on the handsome monument outside the east end of the church – the square one with laurel garlands draped around its top? It says:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM JAUNCEY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK, IN THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA, AND
FELLOW COMMONER OF ST JOHN'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
HE DIED NOVEMBER 19TH
A.D.1830, AGED 19 YEARS.
TO THE EXTREME GRIEF OF HIS FAMILY
AND THOSE MANY FRIENDS WHOSE ESTEEM
AND AFFECTION HE HAD DESERVEDLY GAINED
DURING A RESIDENCE OF TWO YEARS
IN THIS COUNTRY.

William Jauncey, who was born William Jauncey Thorn, was admitted to St John's College on 13 February 1830 as a Fellow Commoner. He was the son of Herman Thorn and Jane Mary Jauncey, who were members of prominent American families.

Herman Thorn was a purser in the American Navy, appointed in 1813. His brother, Jonathan, also in the Navy, took part in the Barbary coast raids of 1803–4 and at the young age of 27 became a first commandant as a result of his bravery. Soon afterwards he took command of John Jacob Astor's ship *Tonquin* on its trading voyage for Astor's newly-founded Pacific Fur Company. Astor, who was born in Heidelberg, worked in London for four years in the piano and flute factory Astor and Broadwood, which belonged to his uncle, and then emigrated to America. By hard work and sound business judgement he became immensely rich, dying in 1848 with an estimated wealth of \$30,000,000 – the largest fortune made by any American up to that time. Jonathan Thorn's command of *Tonquin* ended in disaster in 1811 when the ship was attacked in Nootka Harbour on Vancouver Island by Indians and Jonathan was killed. The following day the ship was blown up together with some 200 Indians who were still on board. In 1945 the American destroyer *Thorn* was named after him.

The Thorns originally came from Dorset to the United States in the early 17th century. The Jauncey side of the family were also descendants of an Englishman, one James Jauncey (there are ancestors mentioned in Fotheringhay at the beginning of the 16th century), and a Huguenot, Angelique DuBois, both of whom had been early settlers in Bermuda. The Jaunceys became involved in the political life of the American colonies, with James Jauncey, 'a gentleman of great wealth and respectability' siding with the loyalist majority in the House of Assembly, and as a result being rescued from New York at George Washington's request when General Sir William Howe attacked in 1776. In 1779 the Legislature of New York passed an Act for forfeiture of the estates and banishment of the Jaunceys, but it is believed that by then their large personal estate had already been transferred to England. In response to repeated petitions another Act was passed at the end of the century allowing them to return to America.

When William Jauncey Thorn was 14 his mother's unmarried uncle, William Jauncey, a wealthy retired shipowner and merchant, made a will in which he gave a large estate to William and his brother, requesting that after his death they should be called William and James Jauncey, abandoning their surname Thorn. This happened under a special act passed on 27 February 1829, so by the time that William came up to Cambridge he had changed his surname.

18 Months later, on 26 November 1830, the following article appeared in the *Cambridge Chronicle*.

Fatal Accident. – An accident of the most lamentable nature occurred in the afternoon of Thursday the 18th instant, in the open fields of Barton, near the Grantchester inclosures. A party of students had been hare hunting, and were collecting the hounds together in order to return to Grantchester, when one of them in attempting a leap, fell from his horse, which immediately galloped away. Two of the gentlemen rode after the animal with the intention of stopping it, and while riding at full speed the three horses came in contact with great violence, and one of the riders, William Jauncey, esq. Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, was thrown to the ground. The shock was so great as to cause a severe concussion of the brain. The unfortunate gentleman was taken up quite insensible, and removed to Mr. Lilley's house [Manor Farm] at Grantchester. The most skillful medical assistance was immediately obtained from Cambridge, but without avail – he exhibited no signs of life, except some convulsive movements of the limbs, from the time of the accident up to the moments of his death, which took place at six o'clock on the following (Friday) evening. Mr. Jauncey, an American by birth, was a fine intelligent youth, about nineteen years of age, and the possessor of a noble fortune.

William was buried on 1 December 1830, twelve days after his death, probably to allow time for his family to arrive from France. By that time they had moved to Paris where, because of their lavish lifestyle, Herman Thorn, who had 14 children with his wife Jane, was known as the 'American Prince'. Several of his children married into French families: Mary ran away with, and eventually married, Camille de Varaigne du Bourg; Angelina married Louis Auguste de Pau, Marquis de Grasse; Alice married Amedée d'Audebard, Comte de Férussac; James, who died young in the 1840s, married Baroness Thérèse von Leykam, and Alfred married Clotilde Barrilli.

According to information on the [Thorn Family website](#) it appears that William Jauncey's body was returned to the USA in 1856 and that he was interred in the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York. Grantchester has no knowledge of this having taken place.

Newsletter May 2000

ROBERT YEWDALL JENNINGS

19 OCTOBER 1913 – 4 AUGUST 2004

Robbie Jennings came from Idle, an industrial village close to Bradford in Yorkshire. Like most people there, his parents had left school at 12 or 13 to work in one of its big woollen mills. Robbie, as an only child with a strongly Methodist upbringing, developed the independence of mind that led him – the first from his school to do so – to seek admission to an Oxbridge college. Entering Downing College, Cambridge in 1932 he knew that his father could afford no more than one year's fees; but by determined effort ('a late developer', he would say) gained the grants that enabled him to carry on. After that, his outstanding performances in the Law Tripos and LL.B won him a Choate Fellowship at Harvard University. This provided a wonderfully valuable year, 1936–37. Rather than take a further degree, he chose to spend his time reading widely, taking a keen interest in American political and cultural activities, exploring the eastern side of the USA, and writing his first important article.

Back home, he began teaching: first some freelance supervising at Cambridge, then as Assistant Lecturer at the LSE, and then from October 1939 as a Fellow of Jesus College. But it was now wartime, and in August 1940 he was recruited into the Royal Intelligence Corps. Based in Oxford, living as a High Table member of a different Jesus College, he was engaged in secret work involving detailed studies of maps and aerial photographs (experience that was to be useful later in legal practice, when scrutinising disputed sea and land boundaries). In March 1944 he was posted to India to join Mountbatten's SE Asia Command, but returned to Oxford for the final months of the war.

After the interruption of those years of military service, Major Jennings returned to Cambridge and became fully engaged as a don – lecturing, supervising and soon made Senior Tutor of his college, besides being involved in university governance. He was, too, for 11 years Reader in International Law at the Inns of Court in London. In 1955 he both married and was appointed Whewell Professor of International Law; and in 1967 he delivered the General Course to advanced students at the Hague Academy of International Law. There are still former pupils from all over the world who remember the clarity of his teaching and the warmth of his character.

Teaching, Robbie felt, was his most important work. But at the same time, as a practising barrister he was increasingly acting as adviser and counsel to States – work which itself provided a great variety of experience, including travel to the southern tip of S. America (the Beagle Channel Argentina/Chile case) and to the Arab Emirates (Sharjah/Dubai) to explore disputed state boundaries. He was made Queen's Counsel in 1969 and an Honorary Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. The labour of many years, a newly-written edition of the great textbook of Public International Law, Oppenheim, appeared in 1992. In 1998 his published articles were gathered in two important volumes as his *Collected Writings*. Membership of the elite Institut de Droit International and of other influential organisations, as well as recognition by honorary degrees and awards, confirmed his high reputation worldwide.

Robbie hated having to retire from teaching; but by the university statutes he was obliged to relinquish his professorship. Soon, aged 68, he was elected to a new career as HE Sir Robert Jennings QC, Judge of the International Court of Justice. This is 'the principal judicial body' of the United Nations; and, being the World Court, its 15 judges come from 15 different countries. Its home is in the great Peace Palace in The Hague, Netherlands; and so the judges need to spend much of the year living nearby. Robbie chose a tiny flat in the centre which felt

truly Dutch, and enjoyed entering into some of the city's cultural life. the city's cultural life. He already had some idea of what to expect in his new job, having appeared before the Court in his new job, having appeared before the Court as counsel for Tunisia against Libya Tunisia against Libya; and he was soon taking a prominent part in drafting judgments and deliberating with his fellow judges on disputes between States.

It was fascinating work, varied and demanding during those years 1982–95 when the number of cases before the Court was increasing. Pressure on Robbie grew even more intense when he was elected President from 1991–94: a position of huge responsibility and diplomatic significance. He managed it all with success, and delivered a report to the UN General Assembly on each year's achievements. But he was by now in his 80s, and though entitled to stay on until 87 he felt it wise to make way for someone younger, and so resigned.

Yet he found it impossible to retire completely, being still in demand for lectures, articles and participation in educational bodies of all kinds. He presided over a tribunal which resolved a dispute between Yemen and Eritrea concerning small islands in the Red Sea – a major achievement which had the effect of 'revitalizing the Permanent Court of Arbitration'. By now he was 86; but his occasional teaching commitments never really came to an end until his death, aged 90, caused by an accidental fall.

Although so completely immersed in his work, Robbie was never a dry obsessive. He made friends wherever he went, and was a devoted father and grandfather. While being content with our daily life in Grantchester, he retained a love of the hill country of the North, especially the Lake District where he spent what little time he could spare at our cottage in Eskdale, repairing drystone walls, scything bracken and climbing the fells. Important, too, were music, cricket, animals and college life; and especially his children and nine grandchildren. The man from Idle was never an idle man.

Robbie was made Knight Bachelor in 1982. He was President of the Institut de Droit International from 1982 to 1984, and received honorary doctorates from the universities of Cambridge, Oxford, Hull, Leicester, the Saarland, and La Sapienza Rome.

One detail of Robbie's funeral, conducted by the Right Revd Peter Walker, retired Bishop of Ely and a personal friend, together with Canon Frank Fisher, our Vicar at the time, was particularly striking: his coffin was draped in the blue flag of the United Nations.

Christine Jennings kindly sent us this account of Robbie's life and career. It is a (very) potted version from her book Robbie: The Life of Sir Robert Jennings, which is published by Troubador Publishing and is most highly recommended.

PAMELA KEILY, MBE

1910 – 1984

Pamela Keily's connections with Grantchester seem to be somewhat slender. Her father, John Townsend Keily, died in 1950 at the Mill House, the same year that Mrs Winter sold it to Mr Robinson, the benefactor of Robinson College, so it would seem that maybe her parents either rented it from Mrs Winter or were paying guests. John Keily is buried in our first churchyard, together with his wife, Louise Madeline Lavallin Keily (was she perhaps of French extraction?), who died in 1961 while living in Shepreth where another daughter, Esther Rawdon Briggs (also MBE), had a house. Pamela is buried with her parents.

Pamela and her two much older sisters were born and brought up in Ireland where she remembers 'the vista from the nursery windows; the sight of our stout Aberdeen going off to steal chickens' eggs from our neighbours' hen run; Bessie, the grey donkey who pulled us in a small trap to dancing classes or other events'. As a little girl her secret ambition was to be an actress, fuelled by her annual visits to the pantomime, but it was when she was seven and a half and was taken to see Sybil Thorndike (a distant cousin) in a play in Dublin that her ambition turned into a determination. When she left school she spent two years in Paris, and then, to her great delight, she managed to get a place at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA). After two years at RADA she was ready to take to the stage.

She managed to get small parts in various plays, and among them her first experience of religious productions, *The Merry Masque*, in which she was cast as a lunatic shepherd boy doubled with a court jester at the marriage of Cana, and *A Joyous Pageant of the Nativity*, where she ended up by being given the biggest speaking part, the Angel Gabriel. This was followed by a British tour in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, which was then taken to America, but the play closed after five weeks, as the New York management was launching a new Frederick Lonsdale play in which they had greater interest.

Early in the war Pamela joined the Canterbury Pilgrim Players, a small group of professional actors, all of whom were pacifists, playing in churches and other small venues, the theatres being closed. After two and a half years she decided to leave them and was approached by the Religious Drama Society and asked to make a report on the possibility of using drama in association with the churches in Sheffield. This led to her being offered the job of full-time adviser in religious drama, acceptance of which would mean abandoning all thoughts of being a professional actress. She felt that she might not have been a very successful one anyway, and finally embarked on her career in the northern dioceses.

She started with an Easter play in mime, with amateur actors, and soon began to experience the ever-present nightmare of haphazard appearance at rehearsals; on one occasion the whole cast chose to go to a football match rather than the dress-rehearsal! Plays were presented in all sorts of churches and halls or in the open air, with all sorts of players. In one production of *Murder in the Cathedral* Becket was a shop-walker who had only ever been into a church for a wedding, and one of the Tempters was a young milkman. A very early experiment was with *Man Born to be King*, a play for radio by Dorothy Sayers, which Pamela produced hugely

successfully as a live reading and was subsequently used year after year by church groups at Passiontide.

After three years the Council in Sheffield decided to pay part of her salary. This gave her an entrée into the City Training College for Teachers, where she could use the college facilities, and the trainee teachers could take part in the plays. With them she put on the first performance of *Go Down Moses*, and established a summer school to encourage more producers for church productions. Participants in the courses ranged from fourteen and a half years old to eighty. These Summer Schools continue to the present time under the auspices of RADIUS (formerly the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain).

Among subsequent productions of *Go Down Moses* were two she found particularly remarkable; one in a very tough youth club where learning the lines proved to be a real problem but where the resentment of the Israelites for the working conditions in Egypt struck a real chord with the young Sheffielders, and where the requirement for a first-class ‘necking party’ at the foot of the Golden Calf was entered into with real gusto! The other production was in *Brown Bayleys Steel Works* – here the workers were initially more diffident about the necking, but gained considerably in confidence with each performance!

After a while she again felt the need for a change, and she moved to Bristol for a few years to do similar work. For part of the time she lodged with a widow in Southmead; there she could have a bath on Friday nights in a tub in the back kitchen. But then back to Sheffield again and the formation of the New Pilgrims company with eight professional actors. Anxious to get her plays into factories she commissioned one from Mrs Baxter, a Cambridge don, who was Secretary to the Cambridge University Appointments Board. *T’Other Shift* was the outcome, a twenty-minute one-act play set in a factory and centred on a Judas-like character called ‘the creeper’. Their world première was in Firth Vickers and many lunch-time bookings in other factories followed.

New Pilgrims set off on tour – Leeds, Hull, Cardiff, Leicester, York, Durham, South Shields, Sunderland, Newcastle, Wallsend, London, back in Bristol, Birmingham – always with the maxim that her productions should only need what an ordinary parish group could provide. She wanted to show the churches that what her company could do, they could do too. Many new plays were added to her repertoire until touring finally came to an end in 1956.

Now she found herself on her own again, financed by the Sheffield, Manchester and Durham dioceses as ‘Religious Drama Adviser in the Northern Province’, and producing three plays in each three times a year. Later on she was to be financed by Manchester, Ripon and Wakefield. More new plays were commissioned – *The Trial of Edith Cavell*, *Who is My Neighbour?*, *Pantomime of Septimus Totter* (designed to be played on a lorry on street corners), *The Witnesses*, and old ones performed – *Christmas in the Market Place*, *House by the Stable*, *Way of the Cross* (performed to great effect in Wakefield Prison) and many others.

Some of her productions were hair-raising experiences, such as her battles with a staff member in Manchester Cathedral when putting on *The Witnesses*, a play based on a true story of German University students who were executed by the Nazis because they circulated leaflets advocating freedom. But a lifetime of productions in church halls, factories, prisons, and many varied venues, used the power of drama to bring the Christian Faith to a wide variety of people and give them something very special. A write-up in the *Sheffield Telegraph* after a performance of *Sons of Adam* sums it up: ‘No programmes, no names, no scenery, just a few odd boxes to sit or stand on, five men, four women; in a concentrated hour, we live through a span of human history, from Eden to Bethlehem – the struggle of man to learn the purpose of God, the battle of pride and power against love and humility. The old Bible stories? But here presented in a novel and powerful imagery, and – to defeat familiarity – astutely varied just at the points where you think you are going to see the same as usual. It is a lesson in life ...’

Finally it is worth noting that Pamela constantly encouraged writers and through this encouragement, and her work on the Northern Committee for Religious Drama, numerous plays came to be commissioned for the special conditions under which she worked. These plays included work from Norman Nicholson, Richard H. Ward, Anne Ridler, John Hunter, Philip Turner and Wilfred Harrison.

In his Preface to her *Memoirs*, Alan Ecclestone wrote of her personal engagement, created through her working life, with a multitude of people: ‘There they all are, actors, actresses, clergymen, landladies, steel workers, youth-club members, all being drawn into something creative as well as interpretative, much of it escaping their notice at the time but none the less real.’

Help with this article was kindly given by Ken Payne who acted in many of Pamela’s productions and said that involvement with religious drama seemed to be amongst the most worthwhile aspects of his life.

Newsletter November 2001

FRANK KINGDON-WARD

6 November 1885 – 8 April 1958

One of the great Himalayan plant collectors, Frank Kingdon-Ward, was the son of Harry Marshall Ward, Professor of Botany in Cambridge University from 1895 to his early death in 1906. Through his father's early career in Indian forestry and economic botany Frank must have met as a boy forest officers and botanists returning with exciting 'travellers' tales' of the great forests, rivers and mountains of the Himalayas. To explore these lands for himself, and to collect specimens of the rich flora of Rhododendrons, Poppies, Primulas and other groups for introduction into English gardens became his lifelong passion and, for fifty years, between his first expedition in 1909–10 and his last in 1956 – with breaks only during the two World Wars – he was constantly planning, executing and writing up Himalayan expeditions.

In 1924–5, in the prime of life, he planned and carried out, with Lord Cawdor, the greatest of these expeditions, which explored the fantastic gorges of the Tsang-po River in S. E. Tibet, and eventually published in 1926 an account of this exploration in 'The Riddle of the Tsangpo Gorges'. This is one of the great 'plantsman's books', and fully recommended as a good read even today. Kingdon-Ward is not given to hyperbole and 'purple prose' in his books, but his keen delight in both people and nature shine through these remarkably detailed accounts. Behind the published books there is a set of meticulously-kept field notes, in which every collected herbarium specimen and seed sample is documented with a unique collector's number, with the result that the professional botanists with whom he collaborated could precisely describe plants he had first collected.

This great botanical explorer's grave is marked by a very modest stone in the first Churchyard, situated just inside the western yew hedge that demarcates what is now the Garden of Remembrance. Until the mid-1980s a small commemorative Cherry tree marked the spot, but this unfortunately was killed by a very virulent outbreak of Honey Fungus. After this disease outbreak, it was not possible to replant with any other Cherry or related tree in the Rose family, and an attempt to use the skeleton of the tree to support a Himalayan Rose also failed. However, when Mrs Jean Rasmussen, Frank's second wife and much involved with him in expeditions in later years, indicated her interest in a memorial, a new attempt was made to find a worthy commemorative shrub, and a very attractive Berberis, *B. calliantha*, was chosen, two specimens of which were planted to flank the headstone.

The choice of shrub to mark Kingdon-Ward's grave was made carefully, with the cultural conditions in mind. Most of the fine garden plants introduced by him are unfortunately not suitable for our porous, chalky soils or our dry 'Continental' climate. In particular, many spectacular Rhododendrons, from which ideal plants could have been chosen, were, alas, totally intolerant of chalky Cambridge soils. Other small trees (such as *Sorbus*) could not be risked because of Honey Fungus.

Having chosen the *Berberis* one can appreciate Kingdon-Ward's accurate recording of his finds. *Via* the collector's numbers it is possible to trace exactly when and where the explorer collected the berries from which our garden plants of *Berberis calliantha* descend – and it could hardly be a more dramatic place! Let Kingdon-Ward tell us himself, from chapter XIII of his book. They leave a Tibetan village, Gyala:

‘November 16th [1924] dawned brightly, after 10° of frost ... Final preparations were soon made, and at 10.30 we started on the journey ... Just outside the village someone had set light to a heap of juniper branches, and the coolies now stood around, passionately repeating long prayers to the spirits, that they might guard them from the dangers of the gorge ...

[Description of four days' travel on foot along the great Tsangpo gorge]

On November 20th, after a fine night, followed by a heavy dew in the early morning which drenched the forest, we scrambled down the cliff and got our third boiling-point reading in the river-bed since leaving Gyala. The altitude was 8,506 feet. Our day's march lay partly in the river-bed, partly in the forest. Early in the afternoon the river suddenly swung due south, and through a window in the jungle we looked out and saw the northern glaciers of Namcha Barwa, coldly menacing, relentlessly pushing as though to engulf the forest; but as a matter of fact they are withdrawing their forces. Next minute we came out on to cultivation. Nothing could have come as a greater surprise. The great river was plunging down, down, boring ever more deeply into the bowels of the earth. The snow-peaks enclosed us in a ring of ice. Dense jungle surged over the cliffs, filled the glens, and marched boldly up to battle with the snow. And in the midst of all this strife, in a quiet bay in the mountains, round which the maelstrom of river, forest, and ice fought dumbly for dominion, was one poor little badly cultivated field!

Ascending by a path to a terrace, we saw perched on a knoll, in the midst of a great swamp, the little wooden monastery of Pamakochung.'

In this 'great swamp' by the monastery of Pemakochung Kingdon-Ward collected 'blue-black, pendent' berries of a *Berberis*, a sample to which he gave his collector's number K.W.6285. This we know from the excellent field-note quoted by B.O. Mulligan, a taxonomist at the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden at Wisley, who published the *Berberis* as a new species, *B. calliantha*, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* (vol. 97: No 394) in 1935. The collection must have been made on the day of their stay in this isolated monastery at the top end of the really precipitous part of the river gorge, which they still had to explore in the weeks ahead. And there, as they say, we must leave Kingdon-Ward, Cawdor and their Tibetan friends – though you can read for yourself about their further adventures in 'The Riddle of the Tsangpo Gorges'. When you have read the book, you will marvel at the contrast with the peaceful Grantchester resting-place where, it is hoped, his pretty *Berberis* will grow by the grave as a living memorial.

Max Walters May 1995

ROBERT LAIDLAW M.D. F.R.C.S.E.

22 July 1841 – 2 July 1914

ELIZABETH LAIDLAW

26 May 1849 – 16 January 1941

JANET YOUNG LAIDLAW M.B.

27 June 1888 – 9 August 1949

DOUGLAS HUNTER LAIDLAW

2 April 1880 – 7 September 1952

HUGH ALEXANDER LYON LAIDLAW

1 September 1885 – 21 January 1931

SARAH GEORGINA LAIDLAW

31 January 1887 – 5 November 1972

PATRICK PLAYFAIR LAIDLAW Kt. F.R.S. F.R.C.P.

26 September 1881 – 20 March 1940

Just through 'Bill's arch' into the Third Churchyard you come across a rugged gravestone commemorating seven members of the Laidlaw family. Although buried in Grantchester they were what would now be considered as Newnham people as they lived in the larger Grantchester parish which in those days included what is now Newnham ward

The father of the family, Robert Laidlaw, was born in Ayrshire, and gained his medical degree from Edinburgh University, training to be a doctor. In 1867, soon after he had graduated, a group of doctors and church people, appalled by the lack of medical care available to the poor and sick and keen to minister to their souls as well as their bodies, formed the 'Glasgow Medical Mission'. Robert joined the Mission and, for several years, worked in the Seychelles as Medical Government Officer.

By 1875 Robert was back in Glasgow where he became Superintendent of the Mission, a post he held for 10 years. Soon after returning he married Elizabeth Playfair, daughter of Patrick Playfair and Georgina née Muir of Glasgow and Ardmillan. Elizabeth was related to many eminent and scientific men, among them the first Baron Playfair who was Lord in Waiting to Queen Victoria.

Robert and Elizabeth's first children, George, Douglas, Patrick and Hugh, were born in Glasgow. The family then moved to London where Charles, Janet and Walter were born. In 1897 they moved again, this time to Cambridge, first to Hills Road, and then to Grantchester Meadows in Newnham.

As for many families, the First War years brought sadness. Robert was the first to die, in 1914, just before war broke out. Then, in 1915, on Good Friday, the 5th son, Charles Glass Playfair (bn. 13.12.1887), was killed at Richebourg l'Avoué near Neuve Chapelle. He had been in the trenches all the previous night and was smoking after breakfast in what seemed a perfectly safe place, when a stray bullet passed through a sandbag and penetrated the right side of his chest. He was given first aid but was then found to have an internal haemorrhage and he died in the early hours of 3 April. Educated at the Perse, he won a scholarship to St John's College to read Natural Sciences. He won Firsts in all his exams and after several offers of tempting jobs he accepted a Research Scholarship at the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. At the outbreak of

war he was investigating, among other things, the effects of temperature on the growth of fungus. A brilliant career was so sadly cut short.

More sadness followed and the next son to die was Walter Muir Sibbald (bn. 24.2.1889). Walter, like his older brothers Hugh and Charles, was educated at the Perse. He joined the Royal Engineers but details of his military service are not known. He was killed on 23 November 1917 and is buried at Duhallow ADS Cemetery near Ypres.

Eighteen months later, on 18 February 1917, just after war had ended, came the death of the eldest son, George Muir (bn. 30.11.1878), another Johnian. Before his time at St John's George had been educated in Glasgow and London and had then (possibly again with the Glasgow Medical Mission) become a District Officer in Pekan in the Federated Malay States. He was accidentally drowned whilst crossing the bar of a Malaysian river in attempting to land from a coastal steamer. There was a memorial tablet to his memory in St Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Kuala Lumpur, but it may not still be there as memorials were looted by the Japanese.

The light within all this sadness was the marriage of the fourth son, Hugh, to Sarah Georgina née Fraser and the birth of their daughter Patricia in 1916. Hugh was the only son to marry and he died after a long illness at the young age of 45, predeceasing his wife by 20 years. In 1944 Patricia Laidlaw married William 'Ran' Laurie, who was born in Grantchester, became a famous Olympic oarsman, and whose parents may still be remembered by older Grantchester residents – they had two daughters and two sons, one of whom is the famous comedian Hugh Laurie.

Robert and Elizabeth's second son, Douglas, was at the Leys for one term, perhaps when the family moved from London to Cambridge. Unlike his brothers he went up to Emmanuel College, and then out to the Malay States like his father and brother George. No more is currently known about him. He died at home in Grantchester Meadows.

Perhaps the most eminent of their six sons was the third son Patrick. He contracted polio at the age of 3 which left him with a weakness in one leg and caused him much trouble in later life. After attending Paradise House Quaker School in north London he took sixth form studies at the Leys and then a scholarship at St John's. Another scholarship in 1904 took him to Guy's hospital where in 1913 he was appointed to a lectureship in pathology. Leaving in 1922 to join the Medical Research Council he concentrated on bacteriological and virus research. A shy and retiring person who found it difficult to express himself, he always hated speaking in public. He seldom made contributions to open discussions but in private conversations his wide knowledge was seized upon by others. He appears to have given only two lectures, both in Cambridge, one on 'Experimental Influenza', and the other on 'Virus Diseases and Viruses,' both of which caused him much angst in composition and delivery. Among his colleagues it was known that any of them could go to him for constructive criticism, helpful discussion and frequently brilliant suggestion. Elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1927, and knighted in 1935, the day before he died he heard that he had been made an Honorary fellow of St John's. Golf, fishing, and dogs were his loves – this 'gentle, modest, generous man of science', 'P.P.' to his friends, died at the age of 58 at his home in London.

Sadly we know nothing about the only girl in the family, Janet, except that she died at home in Grantchester Meadows at the age of 66. She qualified as a doctor, as so many members of her family, and it would be interesting to find out more about her.

HENRY DESMOND PRITCHARD LEE

30 August 1908 – 8 December 1993

ELIZABETH CROOKENDEN

6 August 1910 – 1 June 1997

‘I was the eldest of four children – Elizabeth, Henry, Napier and Spencer. We had no settled home as my father was in the Regular Army and we moved nearly every year. However, our parents, especially our mother must have made superhuman efforts to keep our “home” together, and wherever we went all our belongings went with us. For many years lumpish articles like shoes were packed in a tin bath with a bed which fastened with straps.’

So start my mother’s memoirs and they are full of happy memories of her childhood with her three brothers in spite of constant moving and some hard times when her father was on half pay in the twenties. There are frequent references to her mother’s dressmaking skills, for the Victory Ball in 1918, for the Cutlers’ Children’s Ball in 1920 and so on. She inherited those skills herself and made clothes for herself, her daughters, her grandchildren and for friends, not to mention curtains and cushions, for many years.

Inevitably her education suffered from all these moves, but after spending six months in France with the family in 1925 she went to St Stephen’s College in Folkestone, from where she gained a place to read Modern Languages at Oxford. However, with no grants to help in those days her brothers’ school fees took precedence and so she never received the red roses which her cousin, Peter Pears, sent to her digs! The consolation was four years in Aldershot enjoying ‘a very gay time with lots of parties’ and presentation at Court in 1930.

By contrast my father’s family had just three moves in the 27 years before he was married and all of them within The Park, a Victorian middle class housing estate close to the centre of Nottingham where his grandfather had a hosiery business. His son, my grandfather, was ordained and was for many years secretary of the Southwell Diocesan Board of Finance. Home life followed a set routine and from an early age my father spent many hours in an upstairs carpentry workshop where in the ’20s he built a succession of five model yachts good enough to win races on the Southwold model yacht pond during the family’s annual summer holiday. He went to a boarding prep school at the age of 10 and then on to Repton. He enjoyed life at school, particularly in the classical sixth form as he came under the influence of Harry Balmforth under whose guidance he won an entrance scholarship to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

‘My four years at Cambridge were a turning point in my life in that I did well enough there to make an academic career possible.’ He also records ‘what an enormously exciting time these years in Cambridge were . . . Above all there was a sense of freedom.’ Probably his most distinguished contemporaries, who became life long friends, were the poet William Empson and the film maker Basil Wright. But the most important influence on him in these four years was the philosopher, Wittgenstein, who taught very much in the manner of Socrates by dialogue, much of it one to one, and lectures. ‘Philosophy did not feature in our conversations except incidentally. What Wittgenstein got from us was companionship . . . and the chance to discuss or formulate thoughts on a wide range of subjects.’

In his fourth year he started work on his thesis for a fellowship at Corpus. He also met my mother! He was an unexpected suitor for her and she always said that his acceptance by her family was due to his short hair, his talent as a carpenter and his willingness to laugh at her father's jokes!

He was elected to a fellowship in 1933, but was not aware of the convention that young fellows should reside in College for several years before venturing into matrimony! Financial constraints would have made that almost impossible in any case, but a combination of circumstances made it possible for the Master, Sir Will Spens, to offer him the Tutorship in 1934 at the early age of 27 and shortly afterwards he became a University lecturer. With these three sources of income combined and the encouragement of Sir Will and his wife Dorothy, my parents were able to get married on 23 March 1935, to honeymoon in Rome and to settle into Ashton House, close by the traffic lights in Newnham. They were very happy there and my mother showed her talent in creating a home without spending money on 'white goods'. 'A cool larder, a hot tap, a sink and a stove was all that was necessary'! Even so it was a great change for her from the military world and Dorothy Spens was extremely kind in those early days. I was born in 1936 and before my sister, Sarah, arrived in 1938, they moved into 14 Cranmer Road, leaving another family, with four children, to move into Ashton House!

The 1939–1945 war was a tough time for everyone, with rationing and the blackout and Air Raid shelters and the sounds of aircraft overhead and news of casualties from abroad. To these trials for my parents were added lodgers and hens whose eggs never won for them my father's affections! Cambridge suffered very little damage, but Corpus numbers dropped from 172 in 1936 to 74 in 1943 and to his duties as Tutor my father added a role in the office of the Regional Commissioner who had responsibility for the supervision and inspection of Civil Defence in East Anglia. The Regional Commissioner, Sir Will Spens again, also handed on to him his seat on the Repton Governing Body, a post he held for the next forty years. As Tutor of Corpus my father was in a reserved occupation so was not allowed to volunteer for military service and could only make a direct contribution to the war effort by combining two jobs. This led to severe illness in 1942 and new arrangements for the Tutorship. At least my parents faced the trials of war together and were blessed by the arrival of a second daughter, Polly, in 1943. However, my mother lost two babies within hours of their births, one, John, in 1940 and the other, Anne, in 1946. Both are buried close to their parents in Grantchester's First Churchyard.

My father returned to the college as Tutor in January 1945 and took a full part in the rebuilding of the Fellowship and of undergraduate numbers. However he saw 'scholarship and Greek philosophy being smothered by administration' and so in 1948 he accepted the post of Headmaster of Clifton College in Bristol, 'a job that Elizabeth and I could do together and that would suit us both'.

We now come to the twenty-one years which my father and mother spent away from Cambridge, first at Clifton and then at Winchester. In both places they inherited a large Headmaster's House which needed attention and this they received from my mother, who had a great flair for practical and decorative detail and, I should add, for entertaining. She did plenty of that at both schools from Sunday lunches for senior boys to parties for staff, governors, parents, and family, including three weddings and many dances. But it was not only in entertaining that my mother supported my father. She was also interested in the masters' families and ready with practical advice and help, especially for newcomers. In the first year or so at Clifton my father found the social side rather a trial (his nickname there was Dismal

Desmond), but, as with watching school games, he grew to like it, and indeed the Headmaster's House at Winchester became known among the young masters as 'Government House'!

My father had some regrets about leaving Greek Philosophy behind, but he had learned a lot about administration as Tutor at Corpus and as a civil servant during the war, knew that he liked it and found that the position of Headmaster gave him the authority to take decisions and, after proper consultation, to get things done. This included the crucial area of appointments, on which the future of the school depended. This authority to act was in marked contrast to the way decisions were made by the Fellowship at Corpus, and made the job much more rewarding, if at times quite testing. My father was also fortunate in the two Governing bodies he served, the Bursars who looked after the financial side and, perhaps most important, the two secretaries who looked after him through those twenty years.

At Clifton, in addition to the main task of settling the school down after the wartime evacuation to Bude and rebuilding the staff, my father soon became involved in the Headmasters' Conference, to which all Public Schools belong, as a member of its Committee and he also served on the Schools Council for Curriculum and Examinations. For these contributions to education he was knighted in 1954 and he continued to be involved for most of his twenty years as a Headmaster.

An important byproduct of these activities, which involved regular train journeys to and from London, was his translation of Plato's *Republic* which he was commissioned to write in 1951 by Penguin Classics. It was published in 1955. This was a task well suited to his skills and scholarship. The translation is still in print and has sold well over one million copies, mostly to students of philosophy rather than classics!

My parents were sad to leave Clifton and Bristol so soon, as were their children, but it gave my father the very different challenge of modernising a very fine, but rather traditional school. This process involved changes to the administration, improvements to the boarding houses, two major new buildings, a revival of interest in Art and Art Appreciation, a widening of the options for games and exercise in general and changes in the arrangements for chapel and religious teaching. Most of this was set against the background of the swinging sixties when the social structure of the country was being challenged by the young and Winchester was not immune from these challenges. My father kept in touch with the boys by some teaching to the top forms, lunches in the boarding houses and meetings with prefects. He felt the pressures for change and responded to them, but kept the focus on academic excellence which had always been the Winchester hallmark. I believe he was glad to retire in 1968. And so back to Cambridge and 8 Barton Close.

My father was invited to become a Fellow of Wolfson College by his old friend from the Classical Faculty, John Morrison, and to do a project for the Schools Council on University Entry requirements. He also did what he could to help with the new college, although it meant cancelling his Fellowship at Corpus. This gave him a good start to his retirement and in 1973 he was offered the post of President of Hughes Hall with the aim of establishing it as a small graduate college for both sexes and to provide a home for research projects. One of these was the Greek project which produced a course to encourage the study of classical Greek with my father as chairman of the steering committee. At the age of seventy in 1978 he retired and was able to take up his Fellowship at Corpus again. Thereafter he was involved in several appeals, notably one for work on the west end of Ely Cathedral, and served six years as Chairman of

the Cambridge Preservation Society where he was actively involved in the conservation of Wandlebury.

My parents were regular worshippers at Grantchester from 1969 and my father served for a time as Churchwarden and also as a member of the P.C.C. He assisted with the sad process of closing the school, but not before my elder sister's children had attended it during 1975 when they were over from Australia. My younger sister was married in the church in 1969, and my mother regularly did the flowers. But her special contribution was as a member of the NADFAS team of Church recorders who listed all the items in the church with notes on the history of most of them. After my father's death in 1993 she moved to 16 Chedworth Street in Newnham, where she continued to busy herself with friends and family but missed my father very much. When she died she was buried with him in Grantchester churchyard close to their two babies, John and Anne.

Martin Lee kindly wrote this article about his parents.

Newsletter 2009

REVD PROFESSOR JOSEPH RAWSON LUMBY

18 July 1831 – 21 November 1895

Academics are expected by ordinary folk to be slightly eccentric! But Joseph Lumby, an academic of amazing breadth of knowledge, seems to have been even more eccentric than most.

Born in Stanningley, West Yorkshire, in 1831, Joseph was the son of John Lumby, a joiner and cabinet-maker, who afterwards went to keep a boarding-house in Ilkley. Described as tall and lanky as a boy, and of intellectual promise, he went to Stanningley School and then on to Leeds Grammar School, leaving in 1848 to become a schoolmaster at the Church School in Meanwood, north of Leeds, now absorbed into the city. When he was twenty-two he apparently came to the attention of Mr Urquhart, Vicar of Anderby, an old Magdalene man, who recommended him for a scholarship, and it is said that the board of Meanwood School thought him so intelligent that they subscribed to send him to Cambridge. He came up to Magdalene in 1855 and graduated with a First in Classics in 1858. He was an incredibly hard worker, needed little sleep and always rose early, saying that doing so was an essential to success in life. He didn't waste his time in playing games!

On graduation Joseph was elected Dennis Fellow of Magdalene, but had to give this up almost immediately as on 11 February 1859 he married Susanna Mary Parsons in St Cuthbert's Church, Darlington, and at that time Fellows of Colleges had to be bachelors.

Joseph and Susanna returned to Cambridge, Susanna to raise their considerable family; Amy whom they adopted (b. 1859), Constance Mary (b. 1860), Helen Maria (b. 1861), John Rawson (b. 1865) and Grace Margaret (b. 1869), and Joseph to lecturing, tutoring, and his own research and writing. He was always writing one book, and often three or four, at the same time as teaching – and at one time teaching from his bed after a railway accident at Peterborough, details of which aren't known but which must have been serious as he was given £2,000 in compensation by the railway company.

In 1860 Joseph was ordained by the Bishop of Ely and became Chaplain of Magdalene (1860–70) and Curate of Girton (1861–74). Susanna died from pneumonia in 1873 which meant that he could again become a College Fellow, and the following year he was elected to St Catherine's College as Fellow and Dean and became Curate at St Mark's, Newnham. In 1875 Trinity Hall offered him the non-stipendiary living of St Edward's. His energy as a teacher was mirrored by his energy as a preacher. When just ordained he was asked to preach in a large town in Yorkshire as the Vicar was ill. He said he would do so on condition that he could practise his sermon in the morning and afternoon in two country churches, after which he felt confident enough to face the large and better-educated congregation of the evening. Later on his numerous preaching engagements took him all over England.

Lumby was not popular among the Fellows at St Catherine's; his huge fund of knowledge, his great physical strength, his reputed total lack of humour and his assertive character made him a difficult companion. But how much was this due to his eccentricity, or how much to the nature of the other Fellows in this small college of fifty-two men. The Master is said to

have been ‘an ineffectual and pathetic figure’, and the Senior Tutor had ‘an easy-going idleness of character which made him hopelessly unbusinesslike, not to say negligent’, two Fellows were absentees and another was so little required that he taught the sixth form at Dulwich College. Added to which they were all classicists and resented Lumby. The following parody was current in the College.

I heard the voice of Lumby say
‘My height is six foot one;
I’m forty inches round the chest,
My weight is twenty stun.’

I heard the voice of Lumby say
‘I know six hundred creeds;
I don’t believe in one of them
(We never did at Leeds).’

I heard the voice of Lumby say
‘Sense I postpone to sound;
Let others argue to the point;
I argue round and round.’

A forty-inch chest doesn’t sound very huge, nevertheless Lumby could apparently ‘do what he liked with pokers, breaking them if they would break, and winding them round his arm if they would not’! The reference in the second verse is no doubt to the time he was Vice-Principal of Leeds Theological College. A W Spratt was the author of the parody, and also, reputedly, the epigram – ‘Lumby is omniscient and omnipotent, but (thank Heaven) not omnipresent.’ They joked about him in the College Combination Room. ‘Lumby’, he was asked one day, ‘what’s the price of a second-hand wooden leg?’ ‘Ten and six. Brass tipped, twelve and six’ came the answer. The person who enquired went to check up at the hospital and was told that it was strange that he should ask because Dr Lumby had been in to get a leg for an old parishioner a few days before. Perhaps this confirms his great kindness to which the Bishop of Stepney alluded in his memorial sermon at Great St Mary’s.

Joseph Lumby’s academic achievements are simply too numerous to list. He won notable scholarships in Divinity and Hebrew, in which he was apparently as fluent as in his native tongue and for teaching which he received 15s an hour; his degrees were MA, BD and DD; he knew German, Greek, Anglo-Saxon and early English (he was one of the founders of the Early English Text Society); he was a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, and did considerable work as editor of historical documents under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. His list of publications is phenomenal, among them being his ‘History of the Creeds’, a popular introduction to the study of the New Testament, his work as one of the Revisers of the Old Testament and his editorial work on the Cambridge Bible for Schools.

While she was still alive Susanna and Joseph had engaged a German governess for their children, Luise Theodore Ernestine Albertine Dahlmann, daughter of a German lawyer and granddaughter of a Professor. Seven years after Susanna's death Joseph married Luise and by 1881 they are recorded as living at Merton House in Grantchester, though it is possible that they were here before that. Yet more children arrived; Mary Luise in 1881, Luisa Theodora in 1883, Walter Dahlmann in 1884, Angela in 1886 (she died the same year and is buried in Grantchester), Christopher in 1888, Arthur Frederick in 1890 and Margaret Agatha in 1893. Luise was 'full of energy . . . She meant to be very kind, but was rather dictatorial and alarming to a small boy. She was always dressed in black, a tall woman with a skirt down to the floor; very straight. She and the elder children were intellectual snobs and thought that the whole world circulated round Cambridge, and that nobody without a degree was worthy of consideration.'

In 1878 the Chair of Anglo-Saxon was instituted; Lumby did not succeed in being elected as the first Professor, but the following year was made Norrisian Professor of Divinity. This post he resigned in 1892 when he was appointed to the coveted post of Lady Margaret Professor, the oldest professorship in the University, having been founded in 1562 by the mother of Henry VII. He loved teaching and set aside special time for meeting undergraduates with whom he enjoyed contact. He considered the education of undergraduates to be the *raison d'être* of the University, a view which was not shared by some of the older generation. He also put as much time and energy into what he wrote for children as into his academic work.

In July 1895 Joseph Lumby became ill with a prostate problem, but died in November from an ulcerated gall bladder. His funeral took place in Grantchester, in the presence of a very distinguished congregation, conducted by the Master of St Catherine's, and the Vicar of Grantchester, the Revd Edmund Godfray. He is buried next to his daughter near the far end of the second churchyard.

Joseph's son, Christopher, became a very eminent reporter with *The Times* and was one of two people first called in to identify the bodies of Mussolini and Clara Petacci and to announce the news of their hanging to the world.

Most of the material for this article was kindly supplied by Mr Simon Lumby and by the Assistant Librarian of St Catherine's College.

Newsletter November 1998

RODERICK EWEN MACPHERSON

17 July 1916 – 21 January 2000

‘Angus’ Macpherson was born in Claygate in Surrey during the First World War. His grandfather was a lawyer, had been a judge in Calcutta, and then legal adviser to the India Office. His father, likewise, entered the legal profession and became Chief Charity Commissioner.

As a schoolboy Angus was sent first to a preparatory school in Eastbourne and then on to Eton as a King’s Scholar. There he rejoiced in having a room with a superb view, which was generally unpopular as it was close to a source of loud music; when Angus was at work he was oblivious of this, just like many a young person in today’s noisy world. On leaving Eton in 1935 he came up to King’s College as a Major Scholar and read Mathematics. While there he was urged to take up the chairmanship of the Science Society but he preferred to remain in the supporting role of secretary. He achieved a First in Part II of the Tripos in 1937 and distinction in Part III in 1938, and then stayed on to do research, being awarded a Martin Thackeray studentship, money for which had been bequeathed in the early 19th century by a fellow of the college, Martin Thackeray, a relation of the novelist William Makepeace Thackeray. His Fellowship dissertation, ‘Canonical systems of equivalence on singular varieties’, was submitted after only two years, really only one year’s work, because of the outbreak of war.

His first war work was with the Ballistics Board in Cambridge, and it was during this time that he met Sheila, at a game of tennis. She was research assistant to J. J Lythgoe at University College London, and when the war started the Lythgoes and she had come to the Physiology Department to continue their work on rhodopsin, the light-sensitive protein of the retinal rods. In 1940 Angus transferred to the RAF and one of his first postings was to Orkney, where he was concerned with plotting enemy movements obtained by radar. Orkney was ideal for a Scot who had always lived in England, as well as for his passions of walking and birdwatching. After a year there he was trained as a navigator for night fighters, Mosquitoes. He and Sheila married just before Christmas 1941; they only knew of his leave five days before the wedding.

One night in July 1942, over Malvern Wells, Pilot Officer (later Squadron Leader) Macpherson was navigator in a Mosquito that shot down a Junkers 88 after following it for some time. The pilot of the Junkers, Herbert Gangl, bravely stayed at the controls to allow his crew to parachute, and so was too late to parachute himself. Miraculously he was thrown clear and survived the crash. Angus and his pilot were glad to hear, within days, that all the German crew survived. The author of a book ‘*Worcestershire at War*’ traced Gangl to Vienna over 40 years later, and Gangl was delighted to visit Britain, meet the Macphersons in Cambridge, and thank those who had cared for him after the crash. The Gangls visited again, staying with Angus and Sheila in Lugwardine, and their granddaughters exchanged visits. After Angus’s death Sheila and her daughter Margaret stayed with the Gangls in Vienna.

When war ended Angus returned to his Fellowship in King's and became successively Third, Second and, in 1951, First Bursar. He was wonderfully welcoming to new Fellows, making arrangements easy for them. He was quick to see ways in which bureaucratic rules and procedures could be turned to become thoroughly helpful to individuals. He enjoyed the incident when a life insurance company, in the pension arrangements of those days, wrote to him as Bursar to make an enquiry about the insured Fellow R. E. Macpherson; so in these two capacities Angus wrote to himself and replied, copying the correspondence to the company.

King's had property in Grantchester, and a rumour arose that the College wished to evict the Grantchester Cricket Club. Angus and Sheila, as residents in the village, were well placed to deny the rumour. Angus cemented the denial with an annual cricket match between the village and the College, so popular that it once reached 17-a-side! A different link between Grantchester and King's was exploited when Angus went in to College for several days by skating along the frozen river! It was of great benefit to the village that one of its residents should have a special connection with a major landowner. His knowledge was also a particular asset as a member of the Town Lands Committee.

In 1962, after 11 years as First Bursar, Angus became Treasurer of the University. Here he turned rapidly to problems of the relations between colleges and the University, and was the main author of the scheme by which richer colleges were taxed to the benefit of a Colleges Fund, to help poorer colleges. He was so transparently honest, so painstaking in explaining needs and procedures, that the scheme was readily adopted in 1966. Colleges were helped to accept it by the fact that Angus had himself been a college Bursar, and so he saw the needs of the colleges as well as of the University. He also contributed in other ways in which the University and colleges complemented each other. He saw clearly where the gaps had been left; hence the enthusiastic part he played in the formation of graduate colleges, and the establishment of the University Centre. Accounts were centralised, particularly by his energetic Deputy, Trevor Gardner, who succeeded him as Treasurer; the first computer involved needed a room to hold it, and Angus's arguments persuaded the Law Faculty to provide this room.

In 1969 he moved to the Registry, and as such was the chief officer of the Council of the Senate at a time of particular difficulty for the University. One set of difficulties arose from student activism, including disruption from sit-ins. Angus's diplomatic skills were immensely helpful, and good solutions, which have stood the test of time, were eventually achieved for disciplinary arrangements and for student participation in the government of the University. The second new difficulty was financial, as successive public expenditure crises struck the universities.

Another of his concerns was relations between City and University. He first sat on the City Council for the Colleges, later for the University. When such places on the Council were abolished in 1974, after he had served for 16 years, it was Angus whom the new Council made Honorary Councillor to mark what he had done.

Those who worked for him were particularly impressed by him. They got clear, highly demanding, tasks, but without interference; instead they could easily turn to him for advice. He was the ideal administrator to turn to with a problem; he cared intensely for each person's interests and those of the institution, and he did so with understanding, fairness, and clear-mindedness.

He was devoted to his talented family. Sheila supported him splendidly, sometimes spectacularly as when a Vice-Chancellor requested breakfast for himself and another member of staff as they were about to set out with Angus for an early-morning meeting in London – the Scottish breakfast she provided at their home was memorable. When away on holiday he provided his office with a list of phone numbers of where the family would be staying in Scotland, but with instructions 'Ring only after sunset, as we shall be walking during the day.'

Angus retired in 1983 and in 1996, to the dismay of everyone in Grantchester as they were such a special part of the village community, he and Sheila moved to Lugwardine in Herefordshire to be near their daughter Margaret and her family. It was sad for all of them that it was necessary for him to move into a Nursing Home before he died on 21 January 2000.

These notes are adapted from some kindly supplied by Sheila and are based on those in the King's College Annual Report October 2000. Sheila died in October 2007.

Newsletter May 2004

ARTHUR HENRY MANN

16 May 1850 – 19 November 1929

If you listen this year, on Christmas Eve, to the Festival of Lessons and Carols from King's College, spare a thought for the creator of that choir as it is known now throughout the world, Arthur Henry Mann, who is buried in Grantchester's second churchyard.

Arthur Mann was born in Norwich, into a musical family, and entered the cathedral choir at a very young age. On one occasion, when he was only eight years old, the assistant organist missed a train which would have got him back to Norwich in time to play for a service. 'Who's to play the organ?', asked Dr Zachariah Buck, the cathedral organist who had given up playing himself by then. 'Please, Sir, I think I can', answered young Arthur. He successfully accompanied the choir, though he afterwards said 'I was too small to reach the farther pedals with my feet, and had to slip down and tread on them.'

In 1870 Arthur Mann was appointed organist at St Peter's, Wolverhampton, and a year later moved to Tettenhall Parish Church. While there he married Sarah Rainsford, the daughter of a yeoman farmer; they had a son who died in infancy, and three daughters. In 1875 they moved to Yorkshire where Arthur became organist of Beverley Minster, until his final appointment to King's College in 1876.

When Arthur arrived at King's the college choir consisted of lay clerks and boys from families of local residents and, as a result of his enthusiasm and energy, a school was opened for the education of choristers, and choral scholars gradually took the place of the lay clerks. One of his great strengths was his understanding of the difficult acoustic qualities of the wonderful chapel building and, in spite of criticism from some quarters, he trained his men and boys to make the best use of them. To the choir he was 'Daddy' Mann, a distinctive, bearded figure, in flapping cloak and large floppy hat, but this familiarity did not mean that he was to be trifled with.

However, Mann was not only an organist and choirmaster. He established the Festival Choir which gave many fine performances, often with the London Symphony Orchestra. In 1894 he became Director of Music at the Leys School; in 1897, organist to the University; and in 1902, choirmaster of the Norwich Festival; he was a member of the Royal College of Organists and the Incorporated Society of Musicians. He undertook the sorting and rearrangement of the Handel manuscripts in the Fitzwilliam Museum which had previously been kept in untidy bundles. In 1894 he conducted a performance of Handel's *Messiah* using original wind parts which he had discovered in the Foundling Hospital in London. He compiled an Anthem Book, and several chants which are still in use at King's, and it is his harmonisation of 'Once in royal David's city' which we hear on Christmas Eve. He was always willing to try out new cathedral music in the chapel even if he did not personally like it. Unfamiliar orderings of services and revised prayer books he came as near to hating as was possible for one who had so little power of hatred.

Arthur Mann was a great collector, one of his passions being for railway tickets and he often made train journeys with the express purpose of illicitly obtaining tickets, explaining gleefully to his friends how it was done!

When Sarah Mann died in 1918, Arthur moved into rooms in college and suddenly became known to those non-attenders to the chapel who had not much come across him when his life centred round the Leys, his home at Kingsfield (a house built for him by King's in West Road) and his organ loft. He was elected a Fellow in 1922 and was the youngest and merriest of the bunch. After College meetings he was heard to chuckle – 'Oh, I do like to hear you fellows going for one another!'

On 17 November 1929 Arthur Mann took his usual two services in chapel. Feeling very unwell before Evensong he told the Provost that he thought it was perhaps time for him to resign his post, though he managed to hold his usual choral scholars' tea party after the service. He died early on the following Tuesday.

'Well, well,' he used to say, after a concert, 'whatever they say, there is nothing like music.'

Newsletter November 1996

HELENA MENNIE SHIRE

21 June 1912 – 16 November 1991

EDWARD SAMUEL SHIRE

18 October 1908 – 2 September 1978

When in 1933 Helena Mennie, who had recently graduated *summa cum laude* from Aberdeen University, arrived at Newnham College, she could not have expected to spend the rest of her life in Cambridge. She was born on midsummer's day 1912 in Aberdeen, where she was educated, reading English with distinction at the university there. While at Newnham she gained a First in the English Tripos and in 1935 was elected to a Research Studentship.

A year later she married Edward Shire, a fellow of King's College and later its Vice-Provost and University Reader in Physics. Their home was always wonderfully warm and welcoming and full of intellectual excitement. There they brought up their three children and there, also, for some 25 years, Helena looked after her husband's father with great affection. Many *au pair* girls learned English there, and grew to understand and enjoy something of the Cambridge way of life. It was from this home that Helena Mennie Shire taught, researched and enjoyed helping other scholars.

During the war, Helena Shire taught English to Polish men and women who arrived to help the Allied cause. This was the start of a life-long friendship with the people of Poland. She learned Polish, and many Poles visited her in Cambridge. Many years later she visited Poland, where she was excited by the similarity between the coffered ceilings in Krakow and those in Falkland Palace in Scotland. She was always alive to research possibilities. In her later years she was a trustee of the Corbridge Trust (based at Robinson College) founded by her friend Mary Patkanowska-Corbridge to enable Polish scholars to come to Britain to do research. Helena Shire's friendship and help for the people of Poland was recognised in 1991 when she was awarded the Silver Star of St Stanislaw by the Republic of Poland.

From the late 1940s onwards Helena Mennie Shire's professional life was teaching and research. She supervised for several colleges, Fitzwilliam, Trinity and King's; for the latter she was for a period a college lecturer. Her lectures on the medieval world view were enthusiastically received; she was renowned as a supervisor. She was always keen to help her students to help themselves, and was an expert at suggesting a fruitful way forward. One of her ventures was to enable one of her pupils, later a fine printer by profession, to print three monographs, *The Ninth of May Series*, while he was still an undergraduate.

In one of these, *The Thrissil, the Rois and the Flour-de-lys* (1962), Helena Mennie Shire began the publication of her major research theme, the excellence of Scottish Court culture in the Renaissance and its relationship with other European high culture, especially that of France. She had edited the words of the songs for *Music of Scotland 1500–1700* (1957), Volume XV of *Musica Britannica*, and had already started to bring back to light many early Scottish poems, long available only in manuscript or rare early print. Her major work, *Song, Dance and Poetry in the Court of Scotland under King James VI* (1969), was highly influential. It has been said that she changed the way people thought about the Renaissance. Her *Preface to Spenser* (1978) illuminated many aspects of his work, especially the Irish viewpoint.

Her friends were always important to Helena Shire. Both at Clements End and later at 2 Bulstrode Gardens, the Shire family home was often full of friends. The parties in the garden were wonderful examples of a Cambridge tradition, whether at strawberry time or at the apple harvest when Term had started again. She maintained a lively correspondence with fellow scholars and former pupils and *au pair* girls. In her last decade, she edited and published the poems of Olive Fraser, a friend from their student days at Aberdeen and at Newnham, together with a story of Olive's sad life.

Her skill in teaching and her personal qualities were recognised when she was invited to become one of the founding fellows of Robinson College. She helped set up the English Department there, obtaining books for the new library. She directed studies in English and was especially interested in encouraging the younger women on the staff. Even after her retirement she maintained a lively interest in Robinson College, its staff and students, and in the teaching of the humanities.

Although she loved Cambridge, Helena Mennie Shire never forgot her Scottish roots. She published with 'Mennie' in her name in memory of her parents, to whom she owed her first enthusiasm for the songs of Scotland. Aberdeen did not forget her either, for in 1988 the university there made her an honorary Doctor of Laws.

Alisoun Gardner-Medwin November 1995

Edward Shire, Scholar and Fellow of King's College, is best known for his invention and development of the proximity fuse, during his work on the radar defences of Britain in the 1940s. He taught physics at Cambridge, with a special interest in electricity and magnetism. His hobby was cross country running, as a lifelong member of the Hard and Hounds. He married Helena Mary Mennie in 1939 – they had one son and two daughters. They are both commemorated by a plaque on the wall in Grantchester's third churchyard: *Gone into a world of light.*

Alisoun Gardner-Medwin August 2015

ELLIS FRANK PAULEY

6 September 1920 – 10 July 1986

No other family in Grantchester has such a long connection with the village, spread intermittently over many generations. It is said, though this is unproven, that there was a John Paulee on a list of jurors here in 1396, and there are members of the family in the village now. The current branch returned from Coton with (Ellis) Frank's great-great-great-grandfather in about 1800, in those days calling themselves 'Pawley'. In the census record for 1881 we have William Pawley and his sons, George, John and Harry, all registered as 'coprolite diggers'. Few families, too, must have managed to have so many variations on the spelling of their name – William Paulette in Trumpington in 1627, John Pawle in Coton in 1673, William Pawlett in Grantchester in 1706, John Pawlet in Harston in 1732 and William Paulet in Haslingfield in 1738. Other variations on the name are Palley, Paloy, Paulley, Paulitt and Porley. As all these occur in church and census records it is likely that they arise from the record-keepers' interpretation of local pronunciation.

Frank Pauley was named Ellis after his grandfather on his mother's side of the family, and Frank after his uncle who was killed in France in 1918 (with 'Pawley' on his headstone in the cemetery at Dernancourt on the Somme). He was born in Cambridge and came to Grantchester as a child when his family bought a small cottage in Charterhouse Terrace in Broadway on the road to Newnham. He was educated at the village school under the care of Annie Rolfe, the much-loved headmistress. In the school logbook for 15 June 1931 it is noted that 'Four pupils had done well in the written test for a Minor Scholarship – Frank Pawley [sic], Ivy Starr, Joyce Lander and Jessie Offord.' On 26 April 1932 we find that 'Frank Pawley to go on to the Oral test for a Minor Scholarship' and on 6 June that year 'Frank Pawley awarded his Minor Scholarship', evidently the only one from Grantchester. This was to the Cambridgeshire High School for Boys, the forerunner of Long Road Sixth Form College.

Frank spent a happy childhood 'only going home when he was hungry'! With many boys of his generation he belonged to the very active Scout Group where he acquired his nickname 'Tug'.

After school, Frank began his long career in local government, first in Chesterton Rural District Council, and ending in South Cambridgeshire District Council where he was Treasurer, an immensely responsible job. When he died in 1986 the Chairman, Councillor Joe Brown, said 'I knew him for many years and he was an invaluable person to have in local government. He was one of those people who never let the grass grow under their feet and was well-liked by everyone at South Cambs and other organisations he was involved in' . . . and those organisations were legion as Frank used his talents to the benefit of so many in the local community. He was at different times Clerk and Chairman of the Parish Council; he was on the PCC and the Deanery Synod; he helped found the Youth Club and was on its committee for many years; he was on the Committee of the Grantchester Charity for Relief in Need (GRIN); and after his retirement he helped with Meals on Wheels.

During the War Frank served in the Home Guard and met his wife Dorothy while she was working in the Post Office in St Andrew's Street; they were married in 1946. Having nowhere of their own to live they moved into Charterhouse Terrace with Frank's parents and, when his mother died three years later, felt that they could not leave his father on his own. In 1957 they were able to build their own house in Burnt Close; Frank's father moved with them, but kept his house in Charterhouse Terrace, to which he would return during the daytime, until he died in 1965.

Frank Pauley died in 1986 – in the words of his widow he was 'a firm but fair man, always reliable, an upstanding citizen who I was very proud of'. Grantchester was proud to have had him in the parish.

These notes were compiled with the kind help of Dorothy Pauley

Newsletter 2010

HOWARD WILLIAM 'HARDY' PHEAR

7 March 1893 – 18 November 1966

WINIFRED PHEAR

1 June 1892 – 18 September 1952

MARGARET PHEAR

20 September 1927 – 29 April 1972

HENRY JOHN PHEAR

15 January 1923 – 11 January 1996

Hardy Phear, my father, was born in Kimberley, South Africa. His father trained in Law in London, and went out to be the first barrister in Kimberley, town of diamonds. He and the family later moved to Salisbury, Rhodesia (now Harare, Zimbabwe) as the first barrister there. They lived on the edge of the small, growing town, where the day often started with a morning horse ride into the veld. My father was at school in Kimberley, and then went on to Rhodes University, Grahamstown, South Africa. He was active in sport, especially rifle shooting for which he won many medals. In 1912 he came over with a scholarship to Caius, to take a degree in Engineering; there was a long family connection with this college. At the onset of World War I, he joined the Royal Artillery and, when it was formed, the Royal Flying Corps (forerunner of the R.A.F.), flying planes such as the Sopwith Camel and the Sopwith Pup with great affection. He was twice wounded, and two of his brothers were killed. After recovery, he served in training and in explosive research.

On return to civilian life, he was elected a Fellow of Caius and University Lecturer in Engineering. This was his career fulfilment, with teaching and support of undergraduates. One particular undergraduate group that he supervised were the Ballot Scholars from South Africa. All these were often invited to his Grantchester home, Charterhouse Lodge [North End House], a welcoming, informal house with a large garden and outbuildings that had been stables. In the village, the Church was his main commitment during the time of four Vicars. Much energy and concern were devoted to such things as clergy appointments and locums, leaking vicarage roof, ineffective church heating boiler and accounts for the church and village charities. During World War II his big contribution was as Commander of the Home Guard. His relaxations were in the family, in his vegetable garden and with the Grantchester cricket team. For many years he kept bees and helped others to do so, particularly important in war-time days of sugar rationing. He enjoyed old cars, and drove an Austin 12 tourer long after its sell-by date. The loves and loyalties of his life were his family and home, the Grantchester community, particularly the Church, and his College.

My mother, Winifred 'Winnie' Phear, was from South Africa, a teacher becoming a headmistress and after marriage a loving and devoted wife and mother. She contributed much to the village, supporting my father with hospitality and in church work such as supervision of the churchyard, as President of the W.I. and helping with innumerable personal problems in the village.

Her father, George Graham, was a bank manager who came out from Edinburgh in the early years of Cape Colony. It was then traditional for bank managers to move every few years, so Winnie lived at times all over the Cape, being born in the smallish town of Tarkastad. She won many prizes at the High School for Girls, Queenstown and went on to Rhodes University,

Grahamstown. There she, like my father, was on the Student Representative Council. Marriage was delayed by the uncertainties of war, and she taught in South Africa, becoming a headmistress. My parents married in 1921 and bought Charterhouse Lodge in 1923 for £1,700, making it a welcoming family home. They had three children and Winnie's life was devoted to family and village. Personal relaxations were music, piano and singing, and her flower garden, especially roses. Cambridge colleges were male-orientated societies in the 1920s and 1930s, but fortunately the wife of the Master of Caius, Mrs Cameron, was especially good at integrating College wives and children. My sister, Elizabeth, known to several Grantchester parishioners, studied at Newnham, specialising in Biochemistry. While doing research in California, she married a Japanese scientist. They settled in Tokushima, Japan, and have 3 children. She died in 2009.

The cremated ashes of two other family members are buried in the family grave. Margaret Phear, née Woods, my first wife, was born in New Zealand, on her father's sheep farm in Winton, Southland. She qualified in Medicine in New Zealand, and came over to London for further experience as an anaesthetist. After marriage, we lived for a few years in Adelaide, South Australia and then in Welwyn Garden City, so Margaret never lived in Grantchester. Margaret's days were filled with the loving care of our two children, and she also continued part-time medical work in a busy life. Apart from family, there was time for tennis, bridge and holidays, sometimes in new Zealand.

My brother, Henry John Phear, was born in Cambridge. He had a free country childhood in the garden and fields around the village, and with a canoe on the river. John was also at Caius, reading Natural Sciences. During the War he worked at the Anti-Submarine Unit in Largs, Ayrshire. Later his career was in the electronic industry, first at Pye's in Cambridge when he lived in Grantchester, and afterwards in London. His main leisure interest was gardening, and at one time he had two allotments as well as the large Charterhouse Lodge garden.

These family members coming from around the world were united in death in our lovely churchyard. Immeasurably more important, they are now united in life in the nearer presence of God.

David Phear – *Newsletter 2011*

THE REVD CHARLES ARCHIBALD EDMUND POLLOCK

3 May 1858 – 13 August 1944

GRACE ISABELLA POLLOCK

11 July 1870 – 21 January 1966

Inscribed on his headstone in our First Churchyard it is said that Charles Pollock 'faithfully served the town, his college and above all his God'. He certainly held many positions in his college, Corpus Christi – he was Fellow, Mathematical Lecturer (1882–1919), Dean (1895–1901), Bursar (1911–28) and President (1921–28) – but there is no doubt that very much of his energy was devoted to his work for Cambridge Borough, so called before it became a city in 1951.

Charles Pollock was born in London into a family of churchmen and lawyers – his grandfather, the son of a saddler, became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bombay and is buried in Bombay Cathedral, and he was a cousin of The Rt Revd Bertram Pollock, Bishop of Norwich. When Charles was only 13 his father was accidentally drowned, leaving 7 children of whom Charles was the eldest son. He began his education at Highgate School but, thinking the Maths teaching insufficient, he removed himself and went to classes at Kings College, London, from where he won a scholarship to Trinity, Cambridge in 1877. Sport ranked high in his life at University – he played soccer, he shot for the university and, for three years running, raced against Oxford on his 'high cycle' (his penny-farthing), having had one specially made for him. (In his old age he is remembered as 'riding his bicycle very solemnly'.) So enthusiastic was he that the following account appeared in *The Times* of 4 October 1878:-

Two members of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, Messrs. C.A.E. Pollock and A.D. Roe, have recently ridden from London to Nice and back on bicycles. Riding to Newhaven on August 28, they crossed by the night boat to Dieppe, and rode thence by Rouen, Evreux, Chartres, Orléans, reaching Châteauneuf-sur-Loire on the following Saturday evening. Starting again on Monday, Sept. 2 [note that they didn't cycle on a Sunday – ed.], they took the road to Gien, Nevers, Roanne, St. Etienne, and then down the Rhône through Valence, Orange, Avignon, thence through Aix to St. Maximin, where they spent the second Sunday; next day they rode through Brignelles and Fréjus to Cannes and the following morning to Nice. After a week's stay here they commenced the return journey on Tuesday, Sept. 17, and reached Geneva the following Saturday, having ridden via Digne, Grenoble, and Chambéry. Geneva to Paris was ridden in four days (Sept. 23d to 26th); the last 10 miles into Paris being paved, the bicyclists here took the train. After three days in Paris they rode, in two days, to Dieppe, and the following day (Oct. 2) to London. The whole distance ridden was about 1,530 miles, and as they rode on 24 days, their average for the whole journey was 64 miles per day. The longest distance in one day was 94 miles, from Vilteaux to Sens.¹

What a journey – and back in time for term?! Apparently the French thought they 'were either too poor, were riding for a bet, or were just mad like Englishmen!'

When Charles graduated as 6th Wrangler in 1881 he felt he was unlikely to be offered a Fellowship at Trinity so he accepted one proffered by Corpus and was appointed Mathematical

Lecturer. Although he is quoted as being austere and unapproachable, and having a ‘dark ironical countenance . . . and a deliciously whimsical and evasive smile, a little sad, but full of flickering benevolence’, and ‘by no means lacking a sense of humour’,² he took a keen and kindly interest in his undergraduates. He made generous personal contributions to the entrance scholarships which he helped to establish, and although his liberal views were somewhat removed from the Evangelical wing of the church with which the College was identified, he struggled hard to introduce more enlightened policies. In 1887, he was ordained, and although he never exercised a parish ministry himself, he helped to found the College Mission which began under a railway arch in Camberwell. 3 years later a Mission Church was dedicated but never actually consecrated which enabled the Bishop of London to close it in 1962 – was this perhaps when the Mission ceased too. The church itself is still used today by a Pentecostal Fellowship.

However, eventually despairing that Corpus society was ever prepared to embrace liberalism even in its mildest form, he turned outwards and found a more sympathetic milieu in the town to which he was to dedicate his talent and energies until he died. At different times he was a member of all the sub-committees of the Borough Council, but perhaps the area to which he contributed most was education. Before the passing of the Education Act of 1902 when administration of schools came under the LEA, Cambridge schools were in the hands of the governors of the ‘Old Schools’. The history of this foundation of 1704, comprising free ‘Dame’ schools throughout its early years, and later branching out into the support by the Church of other schools in the Borough, would provide a long article in itself. Pollock became its Hon. Secretary and mainly directed its policy. In 1902 he became chairman, until 1920, of the Borough’s Education Committee; ‘his knowledge of the Board of Education, of its codes and ways, became so intimate and exhaustive that he was consulted from all parts of the country in times of difficulty’.³ He was also a Governor of the Perse Girls School, and instrumental in helping them acquire land adjacent to Chaucer Road for their playing field.

As well as education ‘in 1901 he was appointed secretary to the Lodging Houses Syndicate, a post for which his knowledge of the town peculiarly fitted him, and his inspection of the houses was sufficiently drastic to lead to great improvements in their sanitary arrangements’.⁴ For ten years he was also Chairman of the Committee of Addenbrookes Hospital.

In 1895 Charles married Grace Isabella, daughter of Canon George and Mrs Maria Blenkin. In 1903/4, together with Grace’s brother (another Revd George Blenkin) they built 19 and 21 Chaucer Road, to the disgust of other residents because it was *semi-detached*, against the agreement that all the houses should be detached with large gardens.⁵ It was an Arts and Crafts house in which the family lived until 1962 – in 2013 it was the most expensive private house ever to be sold in Cambridge. They had four children, two boys and two girls who, among other activities which are recorded, enjoyed the roller-skating races with other children in the road, organised by their mother – and the house was well known in Chaucer Road for Grace’s annual party to which she invited people to come and admire her lilies!⁶ Both Charles and Grace were great travellers, often by bicycle, and she was the first woman to cycle from coast to coast across France; one cold year Grace skated along the Cam from Cambridge to Ely. Even when Charles was in his eighties they went to Spitzbergen, and also visited their daughter in British Columbia.

During the 1914–18 war Charles, together with the Master, was virtually in charge of the College which was often filled with cadets in training.⁷ (Both his sons fought in the Second World War – the eldest in the Royal Artillery, and the other in the RNVR.)

In 1942, in recognition of his 50 years service, Charles was made a Freeman of the Borough. By now his energy was beginning to diminish, but it was only in letters from his hospital bed in May 1944 that he finally resigned from his committees, and also asked the College Bursar to take over the payments from the Mission account. He died in August 1944. His funeral took place in St Benet's and he is buried in Grantchester.

Grace lived for another 20 years in Chaucer Road. She was an accomplished artist and a member of the Cambridge Drawing Society. She kept ducks which went down to the river from their garden every day, and a dog (a cross between a chow and a fox), and after Charles died she took in lodgers. Still an indefatigable cyclist she surprised the young youth hostellers in Scotland, by her arrival to kip down for the night in her eighties.⁸ In July 1960 Corpus gave a special dinner in honour of her 90th birthday, and in the same month she attended an Art Course at Dartington! She is buried with Charles against the north wall of the Chancel of Grantchester Church.

¹ *The Times*

² J.C. Powys, 1934 *Autobiography* Bodley Head

^{3,4,7} Patrick Bury, 1952 *The College of Corpus Christi and of The Blessed Virgin Mary: A History from 1822 to 1952* Privately printed

^{5,6,8} J. Renfrew et al., 1996 *Rus in Urbe* Solachra

JOHN EDWARD PURVIS

16 June 1862 – 1 November 1930

Towards the far right hand corner of the third churchyard there is a flat gravestone bearing the inscription

JOHN EDWARD PURVIS
UNIVERSITY LECTURER
AND SOMETIME MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE
DIED NOVEMBER 1 1930 AGED 58
THIS STONE WAS PLACED BY THE
COUNCIL OF [W]ESTCOTT HOUSE
IN MEMORY OF A GENEROUS BENEFACTOR

John Purvis was born in Heaton Norris, near Stockport. His father, William, was foreman in a firm of manufacturing engineers, and it may be that John was the only child of William and Mary Jane (née Such) as there is no mention of any family in his will when he died in 1930.

John was educated at Portwood Wesleyan Day School in Stockport, the Stockport Mechanics Institute, Owens College, Manchester and finally the Royal College of Science in Dublin, before he came up to St John's College at the late age of 27. It can be seen that he was destined for a scientific career and indeed he read Natural Sciences at Cambridge. He gained a second class in both parts of the tripos, graduating in 1893 and taking his MA in 1896.

As soon as he graduated he was fortunate to become assistant to George Liveing, Professor of Chemistry from 1861 to 1908. Before the days of university departments the richer colleges in the University would take the initiative in providing facilities for research and teaching, and in 1853 St John's had founded a College Lectureship in Chemistry for Liveing and had built a Chemical Laboratory for him behind the college's New Court. A year before this he had started the first course of practical chemistry for medical students in a primitive laboratory fitted up in a cottage in Corn Exchange Street. Thus as the first teacher of experimental science in the University he helped in the expansion of modern scientific studies, and was later instrumental in the planning of the University Chemical Laboratory which opened in 1888.

In 1909 John Purvis became a university lecturer in Chemistry and Physics with a particular concern for hygiene and preventive medicine. At the same time he began to develop his interest in local government, joining Cambridge Town Council (as it then was) in 1908 as a University representative and becoming a member of the Sewage Disposal, Public Health, and General Purposes Committee, to all of which he was able to bring his expert knowledge.

He was especially interested in public water supply and worked hard on the purification of the effluent from the sewage farm.

In 1925 John Purvis became an Alderman and three years later was elected Mayor. Although a very popular figure with a great devotion to public life, he was not actually able to carry out his mayoral duties very satisfactorily, particularly when it came to attending civic functions, as ill health dogged him most of that year.

Among his other interests are listed music, his membership of the Rotary Club, and his support of the YMCA, whose Sunday afternoon discussion groups he used to attend regularly as their Chairman. He was a very cheerful, jolly person, loving a joke, and he is reported as 'shortly before his Mayoralty [having] convulsed the Council at the end of a long sitting with a mock speech as a committee chairman'.

The Corpus Christi College Register lists John Purvis as a 'member of the college' but doesn't elaborate on that. He did, however, live in Corpus at the end of his life and it was from there that he was taken to the Evelyn Nursing Home a few days before his death. In his will he left £1,000 to the College to be 'applied in the provision of a prize or exhibition in Theology' and the Purvis Fund is still very much ongoing. The College must have managed the Fund very efficiently, or perhaps Purvis had already given other money; either way the Dean reports that many students of Theology, both from Corpus and from Westcott House, have benefited from grants allocated.

However, it is not so clear what happened to Purvis' residuary estate which he left to Westcott House, a not insignificant sum of around £15,000, 'to found a Professorship or Lectureship in defence of the Deity or Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ'. There appears to be no remembrance of him in the college. All that remains is a gravestone in our churchyard.

Newsletter November 1999

JEAN MARIAN PURDY
25 April 1945 – 16 March 1985

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?
(Ecclesiastes 3:22. RSV)

On 20 July this year we gathered in Grantchester Churchyard to dedicate a new headstone to Jean Purdy who had been buried in 1985 near her mother and grandmother.

Jean was born in Cambridge, the daughter of George and Gladys May, née Southgate. She had an older brother, John, who sadly died following a stroke on 11 September, just eight weeks after witnessing this very special tribute to his sister which was followed by a celebration at Bourn Hall Clinic. In conversation before he died John told of how they were brought up in a warm and loving family, a temperament definitely inherited by Jean.

Jean's family had a generations-long connection with Grantchester through her mother. Her great-great-great grandfather, John Glasscock (b. 1802), was a fishmonger in Fitzroy Street in Cambridge; his eldest son, born in Grantchester, and likewise *his* eldest son, was a butcher in Grantchester with a shop near the church. There were Glasscocks in the village right up until the end of the 1900s.

Jean and her family lived at 61 Langham Road, off Perne Road in Cambridge. After passing the 11-plus examination Jean went to the County High School for Girls. The School had opened in 1900 on East Road with 35 pupils, but numbers gradually increased and just when war broke out in 1939 a 15-acre wooded site off Long Road was purchased from the Pemberton family for £5,250 and a new school opened (the current site of Long Road Sixth Form College). Jean (Jeannie to her friends) joined the school in 1956, studying for O-levels, and then A-levels in physics, chemistry and biology. She joined sports teams, Christian fellowship, and played the violin in the orchestra. In her final report a teacher wrote: 'Jean's pleasant personality and ability to get on with other people make her very suitable for the [nursing] profession which she has chosen to follow.'

So, when she left the High School, Jean went on to Addenbrooke's Hospital to train as a nurse, and from there to Southampton General Hospital. But she wasn't happy so far from home and soon she came back to Cambridgeshire, this time to Papworth Hospital. And then, just five years after leaving school, she applied, and was accepted for a job as a research assistant to Dr Robert Edwards in the Physiological Laboratory.

Little did Jean know what the next ten years of her life would involve and if Friends are interested in that story they can do no better than read *A Matter of Life*, the book by Robert Edwards and Patrick Steptoe about their struggle, and final success, in developing in vitro fertilisation. The story is exhausting, as is the reality, and vividly records the ups and downs of that gynaecological breakthrough.

During those years Jean would be driving with Robert Edwards, backwards and forwards, from Cambridge to Oldham where he and Patrick Steptoe worked in the sluice room in the hospital. Steptoe and Edwards were developing the technique of removing an egg from a mother, fertilising it with sperm in the laboratory, and then replacing it in the mother's womb to grow to maturity. Jean was the technician who helped them, and the mothers, throughout

this long experimental process which finally resulted in the birth of Louise Joy Brown on 25 July 1978. Jean was the first person in the world to see that human embryo forming. Since then, as a direct result of their work, thousands of women who thought that they couldn't conceive, have been enabled to have babies.

While they battled with their scientific problems Edwards and Steptoe were also battling with hostile Church reactions, sceptical fellow scientists, and an intrusive and ill-informed Press. Louise's mother, Lesley, had to be hidden during the last few weeks of the pregnancy to keep her away from reporters who were determined to hunt her down.

Shortly after Louise's birth, and the birth of Alastair MacDonald (the first IVF baby boy, Steptoe retired and the team planned to come back to Cambridge. But the facilities offered at Addenbrookes were utterly inadequate and so the ever-persistent Jean managed to find Bourn Hall which was up for sale – Edwards recorded that he was phoned by a doubting estate agent who wondered whether Jean was really interested in buying Bourn Hall! At this point the *Daily Mail* stepped in, bought the Hall, appointed architects, surveyors and engineers. All looked hopeful, but suddenly the newspaper pulled out and matters were back to square one. However Steptoe and Edwards were given time to raise the money for the purchase – the house was bought and the fertility clinic set up in 1980 with Jean as its Technical Director. There are millions of babies now in the world, 8 million by one semi-authoritative count, who owe their lives to IVF.

Bob Edwards received the Nobel Prize in 2010 – Patrick Steptoe had died by then – but both of them always gave due credit to Jean for her work. She co-authored 26 academic publications with them and Edwards always said 'We were a threesome' – they even stopped their research work for a short period so that Jean could look after her terminally ill mother who died in 1974.

Jean died from malignant melanoma in 1985 at the young age of 39. During her illness an attic room in Bourn Hall was set aside for her so that she could still feel part of the team. At the service on 20 July this year Professor Roger Gosden spoke movingly about Jean's faith, her spirited but gentle determination, and her fun. His quotation from Tennyson's poem *In Memoriam* was very apt as it helped to capture that feeling that Jean's life and work had given hope to so many . . .

*But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?*

(Gratfeul thanks to Dr Kay Elder and to Professor Roger Gosden for their remembrances of Jean, and to Taylor & Francis (Publisher) and Allan Pacey (Editor) for extracts from Human Fertility, Volume 21(2), 86–89) and Bourn Hall: The First IVF Clinic. Science Museum Blog 17 August 2018, Kay Elder.

ROBERT STEVENSON

31 March 1905 – 30 April 1986

It may seem surprising that a man who never saw a motion picture before he was 22 should go on to become one of the all-time greats in the industry. But that was the accomplishment of Robert Stevenson before he died in California at the age of 81.

Robert's father, Hugh Hunter Stevenson, was sixty-eight years old when Robert was born in 1905. Following the death of his first wife and already having raised a large family, he remarried and had two sons, Robert and a younger brother. He died in the 1918 flu epidemic. Robert enjoyed seeing the look on people's faces when he told them that his father had been born during the reign of William IV and (for Americans) during Andrew Jackson's first presidential term.

Robert Stevenson was educated at Shrewsbury School before coming up as a scholar to St John's College, Cambridge, to read Mechanical Sciences. He enjoyed and flourished in Cambridge – for one term he edited the light-hearted undergraduate weekly, *The Granta*, but left it because there were so many other things he wanted to do; he was President of the Cambridge Union; he narrowly missed an athletics blue; and he came down from Cambridge with a First Class Degree.

Robert started his working life as a journalist, but that first film (starring Joan Crawford), which he saw in the course of a research project, persuaded him that the film industry was where he really wanted to be. He made his way though as a reader, production supervisor and editor for Gaumont-British and finally directed his first film in 1932, *Happy Ever After*. This was followed by *Tudor Rose*, a biography of Lady Jane Grey, and *King Solomon's Mines* with Paul Robeson.

In 1939 Stevenson moved to Hollywood where his first film was *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (perhaps his days at Shrewsbury stood him in good stead with this!). Then war came and he was recruited by Frank Capra to make films for the US War Department; in 1944 he produced *Jane Eyre*, starring Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles. In complete contrast was his production of the quasi-documentary thriller, *To the Ends of the Earth*, about the hunt for a narcotics gang. After the war he spent five years in television, directing or contributing scripts for about 100 shows, including episodes for *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* and *Gunsmoke*.

Perhaps the films for which Robert Stevenson will be best remembered are his blockbusters which were produced during his twenty years with Walt Disney, and with whom he remained until the end of his career; *The Absent-Minded Professor*, *The Castaways*, *Son of Flubber*, *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*, *Herbie Rides Again*, *One of Our Dinosaurs is Missing*, *The Love Bug*, *Ole Yeller*, and his biggest hit of all, *Mary Poppins*, which won him five Oscars and made a star of Julie Andrews. When he retired in 1977, before the days of the Spielberg megahits, the trade paper *Variety* confirmed Stevenson as the most commercially successful director of all time, having placed 17 films on the box-office hits list.

When speaking of his work, in the course of a BBC documentary in 1976, Robert made it clear that it was the pleasure his films gave to audiences, rather than the financial returns, which meant the most to him. He would sometimes drop into a cinema where one of his films was showing in order to gauge the response of those watching. He was a very private man who never became involved in the Hollywood social scene; he preferred to enjoy his family, his garden and his books, remaining quietly scholarly all his life. Between shots on the set of films he would relax by trying to solve mathematical problems and several notebooks of these were found among his possessions after his death. He loved planning imaginative and interesting holidays and was an inspiring travelling companion.

After suffering his first stroke in 1977 his last years were spent in illness but he was able to remain at home in Santa Barbara, California, except for one short period of hospitalisation. He died on 30 April 1986, leaving a son and daughter, and three grandchildren. His ashes were placed in the Garden of Remembrance in Grantchester the following year.

Twice previously married, in 1963 Robert Stevenson married Ursula Henderson, who provided much of the information for this article. She maintained a keen and generous interest in Grantchester church.

Newsletter May 1996

THE REVD CHARLES ANTHONY SWAINSON, DD

29 May 1820 – 15 September 1887

Charles Swainson was born in Liverpool, the second son of Margaret, née Clay, and Anthony Swainson, a merchant and Alderman of the city. He was educated firstly at a private school at Chistleton near Chester, and then at the Royal Institution in Liverpool. Quite early on he showed signs of being both clever and very conscientious, and this description followed him throughout his life. When he was still only 16 he came up to Trinity College in Cambridge, initially to read Classics, but his first University exams showed him to be such a competent mathematician that he concentrated on that subject for the rest of his undergraduate career, taking his degree in 1841.

In the same year he would probably have been elected to a Fellowship at Trinity, but just at that time one became vacant at Christ's College. Under the University Statutes of the time only academics from certain northern counties were eligible and Swainson was able to apply. His election was opposed by John Fletcher, one of his contemporaries, as being 'contrary to the spirit of the Statute and therefore null and void'. There must have been rather more behind this than appears on the surface – but anyway the Vice-Chancellor dismissed the appeal and Swainson was appointed, joining the College as an Assistant-Tutor, and later as Tutor. He is reputed to have been an excellent lecturer; his classes were always full, and he had a reputation for taking great interest in his students and for being consistently kind and courteous. Indeed, there are constant references to this kindness – 'no one can have come into close contact with him – whether college pupils, parishioners, undergraduates who were under his charge as Master, or private friends – without discovering how anxious he was in every way to promote the welfare of those about him, and how he would sacrifice to this end his own comfort and convenience'.

Charles Swainson remained in Cambridge for ten happy years, during which time he was ordained Deacon and then Priest. His reputation grew and in 1849 he was appointed Cambridge Preacher at the Chapel Royal in Whitehall. But by 1851 he was beginning to think that, unless he wanted to spend the rest of his life in Cambridge, the time had come for a move, so he gave up his Tutorship and went to serve as Curate at St George's Hanover Square in London (1851–2), and afterwards at Mortlake (1853–4). During this time at Mortlake he married his cousin, Elizabeth Inman, who also came from a well-known Liverpool family. Elizabeth's father, Charles Inman, was partner in Pickford's 'carrying company' (Pickford & Co.), and a Director of the Bank of Liverpool. Her brother, William, was founder of the Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company, better known as the Inman Line. Theirs was a very happy, childless, marriage.

In 1854 Swainson became Principal of the Theological College in Chichester, but not wanting to give up entirely the practical side of his Christian ministry he took charge at the same time of two small parishes in the city – St Bartholomew's and St Martin's. It was during this period that the sub-Dean of Chichester brought a curious action against the Dean for the sole right to say the funeral services which took place in the Cathedral churchyard. Swainson did a lot of research into the legal points behind the controversy and was instrumental in enabling the Dean to win the case.

Charles Swainson had a busy time in Chichester! He was a Prebendary of the cathedral and when in 1861 its beautiful spire fell down he became Secretary of the Appeal Committee. In 1857 and 1858 he found time to deliver the Hulsean lectures, on the Creeds and on the Authority of the New Testament. In 1864 he was appointed Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and in the same year Warden of St Mary's Hospital in Chichester. All his income from this post he ploughed back into the hospital for the comfort of the elderly inmates, and also for the restoration of its Chapel. He also travelled widely on the Continent, visiting libraries where the principal ancient manuscripts on the Athanasian Creed could be found, in preparation for what was perhaps his best

known work, *The Nicene and Apostles' Creeds, their literary history, together with an account of the growth and reception of the Sermon on the Faith commonly called the Creed of S. Athanasius*. This creed, sometimes known as the 'Quicumque Vult' from its opening sentence ('Whosoever will be saved'), can be found in the Prayer Book, just before the Litany, and Swainson had very definite views on it. It is supposed to be used instead of the Apostles' Creed in thirteen Sundays of the year – special services such as Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day and Whitsunday, and various Saints' Days spread evenly through the year. He felt that a confession of faith which was so full of theologically technical terms was quite unsuitable for use by ordinary congregations and he campaigned long and hard for it to be removed from services. As with so many academics of his generation his literary output was enormous.

In 1879 the distinguished theologian Joseph Lightfoot was promoted to the Bishopric of Durham and Swainson succeeded him as Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, the oldest professorship at Cambridge and one for which there was always keen competition – and to which Swainson's appointment was unanimous. His movements during the 1860s and 1870s are unclear but it must have been during this time that he acted as 'Assistant Curate of St Mark's Parish'. This is inscribed on his gravestone in our second churchyard and is no doubt why he is buried in Grantchester, St Mark's being then in our parish, but it is strange that this curacy is not mentioned in *Crockford's Clerical Directory*, nor is his Licence among others in the County Record Office. However there is a letter from him in August 1871 to our Vicar, William Martin, saying, 'I hope you will make me regularly useful at St Mark's as long as I am residing here. This is not intended as an empty speech.' It was written from his home, *Springfield*, which is a large house on the corner of Sidgwick Avenue and Queen's Road. There is also a record of his being paid a Curate's stipend of £100 in 1876.

In 1881 Charles Swainson succeeded Dr Cartmell as Master of Christ's College. One of his first acts was to institute a weekly Communion Service in College Chapel, three in the month at 8.0 am and a later one on the remaining Sunday. Up till then there had been only one a month but the students petitioned him for a change. For the next six years until his death he worked hard, indeed exhausted himself, on the College's behalf. The University Statutes were revised in 1882 which necessitated, among other things, a complete re-ordering of the College's accounts. The knowledge and expertise he had gained in Chichester as Prebend for 25 years qualified him to undertake this task, and at the same time he went out of his way to visit the College's estates so that he might become really conversant with its property and tenants. From 1885–6 he was also Vice-Chancellor, all of which contributed to his comparatively early death in office at the age of 67. His wife Elizabeth, who is buried with him in Grantchester's second churchyard, lived on until 1915, and it is recorded that on his death she presented to the College, for use in the Master's Lodge, a beautiful rose-water dish and ewer which had once belonged to the aristocratic Dutch family of Van der Duyn.

His memorial in the ante-chapel in Christ's College mentions that he was 'amabilis, amatus' (loving and loved), and there seems to have been much sorrow both in College and in Cambridge at his passing.

The Librarian at Christ's College kindly helped with information for this article.

Newsletter May 2002

DUDLEY WILLIAM WARD

23 September 1885 – 8 February 1957

Three generations of Wards are buried in Grantchester; Dudley and his wife in the first churchyard, and his parents, Frederick William and Edith Welch (née Bardill) in the third churchyard. Dudley's daughter, Clothilde Milroy, is buried in the fourth churchyard.

The Wards were originally a Derbyshire family. Dudley was educated at Derby School, where he had a scholarship, and went on to St John's College, Cambridge, later becoming a Fellow of the college. It was here that he met and became close friends with Rupert Brooke, an association which was to lead eventually to Dudley's coming to live at the Old Vicarage, Grantchester.

They both came up to Cambridge in 1903 and spent a lot of time together. Their friendship was rather strange because they were completely different characters and whilst they had the same friends and moved in the same circles, Dudley did not share Rupert's wilder side. In fact all through their time together he provided the steadying influence.

As is well known, Rupert formed a deep and romantic attachment to Grantchester, living first at The Orchard and then at the Old Vicarage where he rented rooms from Mr Neeve. Dudley visited him frequently, as did a large number of mutual friends, in particular the Olivier family. Sir Sydney Olivier had four beautiful and intelligent daughters, all of whom were closely bound up with the Fabian Society – a rather left-wing organisation. All this suited Rupert very well and he and Dudley took part in many of their activities, politically and socially. Sidney and Beatrice Webb were prime movers in the Society; Beatrice disliked Rupert whom she thought was too cocksure, but she was rather more approving of Dudley. He was often coerced by Rupert into making involved, but not too obvious, plans of subterfuge so that Rupert could 'bump into' Noel Olivier with whom he was madly in love. Holidays were spent together with the Olivier girls, and with the Stracheys, Keyneses, Cornfords, Raverats and Stephens. One summer Dudley stayed at Rugby School, where Rupert's father was a House Master, and coached young Albert Brooke in history.

By March 1910 Dudley had left Cambridge and was working in Germany for *The Economist*; in October he came to Grantchester, where Rupert was lodging at The Orchard, as he wanted to show Cambridge to two beautiful young German ladies, Annemarie von der Planitz and her sister Clothilde who was dancing in a Reinhardt production at the Coliseum. Prior to the visit he had received a wild letter from Rupert: 'I've had dreadful scenes with the Stevensons [his landlady at The Orchard]. The village "talked" because of bare feet. So they *must* keep their boots on. Otherwise they mayn't stay.' A year later while he was walking with Rupert on Hampstead Heath, Dudley, at the moment of tripping over a cat, broke the news that he was engaged to Annemarie.

Dudley and Annemarie were married in Munich on 11 May 1912 and honeymooned in Venice. Rupert Brooke was living near Dudley's flat in Berlin and it was at this time that he wrote his poem *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester*. By now Dudley was assistant editor of *The Economist*. In 1914 he joined the Treasury and from 1916 to 1919 was officer in charge of statistics. He took a leading part in the Peace Conference of 1919 and the Brussels Conference of 1920. After the war he and Maynard Keynes made the first contacts between the Treasury and the German financial authorities.

By the end of the war Rupert Brooke's mother had lost her husband who died in 1910, her baby daughter at one year old, her eldest son Richard of pneumonia in 1907, her youngest son Alfred in France and Rupert in the Aegean, both in 1915. It is difficult to imagine what life held for her, and perhaps not surprising that she should have decided to buy the Old Vicarage which Rupert had intended to do after the war. In 1916 she paid £1,250 for the house and gave in to Dudley and Annemarie Ward, asking that it and the grounds 'should be kept in their now existing state without any alterations or additions as a memorial' to her son. They took a great interest in the house and garden, and particularly in all that Samuel Widnall had done in the previous century. When the family first went to live there in 1919 with their children, Peter, Clothilde and Elizabeth, there were still a great many Widnall relics around the place and Dudley followed through many of his ideas, in particular concerning the Castle Ruin which was later used by Peter, his son, where he made scientific instruments, musical boxes and mechanical singing birds, all things which would have interested Widnall very much. The Ruin fell down between the wars and had to be rebuilt by Dudley. He and Annemarie also remodelled the south end of the house, and further amendments were later made by Peter.

From 1920 until 1939 Dudley was working in London as a director and manager of the British Overseas Bank and he bicycled to Cambridge station every day, though later on Annemarie would take him by car. In 1929 they decided that the travelling was becoming impossible and they moved to London. In 1944 he was appointed general counsel to the European office of U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) and in 1948 he transferred to U.N.I.C.E.F. (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund). On his death in 1957 the Director General of the United Nations Association wrote to Annemarie: 'The United Nations covers an immense field of activities and in my work for the United Nations Association I have been privileged to meet many remarkable men and women from many countries who are devoting their lives to some section of these combined operations. Among them, for so long as I live, I shall always carry with me the clearest recollection of Mr Dudley Ward. There are very few people with anything like his qualifications and accomplishments who manage to be so unassuming and so friendly and, at the same time, so determined about the things they really feel matter.' Many other people wrote to Annemarie to say what a splendid man he was to work with and so helpful, modest and kind. In the words of *The Times* obituary, 'He was a man of fine intelligence which was not concealed from those with whom he worked by the modesty of his manner.'

This article was written with the kind help of Peter Ward who lived at the Old Vicarage for so many years, and died in Norfolk in 2009.

Newsletter November 2002

SAMUEL PAGE WIDNALL

25 December 1825 – 16 December 1894

Just over a century ago, when renovations to the church tower had been completed and the east window given its stained glass, a thanksgiving service was held to mark the occasion. Speaking of his memories of the parish over fifty years, the Archdeacon of Ely recalled ‘good Mr Widnall’, a churchwarden and benefactor. It was later that year, 1901, that the model Page Widnall had made to record the appearance of the church in its pre-enlargement state was first displayed for all to admire.

That model (now restored and once more on show) is only one of the many ways in which Widnall reserved for us images and memories of Grantchester in time gone by. He actually constructed three church models; a small but wonderfully detailed model of his home, the Old Vicarage; another of the Manor House; and the model of Grantchester Mill which is kept in the county Folk Museum. This last gives a valuable impression of that great complex of buildings which was to be destroyed by fire in 1928, the mill which for centuries had been the village’s principal industry apart from farming.

Samual Page Widnall, always known as ‘Page’, was born and spent his whole life at the lower end of the village, first at what was known as Nursery House (now Lyndwode) and then, after his marriage in 1850, at the Old Vicarage. Endlessly creative, he first built a great ‘folly’ in the garden – his Castle Ruin. It looked romantically Gothick, yet it was thoroughly practical; for it was in this building that he had his workshop for carpentry and metalwork, and in the long room above enjoyed some of his other pursuits. At one end a stage could be set up, with scenery and curtains, to become the ‘Castle Theatre’ for midwinter entertainments. The same room was used – seemingly from at least 1854 – as a photographic studio. There, Page Widnall recorded the likenesses of family, neighbours and friends. Of his further additions to the garden, some – the ‘Round House’ conservatory, the ‘Swiss Cottage’, the boathouse – have quite disappeared. But the Castle Ruin is still there and has, since its restoration by the Wards, continued to play various roles: a workshop for making mechanical singing birds and scientific instruments, a study for scientific writing and the composition of novels, and an office.

Although Page Widnall closed down the nursery business which his father, Samuel Widnall, had developed so successfully (there were to be no more special varieties of dahlias developed by Widnall’s Flower gardens), he kept the family farm going for some years. Then, when he was aged forty-five and farming had reached an unprofitable period, the livestock and equipment were sold off. It was not that he was a lazy man, but that his teeming brain suggested so many more attractive activities to occupy his time. He was constantly inventing and making things; he was giving lectures and entertainments; and he became a writer.

When Page Widnall wrote his first book, *The Miller’s Daughter*, he illustrated it with lithographs and made himself a press on which to print it. This remarkable production, a historical novel set in fifteenth-century Grantchester, had turned him into a printer who would henceforth turn out posters and pamphlets as well as his own later writing. He had supported

the building, in 1867, of the village school, and in 1872 was one of the proposers of the church's enlargement. That project called for major fund-raising efforts; and the Widnalls organised a grand bazaar in their garden as one contribution. Another was the sale of a book, Page's *History of Grantchester*. He must have spent hours in the library at Corpus Christi College, and rummaged in the parish chest of the church to dig out his information about the village. It appears in charmingly random and homely form; but the book records much – especially the tales he had picked up from old parishioners – which might otherwise be lost. This time his illustrations were three photographs and several wood-engravings. He got Grays, the bookbinders, to bind it in octavo format which matches his earlier book. 202 copies were done, at a cost of £6.14.8, and the book appeared in 1875. One of the photographs is the delightful scene of two elderly men chatting in the road below the church wall, which is displayed inside the church inset beneath the gallery. The original is tiny.

There were other literary efforts later, the most ambitious being a fiction about the discovery of a tribe of white people hidden away in a remote gorge in Africa. Towards the end of his life he wrote *Reminiscences of Trumpington* (for his schooling had been there) and *A Gossiping Stroll Through the Streets of Cambridge*. He had become old Uncle Page, and the making of the scale models gave way to the making of dolls' houses for great-nieces and the writing of adventure-tales for great-nephews.

The Widnalls are commemorated on a slate panel set under the outside of the church's east window. There you will find the names of Samuel Widnall, his wife Elizabeth, and his sister Hannah; then Page's wife Elizabeth (née Smith) and S. P. Widnall himself. Squeezed across the remaining space is the name of Lally Smith; someone who deserves a short article to herself.

This article was kindly provided by Christine Jennings. Her book about Page Widnall, A Capital Contriver, is highly to be recommended. It can be purchased from The Rupert Brooke Museum at the Orchard Tearoom.

Newsletter May 2003

WALTER WITTER
10 April 1863 – 27 July 1928
MARIAN WITTER
14 October 1866 – 2 June 1935

It is difficult not to be constantly surprised by the range of interesting people who are buried in Grantchester. Who of you, other than the most artistic, know about Walter Witter – Walter, and his wife Marian, buried in the middle of the Third Churchyard.

Walter was born in Cheshire, the son of a builder. He had a natural aptitude for painting, and some of his works, and those of his older brother Arthur, can be seen by exploring the Witter Collection website – Arthur had several works exhibited at the Liverpool Royal Academy. Also growing up in Cheshire at the same time was Marian Gaskell, daughter of a cotton broker. Her uncle, Jonathan Carr, had bought land, built and developed, what was to become

The Chiswick School of Art. This well-known School which opened in 1881 aimed to teach ‘. . . Freehand drawing in all of its branches, practical geometry and perspective, pottery and tile painting, design for decorative purposes such as in furniture, metalwork, and stained glass . . .’ Walter trained here as a teacher in Arts & Crafts, and it was here that he met Marian whom he married on 4th January 1900.

Walter and Marian set up home in Freewaters Cottage in Ickleford outside Hitchin in Hertfordshire. Walter took up a teaching post in Hitchin but also began to teach metalwork to a couple of village boys, while Marian (Marie) started to train eight little girls who came twice a week to learn art needlework. As their school grew larger, the children had to come in relays, and the time came when Walter and Marian found they needed to rent a piece of ground at the end of their garden and build a workshop – a metal workshop and a tapestry workroom. In 1909 the *Bedford Times* described one item in the workshop as a ‘Jacobean quilt for a state bed – 9ft x 7ft in size, made of stone-coloured velvet and worked with an elaborate floral design in red and blue’. On 24 June 1910 the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent* showed an interest and reported that Mr and Mrs Witter were ‘. . . In deep sympathy with movements to create a taste for artistic work among the people, and thought they saw an opportunity of introducing occupations which might be at once elevating and profitable to those around them’.

Marian’s ‘eight little girls’ had increased to sixty by 1910, and Walter had left his teaching post, been joined by his brother Arthur, and the three of them were concentrating on metalwork and embroidery. The Gobelins Tapestry Workshop (a world famous tapestry company) had exhibited at the Franco-British exhibition in 1908 and the Witters became friends with Monsieur Gonnet, head of the workshop in France. He came to Ickleford with his wife and two daughters and, as a result, sent two of the Gobelins’ most experienced weavers over from France for six months to teach the Ickleford girls the art of hand-loom weaving and restoration. This provided another avenue for the weavers in Ickleford. The repairs became the most skilled of all the work done by the girls and were carried out to a very high standard. Local gentry frequently came to visit The Industries, which soon became widely known.

Business increased so much that in 1916, Walter, Marian, Arthur, and their friend Frederick Tibbenham bought 30 Thompson's Lane and set up The Cambridge Tapestry Company. They also had a showroom at 62 Baker Street, London W1, later at 7 Hill's Place, near Oxford Circus. In both places they could display examples of their work – design and embroidery for settee and chair covers, firescreens and tapestry panels, as well as a large amount of repair work for country houses. In the difficult times of the 1920s the Thompson's Lane property was sold to Magdalene College, but part of the building was rented back so that the business could continue.

In 1928, after a long illness, Walter Witter died (at the time he and Marie were tenants of the Winters at the Mill House in Grantchester), but he was succeeded by his son Carr (b. 1902) as Managing Director of the firm. Carr was immediately faced with a problem as much of their trade was with America which was beginning to face the slump of the 1930s. He had to make a cut in the Cambridge workforce, and that in Ickleford dwindled to nothing, but in order to keep the Tapestry Company going he began to make needlework upholstery for Frank Tibbenham's reproduction furniture. In 1931 a major commission from Lord Fairhaven of Anglesey Abbey provided welcome business for the company. He ordered a tapestry panel to be designed and woven picturing an aerial view of his country house and the surrounding countryside, with a border of flowers, birds and animals all to be found in the grounds. Other welcome commissions were from Girton College (for restoration of some of the Castleboro panels), and the creation of a County Standard for the Bedfordshire Girl Guides. In January 1934 Queen Mary visited the workshop, having been impressed by Lord

Fairhaven's tapestry, and she and some of King's George's friends commissioned a panel to celebrate his Silver Jubilee. Unfortunately the King died before it was finished, but it was finally hung in Windsor Castle. Marie Witter also died before the Jubilee tapestry was finished. In 1936 the Company also embroidered the Coronation thrones for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. In 1937 Lord Fairhaven commissioned another tapestry, *The Arms of Huttleston Rogers Broughton, First Lord Fairhaven*.

In spite of all this work the Company was not making money and in 1939 the designs, canvases and stock of wool and silks were sold to Lady Smith-Dorrien of the Royal School of Needlework, and contributed greatly to the School's prospering. The CTC was effectively wound up. However Lord Fairhaven wanted to keep the workforce together and he did this with Professor A.J.B. Wace, Keeper of Textiles at the V & A, and Louis Clark, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum from 1937 to 1946, and Arthur Baldrey who had joined the company as a school leaver. Together they renamed the company *The Tapestry Company* and managed it until 1943 when War compelled them to close down.