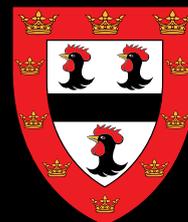


SPRING 2016



JESUAN news



CONTENTS

WEST COURT	1
A BIGGER PICTURE Peter Frankopan	3
CHILDREN'S RIGHTS, FAR AND WIDE Claire Fenton-Glynn	4
NEW DEAN AT LARGE Paul Dominiak	5
THE JESUS STUDENT by Daisy Eyre	6
NEWS FROM THE MCR by C.J. Rauch	6
DESIGN TO BUILD, BUILD TO WIN Alice Edgerley	7
"THE DISTINGUISHED THING" by Rachel Bryan	8
WOMEN ON THE TIDEWAY by Hannah Roberts	9
JESUS AND THE FIRST WORLD WAR IN HIS OWN WORDS—WILFRED NEVILL	10
CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY VENTURE Gordon Edwards and Peter Watson	12
ISLAND STORIES Maafaka Ravelona	13

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From the Master



Welcome to the 2016 issue of *Jesuan News*.

I hope you will find it interesting and informative, and that you will share our joy at the achievements and successes described.

In the pages ahead, you will find snapshots of the different activities of our students and Fellows.

For example, Maafaka Ravelona, a postgraduate

student from Madagascar, describes how his MPhil in Conservation Leadership is shaping his plans for the work he will do on his return home. We note that for the second year running the President of the Cambridge University Women's Boat Club is a Jesuan, and Hannah Roberts gives us a fascinating insight into this special role.

This edition also profiles Jesuan historian Peter Frankopan, whose acclaimed book, *The Silk Roads*, has had widespread impact, and we hear from a more recent graduate and winner of the 2015 Turner Prize, Alice Edgerley. It is a pleasure to record the remarkable experiences of Old Members Gordon Edwards and Peter Watson in setting up a holiday venture for refugee children in the 1960s and 1970s.

The issue also includes a survey of the latest state of the building works at West Court. Renovation has been completed in several areas and we are thrilled by the positive impact that the new court is beginning to have. This time last year we announced the launch of our campaign for West Court. I am delighted to report that we have raised over £11 million so far towards the first phase of our project. This is the result of extraordinary generosity and I am very glad to have the opportunity to say how very grateful indeed we are for this.

The recent request by students that the Benin bronze cockerel be repatriated has attracted considerable attention. For the last two decades the bronze has occupied a position on a shelf at the screens passage end of Hall between the entrance doors. A long-standing principle of the College has been to welcome its members, trusting that all will feel equally at home irrespective of background. With this desire in mind and also conscious of the importance that the cockerel be kept safe, the College has removed it from Hall. Consideration is now being given to its future; this is a complex question, with many and conflicting opinions as to the best way to proceed. A decision about the bronze's future should be taken neither lightly nor in isolation, so our consultations will be extensive and our deliberations careful. We are grateful to those of you who have expressed views on the matter; such contributions on this or any other matter relating to the life and work of the College are always welcome and will be given close attention.

We hope that through these pages you gain a good flavour of all that is being achieved in College at present, and that you enjoy the opportunity provided to share in this with us.

Professor Ian White FREng

West Court



The phase-one rebuild of the former Wesley House is well into its second year. West Court is fast becoming habitable, and as stated on page 6 undergraduates and graduates have begun to enjoy the brand-new Junior and Middle Common Rooms, and a new dining-room too.

The splendid Webb Library and dining-room have already seen many a lively College event, and great progress is being made in every area of the site. The large hole dug in the ground to the north of the building for the underground events space has now been covered with concrete and the café-bar will be opening in Easter Term.

On the Jesus Lane side of West Court, intensive building, including of the court's new external entrance and the 150-seat lecture hall, continues, with a completion target of Christmas 2016. By then, the court will house the College's new academic centre and our proposed China Centre.





The success of the project has been enabled by amazingly generous donations from Old Members, with just over £11 million pledged towards West Court so far. We do hope that this support will continue. This has been a thrilling campaign to launch and drive forward. Bringing West Court to fruition is proving to be one of the most important projects in the College's history, and we are hugely grateful for the widespread support we have received.



A bigger picture

By career choice a man of Oxford, where he is Senior Research Fellow in History, PETER FRANKOPAN (1990) reckons he has been planning his latest book, *The Silk Roads*, published last August, since his schooldays. He speaks here about its evolution—and a bit about cricket

Spend an hour or so with Peter Frankopan and you learn a lot. His range is dazzling. That much might be expected of someone who subtitles his book “A New History of the World” (*The Silk Roads* is, noted *The Economist*, “to put it mildly, an ambitious book”). In his house near St Hugh’s College, facts—about the Mongols, about the Asian cities of Balkh and Bukhara, about the literary skills of a 12th-century Byzantine princess—cascade forth in thrillingly informative conversation.

But perhaps the most surprising fact Peter comes up with is that the Pope has a *cricket* team.

“The Catholic Church,” he states, “is booming—in India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka and China. Rome is full of young seminarians who, in their down-time, take out cricket bats and balls. They got permission from His Holiness to form a team.”

Sporty before and during Jesus, where he was a Blue in fives, Peter had neglected cricket somewhat, until five years ago he was persuaded to join a team called The Authors Cricket Club. It includes novelist Sebastian Faulks and historian Tom Holland. The Vatican team played against the Archbishop of Canterbury’s XI last summer. When the Authors heard they were coming over they, too, offered the seminarian-cricketers a match. “The Authors lost on the last ball, which of course is the best way for any game to end.”

“At school we never heard about places like Merv, once the biggest city in the world, or about the famous fruit markets of Shiraz”

Unexpected juxtapositions comprise the fabric of *The Silk Roads*. The book firmly relocates from the Mediterranean and kingdoms of Europe the rise and fall of power, over two and a half millennia, to the east. Persia, Russia, the Middle East and Central Asia are the stars of this narrative. It challenges received views of the traditional ascendancy of largely European nation states. Civilisation is shown to have travelled down the ancient Asian trade routes from west to east and back, as well as north to south, rather than strictly rising from Athens and Rome.

“I was very fortunate at school to learn Russian,” Peter explains. “Then, the history of the world seemed introverted and centred on western Europe. I saw that while Russia’s focus was often drawn towards the west, its field of vision expanded south and east as well: it’s easy to forget that the Russian world has had a border with the Islamic one for the past 1,500 years.”



Photo: Jonathan Ring

How Russia configured its relations with Persia, the steppes and China, and shaped itself as an empire Peter only started to work on when he got to Jesus. But the paper that really changed his life, he says, was the one in his final year on Byzantium. Byzantium, broadly, has since been behind all his work as a historian; he has been Director of the Oxford Centre for Byzantine Research at Oxford for five years, and a Fellow at Worcester College for more than 15.

“It’s a long process, an idea coming to fruition. *The Silk Roads* was triggered early, as a boy, when I wondered why none of my friends were ever taught about things further east than Rome. We never heard about places like Merv, once the biggest city in the world, or about the famous fruit markets of Shiraz, let alone more exotic ones in other parts of the world.”

British-born, Peter himself is of quite exotic heritage. His mother’s family is Swedish; his father’s is Croatian. The paternal line goes back a long way to Rome, Venice and the Adriatic; the family still has land on the Dalmatian coast and the islands, including Vis, the westernmost island.

Cricket bowls back into the conversation. More improbably, even more so than the Pope’s taste for it, it is also played in Croatia. In a characteristic nugget of “strange-but-true” Peter unites Balkan history with the British summer game.

“I became president of the Croatian cricket federation about 20 years ago. It wanted help in joining the European Cricket Council, a group of non-Test-playing members in Europe. The Brits introduced cricket during the Napoleonic Wars, when a squadron was anchored off Vis in 1813 and 1814. Sailors came ashore and played, and cricket’s been played there ever since.”

Where, then, will this most polyglot and eagle-eyed of historians look next?

“I’m happy for *The Silk Roads* to generate its own oxygen,” Peter says. “I’m not being pushed into anything new. That’d be counter-productive. Given the choice I’d much rather watch cricket on TV or go for a walk with my wife. I think I am, probably, fundamentally lazy.”

Of all the Frankopan-stated facts uttered for *Jesuan News* that, we are sure, is not one of them.



Children's rights, far and wide

CLAIRE FENTON-GLYNN

Hailing from the planet's far side Dr Claire Fenton-Glynn began her first Cambridge year as a Fellow in Law in Michaelmas 2015. She's already packed a lot in—postgrad in Oxford and Cambridge, working for the United Nations, teaching at Lucy Cavendish—and, 10 days after joining Jesus, she won a prestigious prize

Never let it be said that academics necessarily lead a settled life, or choose to lead one. Dr Fenton-Glynn has been trawling the world since she was 16, when she left her native Australia to live abroad for the first time. She went to France, the “wilds of Brittany”, with school French only: the guest of a French family. No-one there spoke a word of English. For a month she didn't have a single conversation. She returned fluent.

Asked how many languages she now speaks, she demurs. “It depends on what level you're talking about. My undergraduate course at the University of Adelaide was a double degree in law and international relations, during which I studied French and Chinese. I did an extra Diploma of Languages, majoring in Spanish. At university I also studied Russian and Dutch, but wouldn't be able to say a thing in *those* languages now!”

Moving from country to country, continent to continent indeed, is something of a speciality of Claire's. Since that first stay in France she has spent time living in the Netherlands, Switzerland and back in France again, as well as having short stays in Samoa and Argentina, where she undertook volunteer work with children with disabilities and street-children respectively.

Aged 17, she had been taken on a family holiday to Oxford. “Absolutely falling in love” with it, she felt an urge to study as an undergraduate there. It wasn't to be. “Adelaide was, still, 800 kilometres from home,” Claire points out—home being an hour south-west of Melbourne—“so I got to know what life away from family was like. My Brittany visit had given me a passion for travelling and engaging in depth with the cultures of other countries.”

She qualified as a lawyer in Australia, but set her professional sights beyond the continent. In her early 20s academia had not become the final aim, as she was more interested in applying for jobs with international organisations such as the United Nations. For that she needed a Masters. That did finally get her to Oxford, where, at St Hugh's in 2008-9, she did a Bachelor of Civil Law.

A potential PhD at Oxford then beckoned, but for her theme—intercountry adoption—there was no supervisor. At Cambridge there was. Three doctoral years at Corpus Christi followed. And that, to cut short a crowded story, including having met at Oxford her future husband (now a philosophy lecturer at UCL), teaching stints at Lucy Cavendish and King's, London, and finally fulfilling her dream of working with the United Nations

as a consultant on children's rights, is how Claire became a Fellow in Law at Jesus.

No sooner had she arrived than she won an award: the Inner Temple Book Prize for Best New Author for *Children's Rights in Intercountry Adoption* (Intersentia), a book that grew out of her PhD. The prize was celebrated at a ceremony in London on 9 December, where Claire was handed the prize by Princess Anne.

“Intercountry adoption is such a dichotomous practice. Some people see it as the best thing ever, saving these ‘poor children’. Others argue that it is child-trafficking and neo-imperialism. I was looking at not taking either of these positions, but stating: adoption is a practice recognised in every country in Europe and has a lot of safeguards to it. How do we protect the children who are going into intercountry adoption, while seeing it as a mechanism that is an extension of the domestic-care system?”

To be built around her teaching, which she clearly loves, is a new book about children's rights before the European Court of Human Rights, due in June 2017. She's also editing a book on children's rights and sustainable development. A parallel project might be getting her French bulldog George, aged two, through the College gates.

“He's not allowed in. He used to sit on my lap during supervisions at Lucy Cavendish, and snore very loudly. During exam time, that really de-stressed everyone. One student came in and saw him on my lap and asked, Is that a cat? *No, not quite.* Anyway, for now, Jesus takes a different approach...”



New Dean at large

PAUL DOMINIAK

He knew he had quite big shoes to fill: the Revd Paul Dominiak has begun his time at Jesus with great grace, and several memorable sermons. He also joined Westcott House in 2005, just as John Hughes was finishing—and, with other Cambridge deans and chaplains, they collaborated on a project a year before John’s death called “Engaging Christianity”. He has plans to develop further this kind of work across the University and the wider community

Jesuan News’s humble questioner is in D1 of a December morning, hearing about *Star Wars* and *Dracula*. These are not topics one would normally put at the top of the list for discussion with a Reverend, nor maybe even at the bottom. Moreover, Paul Dominiak doesn’t look or sound tired, but explains that he was in his seat at the Grafton Centre Vue for *The Force Awakens* première by midnight and out by 3 am. His two small children then woke him at 7 am. He apologises, in advance, should he drift off.

“I’m not really into science fiction,” Paul adds, “but *Star Wars* was the big franchise when I was young, so I have strong boyhood memories of the original trilogy. I was disappointed by the more recent ones but since the whole *Star Wars* thing is so nostalgic I’ll give the next instalment a go.”

As for *Dracula*—writer Bram Stoker’s rather than film-star Christopher Lee’s—Paul was born and brought up in Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast. “That’s where the ship arrives: *Dracula* bounds off as a demonic dog, haunts the graveyard of St Mary’s Church, then seduces Lucy before going to London.” (The Revd Dominiak has a wide cultural reference!) He goes on: “Whitby is a beautiful seaside fishing town, with a long history that starts with the Vikings. It has great iterations through the Christian tradition: the Synod of Whitby was held there in the seventh century, and overlooking the town is the ruin of the abbey after its dissolution under Henry VIII.” (That’s more like it.)

“Though it sounds dreadfully boring, Hooker’s book is a wonderful portrait of the reformed Church”

Any further connections to the Romanian vampire count? None, of course—except that surely Paul’s surname has an east-European ring to it. His grandfather indeed emigrated from Poland just before the Second World War, married a Yorkshire woman and settled in the area. “I’m afraid he and his son didn’t get along, and my father became a lapsed Catholic. But that’s where the name comes from. I speak barely any Polish.”

A subtle north-eastern lilt clearly survived several years spent, over a decade ago, in America. After quitting a course in English and American literature at Manchester University in his first year, Paul worked in Mississippi for a housing not-for-profit and then,



by chance, met the retiring Chancellor of Tennessee’s University of the South. He encouraged Paul to resume his studies—this time in philosophy and on the early-modern period—and four years later he had a liberal-arts degree. He also met his American wife there, Kaitlin, a modern-languages student.

His vocational calling had come at Manchester, which in part explains his decision to rethink his first degree. Back in Britain and conducting, as he puts it, “a long-distance dating relationship” with Kaitlin, he did part two of the Theology Tripos at Westcott House, and got married in his third and final Westcott year; then came his curacy.

“This is the first rung on the ladder. It was in a suburban parish, just outside Middlesbrough, in a low socio-economic bracket, with high unemployment and social problems. But the suburb I lived in was quite new—and because it was, there was only one church, serving 20,000 people, which even by Anglican standards is a very large number.”

Since Westcott House, academic chaplaincy had held its allure, and so Paul came back to Cambridge: his first post here was at Trinity College, where he was chaplain for four years. He also brought with him a part-time PhD, begun at Durham University (which he has yet to complete), on a major figure of the Elizabethan Church, Richard Hooker, Master of the Temple in London, and latterly a parish priest.

“His book, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, though it sounds dreadfully boring, is a wonderful portrait and defence of the reformed Church in the late 1500s. Hooker received ideas of *participation*, which is my real topic, via numerous scholastic sources and put them into political use.” Paul nods at an elegant print on the wall. “That’s him there. He looks kindly—with his furrowed brow, no doubt deeply concerned by the Puritans he opposed.”

It seems Paul will be putting his pet participatory theme into practice: drawing on a successful Cambridge event he and John Hughes helped organise three years ago, something similar is being mooted for Lent 2017.

“We agreed that the first one should be about engaging with Christianity, from an intellectual and emotional viewpoint. We had a weekend of activities and seminars on this, as well as outreach to the Christian community to try to explain what Christianity’s about to those who were just inquiring or were interested. The aim was to create some kind of Christian formation and appreciation. Many of the original event’s ideas were discussed in this very room—the next event will be on the social difference, for the common good, that Christianity can and does make. So a legacy happily lives on.”



The Jesus student

Current President of the Jesus College Student Union, *Daisy Eyre* (2014), reading Human, Social & Political Science, sums up a great year so far for our undergraduates

Elected at the end of December, the JCSU Committee has knuckled down to its tasks and we've really enjoyed our first term (or, for those of us who were on it last year, our fourth). The achievements of the outgoing Committee will take some beating but we hope to rise to the challenge. We're providing huge amounts of welfare cake every other week and sending an annoying number of e-mails to undergraduates. We've hosted some successful "bops", too, including a High-School Musical 10-Year Anniversary Bop at the beginning of Lent.

We're performing well in a wide range of sports, from football (the women's team won the league) to rugby (the men came second in Cuppers). Our mixed-lacrosse team continues to do superbly, winning Cuppers for the seventh successive year. And if that's not enough, the badminton team remains unbeaten for the second term in a row.

We've had another successful year of rowing. Jesus had eight boats on the river in Lent Bumps and the women's first boat won Lent Headship, the first time since 1987 it has managed this. We hear from Jesus undergraduate Hannah Roberts three pages from here...

The College is firmly home to a flourishing arts scene. At the heart of this is the John Hughes Arts Festival, which had its second edition in February. It was enjoyed by many from the College community and beyond. The Open Hang Gallery (*pictured*) was again a great success, and other events included a comedy smoker, life-drawing and an art tour led by Porter, Geoffrey Howe. The festival is an incredible way to honour the memory of John Hughes. The Choir has also been excelling, with trips to Toulon over Christmas and China in mid-April.

Top news is our move into the new JCR in West Court. We love the new space, with cosy sofas and a TV: it's a fantastic asset to the College. We also welcomed the flying of the Rainbow Flag to mark the end of LGBT History Month, an action that meant a lot to many undergraduates. Finally, we are intensely proud of Amatey Doku, previous JCSU President. In March he was elected President of the Cambridge University Students' Union, with a landslide victory. We are certain he'll do an amazing job come September.



NEWS FROM THE MCR

The MCR Committee is pleased to report that the graduate community at Jesus is flourishing. In October, we welcomed over 150 students starting new Masters and doctoral courses. As has happened for many years, we offered an engaging fortnight of events to kick the year off and welcome new students. The start of Michaelmas saw the addition of a twilight punt to Grantchester, followed by a bonfire in the meadows.

Our most exciting news is the opening of the new MCR in West Court. Offering more than twice the floor space than there was before, lots of windows, a huge television, and comfortable sofas and tables, the new space is ideal for our activities. During the day, graduate students can work or relax there. In the evening, friends might stop by to watch a film or continue conversations begun in Hall. The MCR is immensely grateful to the College, and to all the alumni and friends who made the new location possible.

Graduate students at Jesus are engaged in notable research. They can be seen around the world, and in College, presenting their award-winning work. The conclusion of Lent brought along our annual Graduate Conference, which was another success. Students from a range of disciplines spoke on, among

other things, apocalyptic manuscripts, artificial photosynthesis and cancer-fighting bacteria.

Our members are always busy in Cambridge's libraries and laboratories, but they're also very active in College life. Our weekly Graduate Hall remains very popular and is always full. We now host our pre-dinner drinks in West Court's stunning Webb Library. Our term-card is consistently filled with socials, brunches, yoga, superhalls, symposia and much more.

I wish I had the space to thank individually all the people who help make the MCR's work such a success. Suffice to say that I am truly grateful to the other officers of the Committee, the Master, the Fellows, College administrators and staff, and all alumni and friends of Jesus for their continued dedication and support.

C.J. Rauch, MCR President





Design to build, build to win

No-one was more surprised than the London-based architectural-design collective, Assemble, when it won the 2015 Turner Prize last December. A Jesuan member, *Alice Edgerley* (2006), talks about its innovative work

The headlines were splashy. The Turner Prize, usually awarded to a visual artist, conventional or otherwise, had gone to architects: a group of people in their mid-20s who operate out of a former sign-making workshop, Sugarhouse Studios, in east London.

Ten of Assemble's current 15-strong team are former Cambridge architecture students. Quite a few of the group have left since it formed in 2009-10, then come back. Alice Edgerley has been on board from the start. After her three years at Jesus, she worked for an architecture practice in Farringdon, but felt her construction skills needed honing.

So she took every Friday off for work experience in the National Theatre's workshop. There, over a year, she helped with sets, working with wood and metal—on anything that needed doing. With other likeminded builders, she then helped create a remarkable open-walled cinema, the Cineroleum, on Clerkenwell Road, and an arts-and-performance “undercroft” space between the two carriageways of the A12 in Hackney Wick, called Folly for a Flyover.

By 2011 Alice and colleagues had named themselves Assemble. Their first paid project was to redesign a square in New Addington (Croydon). Assemble also developed Sugarhouse Studios. In the back yard there something called Yardhouse was built (*pictured below right: courtesy Assemble*), with funding from the post-Olympics London Legacy Development Corporation.

Alice describes it: “It’s a timber-framed structure, made up of tiles on the outside, all of which we made and hung. It’s a big shed, really, with different skilled practitioners working in designated spaces inside.”

What won Assemble the Turner was a groundbreaking project in Liverpool. “We were approached by Steinbeck Studio, a philanthropic investor in housing. That led us to Granby, an abandoned Merseyside area: victim in part of the Liverpool riots in the 1980s and in managed decline ever since.

“In one of the streets, big, double-fronted, Victorian terraced houses were set for demolition. All were empty. Only one side, the odd numbers, remained. The local community land trust asked us for a feasibility study: could the houses be saved for affordable sale or let? We went about it: refurbished everything, and installed new fireplaces, bathroom tiles and door handles. Five houses are now complete, with another five to go.”

How did being *nominated* for the Turner strike Assemble?

“It was a complete surprise. We’d built exhibitions and bits of furniture. Our reaction was: are you sure?”

The group is now in the process of setting up what’s called the Granby Workshop as a self-sustaining business. Beautifully crafted items that also furnish the houses—lampshades, stools, mantelpieces—are for sale. Profits will go back into the business, and help finance a youth programme and apprenticeships. The £25,000 Turner Prize money was for the group alone: it had itself invested heavily in the Granby project.

New projects include designing an art gallery for Goldsmiths College and constructing an outdoor performance space in Hounslow—that’s to name but two. This highly unusual creative band has time on its side and, after the Turner, a quite unexpected boost in renown. Assemble will be building for years.



Early days—the Cineroleum in EC1. Photo: Zander Olsen



Yardhouse



“The distinguished thing”

It's a major commemorative year for the British Isles' most famous writer—and Shakespeare will inevitably receive a lion's share of media attention as the months pass. There is, however, another great literary figure whose death 100 years ago we are glad to mark. *Rachel Bryan* (2011), in her first PhD year researching novelists Henry James and Elizabeth Bowen, reflects on her engagement with a unique and influential Anglo-American

I first encountered Henry James at the end of my second year as an undergraduate at Jesus, when Fiona Green, my Director of Studies, suggested I might enjoy one of his last novels, *The Golden Bowl*. As with James Joyce's *Ulysses*, I feel some reticence in claiming I merely “read it” over two hot summer days in the long vacation. It is a work, rather, that seemed to happen to me, irrevocably altering the way I read and think.

Most tangibly, the experience led to my working on James both for the English Tripos dissertation and in my thesis for the MPhil in Modern Contemporary Literature, for which I returned to the College. James, along with Elizabeth Bowen and Kazuo Ishiguro, features in my current PhD research on un-lived lives and optative prose in literary Modernism.

With 100 years since James's death falling in 2016, a quirk of fate has dealt him the unfortunate hand of the centenary being overshadowed by the 400th anniversary of the death of the Stratford poet. “#shakespeare2016” has been trending since January; Twitter, with its restrictive 140 characters, would undoubtedly have horrified the novelist, but I suggest that playing second fiddle in this instance probably wouldn't. In an essay on *The Tempest* James imagines an acrobatic Shakespeare, describing him leaping deftly from a window into a crowded street below, racing away from his successors as one who “absolutely defies pursuit”. Shakespeare was a figure of almost deific curiosity for James. To be just out of reach is where he should be.

James's own death, at just after 6 pm on 28 February 1916, was itself overshadowed by the Great War. James saw it as “the monstrous scene”, the “wreck of our belief that through the long years we had seen civilisation grow and the worst become impossible”. As his biographer Leon Edel noted, the lengthy obituaries of this prolific writer shared their column inches with news of young men dead in foreign fields, without literary legacy or an Order of Merit to their names.

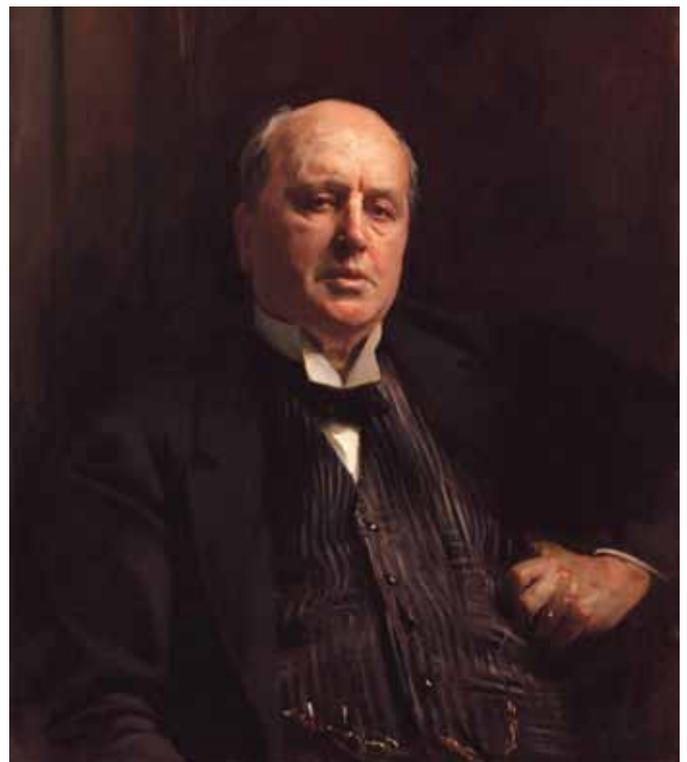
James had watched his brothers Wilkie and Bob go off to fight in the American Civil War. The writer had expected to die not *in* this new war, but perhaps of its oscillating climates of excitement and palpable misery. Slowly learning to take what remained of his days for granted, he wrote to Edith Wharton to share his conclusion “that I shall probably on the whole *not* die of simple sick horror”.

A slow deterioration following a series of strokes in fact ended the life of the Master. James's death did, however, provide its own mythology of enigmatic last words. The utterance, which is of particular interest to me, can be found in Wharton's memoir, *A Backward Glance*. James allegedly made the comment to his great friend, Fanny Prothero, concerning a supernatural experience he had as he fell to the ground on suffering his first stroke.

“He heard in the room a voice which was distinctly, it seemed, not his own, saying, ‘So here it is at last, the distinguished thing!’”

Wharton recorded the incident as being “too beautifully characteristic”. The phrase, intentionally or not, recalls James's 1903 novella, *The Beast in the Jungle* (a text I am examining in my thesis). This tells the story of John Marcher, a man who “had had, from his earliest time, as the deepest thing within [him], the sense of being kept for something rare and strange, possibly prodigious and terrible, that would sooner or later happen to [him]”. He confides this feeling—of being stalked by this “beast” in the “jungle” of his life—to his friend May Bartram. Together they spend years of vigilance and speculation awaiting Marcher's great happening. Before her death, May informs Marcher that the “thing” has happened but that he will never consciously suffer from it. A realisation then pounces on Marcher: his fate is to be the “man to whom nothing on earth was to have happened”. Awaiting a distinguished thing, he has forgotten to live, to love, to care.

One would thus hope the disembodied voice that described James's deathly swoon as “the distinguished thing” understood the danger of esteeming a fatal incident over a life. Marking death-days, be they of *fin-de-siècle* writers or Renaissance playwrights, runs the risk of making the happenstance of the mortal blow the be-all and end-all. Commemoration, though acknowledging a death, should surely be about distinguishing a life, and celebrating what the gift of a life can mean.



Henry James by John Singer Sargent, 1913 (National Portrait Gallery)

Women on the Tideway

The first Women's Boat Race took place in 1927. Last year, it was raced for the first time on the Tideway, the same stretch of the River Thames over which the men row: a huge event and the culmination of decades of fighting for Boat Race equality. Jesuan *Hannab Roberts* (2013, Natural Sciences) was President of the Cambridge University Women's Boat Club for the 2015-16 season



Taking up the exciting role of CUWBC President was a huge honour and responsibility. My anticipation of the year was that after the first Women's Race on the Tideway everything would return to normal—as normal as a Boat Race campaign should be, with the squad playing its part in the history of the race just as the women before us have done for almost 90 years.

Through the year this appeared to be the case. We competed at the usual events that shape our season, beginning with the European University Sports Association (EUSA) regatta in Hanover, Germany, followed by the British Championships, Fours Head, Trial VIIIs, Women's Eights Head of the River Race (WEHARR) and match fixtures against other clubs meant to prepare us for the Boat Race. We proved a strong crew, becoming both European and British University champions at EUSA and the British Championships, as well as taking the University title at WEHARR, and convincingly winning our fixtures against Oxford Brookes and Molesey Boat Clubs.

“The race was governed by elements that were out of our control. Despite successes earlier in the season, it would be easy to question the purpose of hours and hours of training”

We went into race week intending to fine-tune our pace to maintain the speed we could gain off our start, which we believed was strong and would put us well into contention. What I and the rest of the crew didn't anticipate was that the Women's Boat Race this year would make headlines that were about more than the result. About 14 minutes in, the boat started taking on water faster than it could be bailed out by our electric pumps. Two minutes later came the commentator's phrase: “under the shadows of Barnes Bridge, Cambridge are sinking”.

As it became clear that the boat was going down, I heard cries of support from the other girls and it was clear that all of us were committed to seeing the race through to the finish, no matter what it took. On the umpires' launch, people were waving red flags to the many following launches. Afterwards I found out that they had cleared one of them to scoop us into out of the Thames. We were instructed to pull in to the slack water at the side of the river where it was calmer.

At this point, I remember just saying to cox Rosemary Ostfeld: “Rose, we have to finish!” We battled on. To those following it must have become clear that we had no intention of stopping. The umpire requested that Rose indicate if we intended to continue. Her arm shot into the air without hesitation and that has now been branded as a symbol of our determination!

We got a huge response both from friends and family and in the media, making the front pages of at least four newspapers. Many have commended our efforts and suggested that we were the “real winners of the day”, though for me and the crew this has been confusing: people are offering congratulations when we view our Boat Race as a loss.

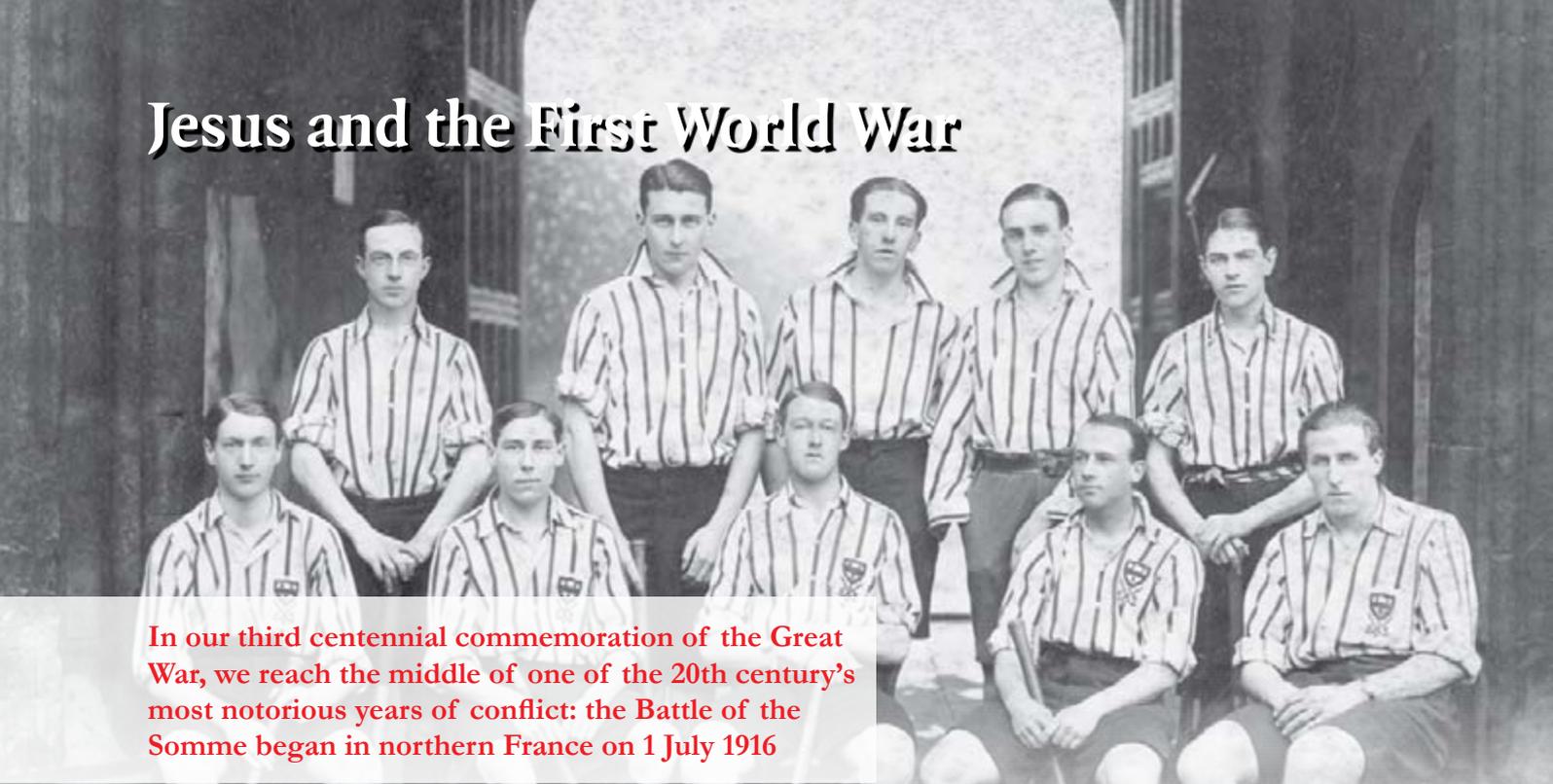
Earlier in the race week, someone had asked in an interview: “Is the year worth it if you don't win?” The work we put in throughout the year is huge. One striking statistic is that along the course for every stroke we take—approximately 600 of them—we train for almost two hours. With our race being so governed by the conditions and elements that on 27 March were out of our control, it would, despite our successes earlier in the season, be easy to question the purpose of these hours of training directed, as they are, almost solely towards the great day.

It is in the moments after the race, however, that I gain a full appreciation of what makes the Boat Club and training for the Boat Race special above all else: the people that make up the club and the women with whom I train for hours every day. Throughout the season, it is about being in it together and doing it for each other. We carried that right through to the finish, because that is all we could do.



Photo: Naomi Baker

Jesus and the First World War



In our third centennial commemoration of the Great War, we reach the middle of one of the 20th century's most notorious years of conflict: the Battle of the Somme began in northern France on 1 July 1916

As far as can be established 50 Jesuans died in 1916, the majority on the battlefields of the Western Front. Of these, 32 lost their lives during the Somme. In the context of an estimated 420,000 British personnel killed in the battle, 20,000 on the first day alone (fighting on the Somme ended in November 1916), that figure is microscopically small. Yet every Jesuan casualty left behind him the story—inevitably, in most cases, short—of a life, achievements and hopes, and loved ones.

The names of the fallen that year, the 50 out of a total of 158, are inscribed on the roll of honour to the left of the Chapel door. Limited space, here, restricts us to expanding on just a few. They include one of the oldest Jesuans at the Front we know of, a Canadian medic, Henry Brydges Yates. He commanded a military hospital in 1915 but aged 50 caught bronchitis. Back in England he never recovered and died on 22 January 1916. Prior to the war, however, an abiding interest in sport, which he obviously enjoyed at Jesus in the 1880s, led him to donating to Canada an inter-university football trophy, now called the Yates Cup. It is the oldest such trophy in north America.

Billie Nevill (*see opposite*) and Alec Mack, whose letters from the Front, like Nevill's, have been preserved, both fell on 1 July (*in the photo of the 1914 hockey team Mack is first row, far right; Nevill is back row, centre*), along with Geoffrey Sanderson, Northumberland's first Scout Master, and Bernard Ayre, one of four family members from Newfoundland to die that day. Alban Preedy, Edward MacBryan and John Todd, about whom we know comparatively little, also died on the 1st.

The opening month of the Somme was fierce in its toll: 17 Jesuans were killed in July. The losses continued in August. James Haldane, nephew of the influential Lord Chancellor under Asquith, Viscount Haldane, and a rowing blue, Lancelot Ridley, lost their lives on the same day—the 18th.

Three days before, a figure who perhaps links Jesus to a broad frame of reference for any who study English literature was killed just north-west of Béthune. Robert Harold Beckh was a budding poet—and of course through the decades a certain access to the conflict has for many been guaranteed by the work of the War Poets. It is not unkind to suggest that Beckh was no Wilfred

Owen or Isaac Rosenberg, but he had the unusual distinction of being published posthumously. *Swallows in Storm and Sunlight* appeared with Chapman and Hall in 1917. A copy is held today in the Cambridge University Library rare-books department.

Beckh went to Haileybury and entered Jesus with an Open Exhibition in Classics in 1913. The first part of *Swallows in Storm...* consists of Cambridge poems, the second of poems written in France: he enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers after one year at Jesus and was commissioned in to the East Yorkshire Regiment. He wanted eventually to train for the priesthood and work in India. It wasn't to be. Out on patrol on the night of 15 August 1916, he and another soldier were caught by a German machine gun. Robert Beckh was four and half months shy of his 23rd birthday.

The day before he died he wrote "A Song and a Smile".

Meet life with a smile
Tho' the long road be rough,
Full many a mile,
If you're of the right stuff,
You'll find you can wile
With a song and a smile.

Come danger, come Death,
Set teeth and brace back.
Still woo Mother Earth
Tho' her brows be bent black,
With a smile full of mirth,
And she'll soon pay you back
In the coin that you're worth.

Be there sorrow or Death
Let your smile linger still,
Tho' there's sadness beneath
Keep it there at your will;
Have a smile while you've breath,
For your friends it will fill
With contempt of King Death.

Jesuan News *gratefully acknowledges help and advice from Susan Webb and Rachel Aucott at the College's Archive. Further information about Jesuans and the First World War can be found at: <http://www.jesuit.ac.uk/about-jesuit-college/history/first-world-war/the-roll-of-honour/>*

In his own words

Two years ago we told the story of Jesuan WILFRED NEVILL. In 1991, Ruth Elwin Harris published an edition of his wartime correspondence, *Billie—The Nevill Letters: 1914-1916* (reissued in 2003 by the Naval & Military Press; the paper correspondence is held in the Imperial War Museum in London). Here are some short extracts from the last letters he wrote home before his fateful decision to kick a football towards the Germans on the first morning of the Somme

(Nevill's habit of referring to the enemy as "Fritz" or "the Bosch"—with variant spellings—simply reflects, of course, the slang of the time.)

27 May 1916; Nevill to his mother

The weather is horribly hot, we are all training horribly hard, and altogether everything is going quite smoothly. I expect to be here about 1+ m south of Picquigny, for another week or so, and then the dear old trenches again, where I don't seem to have been for years now. The Company is going on A1 and doing awfully well. I've had about a letter & a half since I got back, but never mind.

18 June; to his family

...I'm very fit & happy. We're not actually in the line now, but only 400 yds back. We had 5 days up and as it rained all the first 4 days, and as we were very heavily shelled the 5th it was pretty rotten. We were congratulated by the next division for the way we stood it, in fact everything went quite smoothly and I never felt any anxiety about them getting into our trenches, though the shells were dropping like hail & how anyone lived I don't know. I had about 50 in my face I should think and so did everyone, but somehow the bits get past you, though some of us stopped some, I'm afraid. It was really awfully topping to walk round and see the men, all quite happy, & yelling out, "Come on Fritz, we're here" & such like expressions as "Come right in & don't bother to knock first"...

26 June; to his family

Still alive. Why? Ask me another. We're having the time of our lives now. I'm longing to tell you about it. All I will tell is, what the Bosch already knows. Namely, that he's been shelled hard for 48 hours now, day & night. It's a wonderful sight. Watch the papers & keep them.



27 June; to his eldest sister Elizabeth ("Else")

...Lord what a ghastly thing war is nowadays. It's things not men that count. Every trick which science & chemistry can perform comes in. Villages vanish in an afternoon!! A wood becomes a desert of hills and hollows, all while you look on. The old Bosche doesn't take it all sitting either, he picks out some object and fairly soaks it in shells. Sometimes on a bright sunny afternoon the whole landscape is hidden in smoke from shells.

The other day I saw a 12" shell land in a brick field, and the cloud of brick dust hung over the whole view for half an hour.

I've seen complete trees fly 70 or 80 feet in to the air and houses (you know these mud & timber walled French villages) go down flat like cards.

Billie's final letter home, also to Else, was written on 28 June 1916

Thanks for a chit of some length and liveliness...

As I write the shells are fairly hairing over; you know one gets just sort of bemused after a few million, still it'll be a great experience to tell one's children about.

So long, old thing don't worry if you don't hear for a bit. I'm as happy as ever, yrs ever Bill

Nevill kicked one ball, Bobby Soames, also killed, another. One of these objects (the two balls survived into the 21st century) has had a melancholy fate since we first featured this story. As related in 2014's *Jesuan News*, a ball—it's impossible to know which was Nevill's and which was Soames's—had been on permanent display in the Surrey Infantry Museum in Clandon Park House, near Guildford. This 18th-century Palladian mansion, a National Trust property since the mid-1950s, tragically burnt down in April of last year. The ball, which we pictured in our article, unsurprisingly vanished. There is, however, one today in Dover Castle, which truly is the last remaining vestige of this curious tale of Jesuan valour.

Children's Holiday Venture

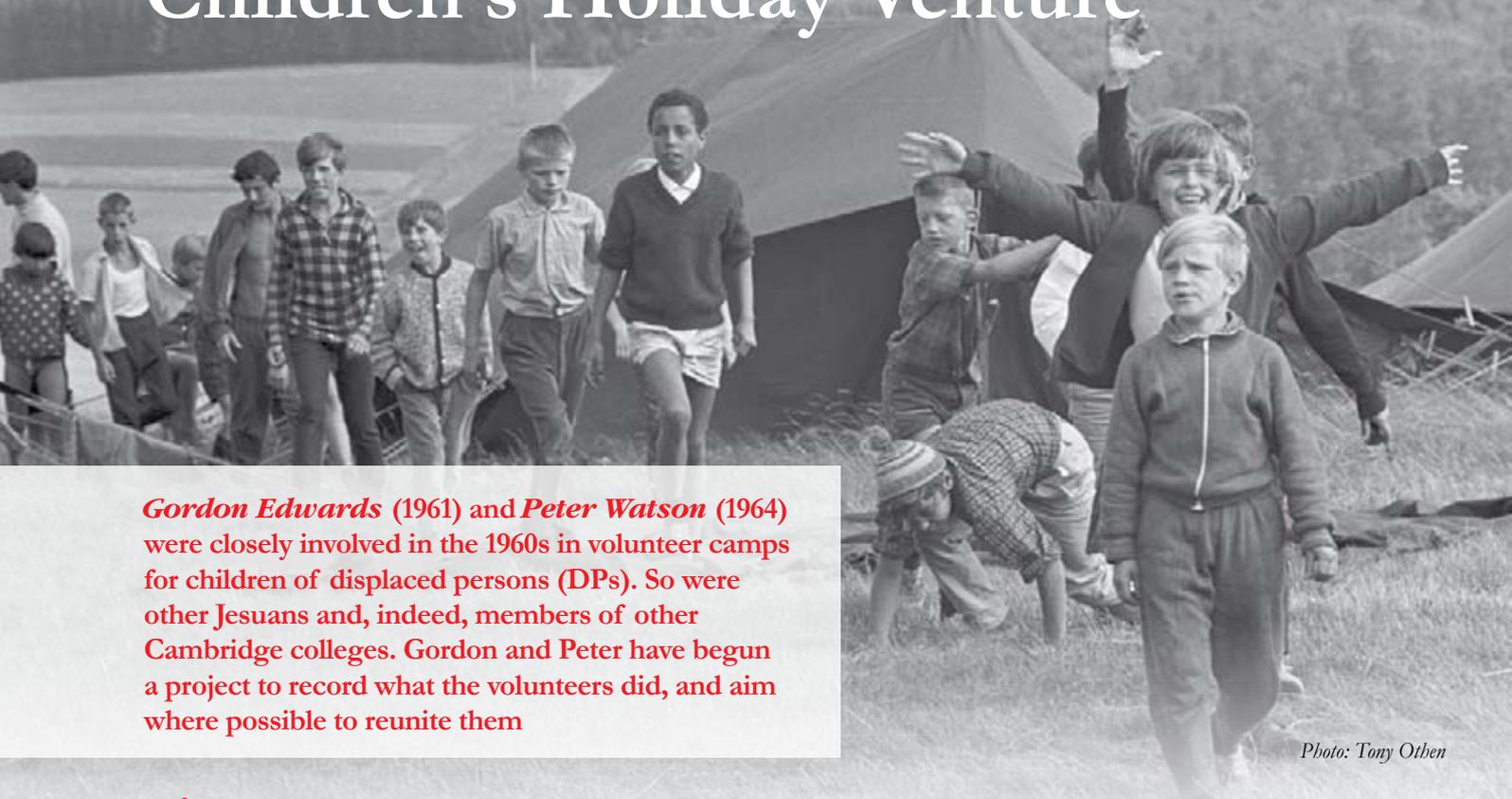


Photo: Tony Otben

Gordon Edwards (1961) and Peter Watson (1964) were closely involved in the 1960s in volunteer camps for children of displaced persons (DPs). So were other Jesuans and, indeed, members of other Cambridge colleges. Gordon and Peter have begun a project to record what the volunteers did, and aim where possible to reunite them

As the continuing refugee crisis has vividly reminded us, Europe has throughout history seen movements of people for reasons of economics, politics or survival. The Children's Holiday Venture (CHV), in which many Jesuans from the 1960s and 1970s participated, ran volunteer holiday camps in Austria and Germany for children from families who had been forced to move at the end of the Second World War. Most DPs lived in tenement blocks in Vienna, Salzburg or Linz (the Austrian camps), and in Stuttgart, Saarbrücken or Mannheim (the German ones).

Gordon Edwards led a camp in 1965; Peter Watson ran two camps, in 1967 and 1970. After two years of VSO in Malaysia Peter was working in 1970 for Children's Relief International, the overarching organisation within which the camps were run. CRI had been founded in 1959 in London by Bernard Faithfull-Davies (known to all as "F-D") and the Reverend Bruce Duncan. F-D was Australian and had come to England in 1947. He had worked in various capacities with deprived children. The organisation moved to Cambridge in 1961, first to 4 Harvey Road, then to Overstream House by the bridge on Victoria Avenue, where the office was.

In the 1960s the camps run by the CHV were in Germany and Austria only; camps in the UK started a few years later. CRI also worked with both Catholic and Protestant welfare bodies to give other children, from similar backgrounds to those attending the camps, opportunities for education and development—again, sometimes in England. CRI was later forced to merge with Save the Children, due in part to fundraising difficulties in the late 1970s.

Volunteering in the 1960s was very different from a 21st-century procedure. It would be unthinkable today for untrained volunteers to work without professional supervision with vulnerable young people. There was no Ofsted to regulate CHV's activities. The motivations were simply fun and excitement for the children and volunteers. However, a lot of hard work went into getting the camps ready and running them. Participants had to fundraise. Many will remember the

endless addressing of envelopes as appeals were made to former members of the College.

Before the camps started, tents had to be erected and latrines dug. Much of the equipment in the German camps was provided by BAOR (British Army of the Rhine). A group of willing soldiers drove from a depot in Hanover to help with the preparation of the camp. The Army also lent equipment to some UK camps, particularly in North Yorkshire. In Austria, and in some camps in Germany and the UK, this was unnecessary because suitable buildings were found.

Once the children had arrived there were the cooking of meals, constant football matches and other activities, such as tightrope walking. In the early camps there were no female student helpers but it did not take long for the male students to realise the value of women to camp life. The first female helpers supervised in the kitchen and children's bedtimes but soon a greater parity of roles evolved. In 1975 one camp was staffed entirely by women.

The more CRI's history is delved into, the more the breadth of its activity in the 1970s can be appreciated. The work done in the 1960s—the main focus of this project of record and reunion—can only be described as pioneering: it is really gratifying to see how many ideas continued to develop in the following decade.

The project, details of which (photos and memoirs, including one by Gordon) can be found in the link below, concentrates on the role played by students mainly from Jesus but it is hoped that *all* students once involved in the CHV, in whatever era, will feel inspired to contribute. It has been discovered, for example, that one volunteer in the early 1970s, namely Rupert Jackson (1967)—also an Honorary Fellow of Jesus—has gone on to become Lord Rupert Jackson, a judge in the Court of Appeal. No doubt many other distinguished careers were kickstarted by the CHV experience! The website created to bring volunteers together again awaits their visit.

www.chvarchive.net

Island stories

Maafaka Ravelona, from Madagascar, is currently the College's Nick Mills Memorial Scholar, studying towards an MPhil in Conservation Leadership: the Masters is sponsored by Fauna and Flora International. The recipient is selected by the Department of Geography. On his return to Madagascar, Maafaka hopes to work in rural development as well as conservation



Jesuan News: How does the Conservation Leadership programme work?

Maafaka Ravelona: It was launched in 2009. I'm in the sixth cohort: 22 students from 19 countries. We have a really broad range of lectures about conservation and come from widely varying backgrounds, so in terms of experience we share everything. In the middle of the year we're on a placement, which is an opportunity for us to put into practice our knowledge from the programme's modules.

JN: What is taught on the programme?

MR: How to solve environmental problems, such as deforestation. What, for example, is an alternative to cutting down trees? Most activities are anthropological. If there's an issue of species extinction, because of human activity, the course gives us many broad perspectives. It gives us leadership skills too and develops critical thinking.

We go back to our own countries to deal with these things, to put the concepts into practice. In Madagascar, trees are cut down because timber is used for charcoal, for firewood. Here, trees are cut down for houses, for furniture. If you have other material sources of energy, such as gas, you don't cut down trees. In my country it's a matter of survival: people have to do it. I want to show them other ways.

JN: We have heard that you have a family.

MR: I have a wife, and a son, who is one and a half. I'm very much wishing that they come to visit me. If the opportunity arises I'll bring them over to Cambridge for a holiday. I don't think I'll be able to get back to Madagascar. My wife has never been overseas. We've known each other since 2011 and got married in 2013.

JN: What was your earlier education?

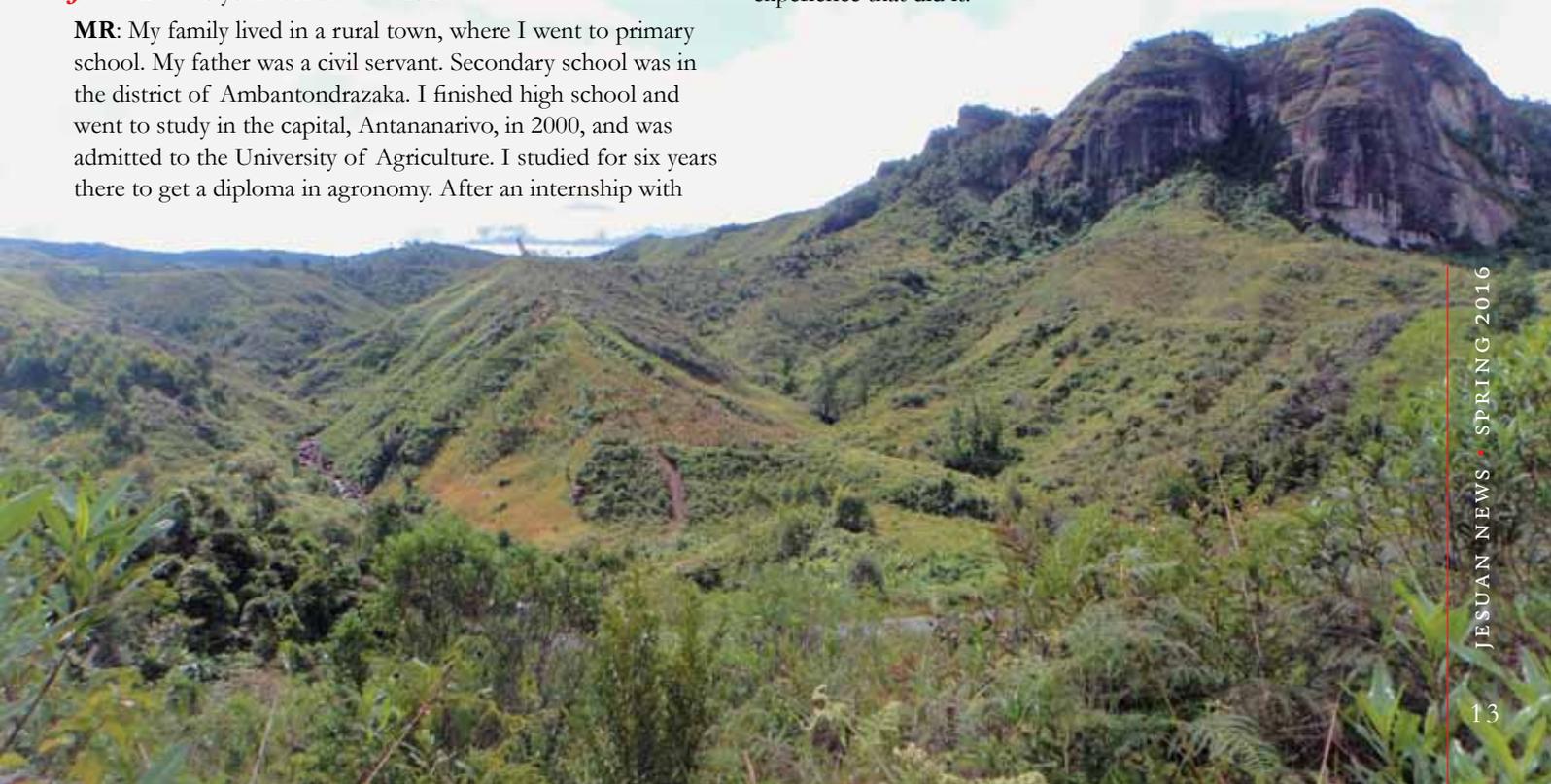
MR: My family lived in a rural town, where I went to primary school. My father was a civil servant. Secondary school was in the district of Ambantondrazaka. I finished high school and went to study in the capital, Antananarivo, in 2000, and was admitted to the University of Agriculture. I studied for six years there to get a diploma in agronomy. After an internship with

CIRAD [Centre de Coopération Internationale en Recherche Agronomique pour le Développement], I worked as a qualified field worker. My French diploma is from Montpellier, where I was between 2009 and 2010.

JN: What in your view is conservation?

MR: You conserve to provide something else. I want to work with the population in the forest while improving lives: to find sustainable alternatives to cutting the forest down. I've really begun to like the idea of working in and with a community: I've bought land and plan to grow coffee, which will bring biodiversity and help livelihoods. The weather is also good for it, as is the soil, but the locals grow only five or six trees at a time, instead of 100 or 200. I'll hope to plant coffee trees on that scale, and people will see how well they grow. I don't want to preach but to show how growing can provide an income.

During my most recent research period in Madagascar I was in the forest, working on hydrology, measuring rainfall. Sometimes this was at night. Connections out there are really poor. I saw my e-mails just once in two months. I wrote my Cambridge application mostly in the forest—and at night. The admissions interview was via Skype. It wasn't exactly brilliant, because it was pouring, but I was admitted. Maybe it was the range of my experience that did it!



FORTHCOMING EVENTS

SATURDAY 11 JUNE 2016

JCCS Bumps buffet in College.
Marquee in the Paddock to support the
Jesus boats in the May Bumps

MONDAY 20 JUNE 2016

Annual Dinner of the Society of
St Radegund

SATURDAY 25 JUNE 2016

Donors' Garden Party

Anniversary Dinner for matriculands of
1976, 1986, 1996 and 2006

SATURDAY 24 SEPTEMBER 2016

JCCS Annual Dinner in College

TUESDAY 1 NOVEMBER 2016

JCCS London Reception

WEDNESDAY 9 NOVEMBER 2016

Fifty Years On Lunch (1966)

MONDAY 14 NOVEMBER 2016

Sixty Years On Lunch (1956)

SOME SUMMER CHOIR DATES

SUNDAY 26 JUNE, 1.00 PM

Jesus College, Cambridge
Choir Reunion and BBQ

FRIDAY 1 JULY, 7.30 PM

The Chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge
"Choral Classics"

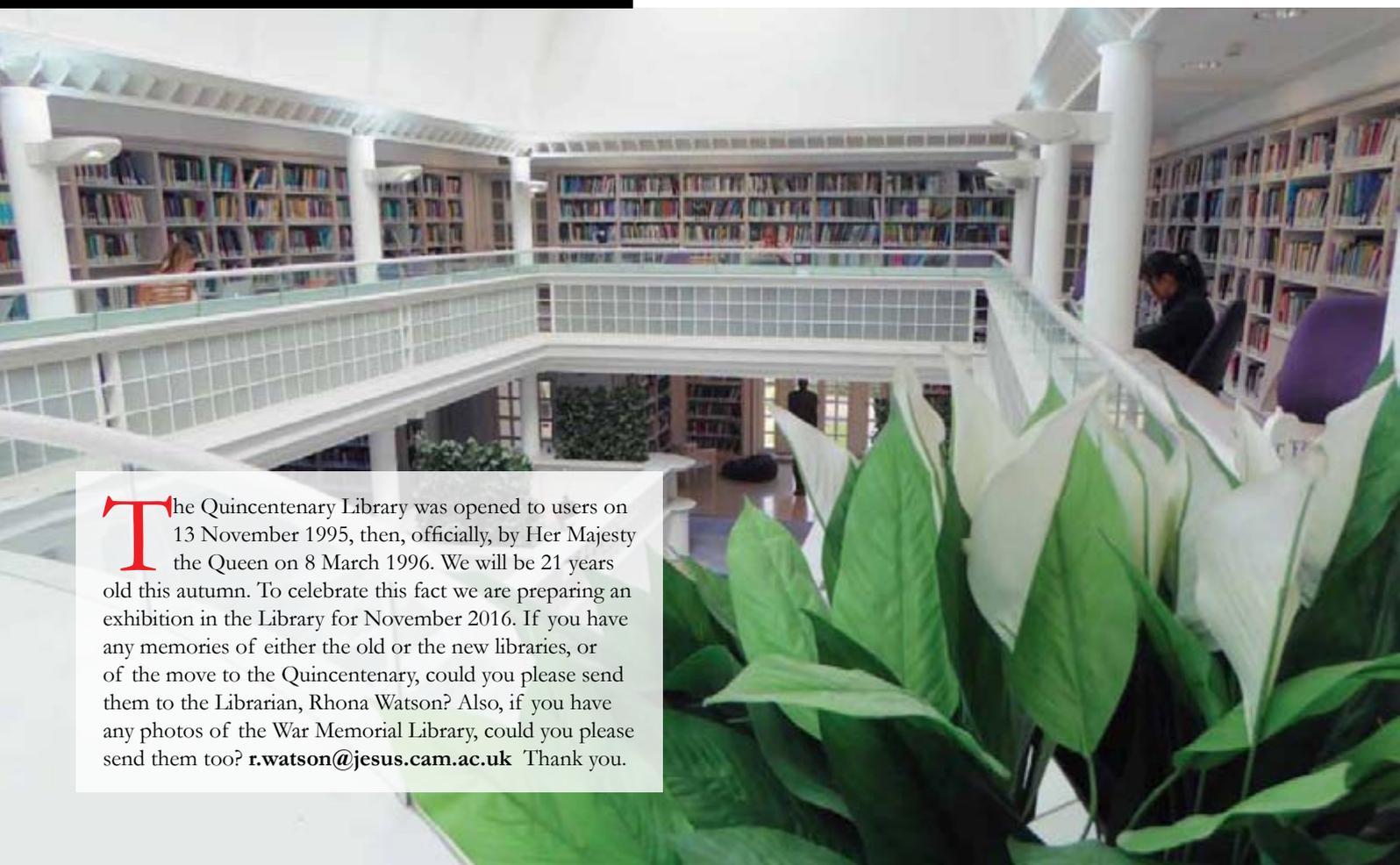
*Joint concert by the Choirs of Jesus College, Cambridge, and
Merton College, Oxford, featuring masterpieces from the choral
repertoire, including Tallis's 40-part Spem in alium, in aid of
the Muzę Trust for Music Education in Zambia.*

SUNDAY 3 JULY, 6.30 PM

All Saints Church, Hundon, Suffolk
"Music for a Summer's Evening"

*The Choir of Jesus College performs sacred and secular music
from around the world in one of the College's livings.*

For further information about these and other performances, please visit
www.jesuscollegechoir.com/site/performances/concerts/upcoming
or contact the Choir and Chapel Office on
choir@jesus.cam.ac.uk, tel. 01223 339 699



The Quincentenary Library was opened to users on 13 November 1995, then, officially, by Her Majesty the Queen on 8 March 1996. We will be 21 years old this autumn. To celebrate this fact we are preparing an exhibition in the Library for November 2016. If you have any memories of either the old or the new libraries, or of the move to the Quincentenary, could you please send them to the Librarian, Rhona Watson? Also, if you have any photos of the War Memorial Library, could you please send them too? r.watson@jesus.cam.ac.uk Thank you.