

Once upon a time (in Noddyland)... [cont.]

help themselves to the contents of a whole dish of potatoes. (Mind you, I have also seen a senior Fellow on High Table take almost the whole of a dish of asparagus in spite of the protestations of the waiter.) It was important to get to the roast potatoes quickly as the replacements were always the boiled variety. My diet was supported, unexpectedly, by regular food parcels from my Granny. Grandad, I was told, was considered to have married below his station. The Hudsons were all clerks of some sort – in the City or a local Bank – but Granny’s father travelled in gin. Her grandfather was, I believe, a carpenter on the Windsor estate, which gives me my one connection with royalty. In any case, Granny was of one the best, positively gold medal standard, and my food parcels

– always with a packet of Lyons tea and a Dundee cake - were gratefully received.

Another odd thing about Cambridge in those days was that, although people were extremely honest about most things, it was open season on gowns and bikes. If you were pressed for time to get to a lecture across town, it was regarded as OK to pinch the nearest bike. Similarly, at any gathering outside College, those who left early took the better gowns. Whoever left last might be left with a couple of armholes tied loosely together with string – or nothing. The authorities seemed to be remarkably tolerant of gowns in the last stages of disrepair. Of course, all our lecturers, supervisors and tutors wore their gowns. They

kept the chalk off their suits. One of our lecturers smeared his writing with his gown as he passed along the board, leaving us to make of it what we could.

Two things stand out for me as being different in those days. One was the formal connections which brought members of the College, senior and junior, together. We were expected to eat together in Hall most days of the week, and we had to keep going to see our tutors on various pretexts, for permission to leave Cambridge, come back to Cambridge, stay out late, and so forth. The other was the quiet – no discos, no College bar, no stereos, no televisions.

John Hudson
Emeritus Fellow

Some Christmas Facts...

Postmen in Victorian England were popularly called “robins”. This was because their uniforms were red. Victorian Christmas cards often showed a robin delivering Christmas mail.

Christmas Pudding originates from an old, Celtic dish known as ‘frumenty’.

An old wives’ tale says that bread baked on Christmas Eve will never go mouldy.

The first instrument on which the carol “Silent Night” was played was a guitar.

The Queen’s Christmas speech was televised for the first time in 1957.

In 1649 Oliver Cromwell banned Christmas festivities and declared 25th December to be a normal working day.

In the festive song “The 12 Days of Christmas” there are 364 gifts. One for every day of the year but Christmas Day.

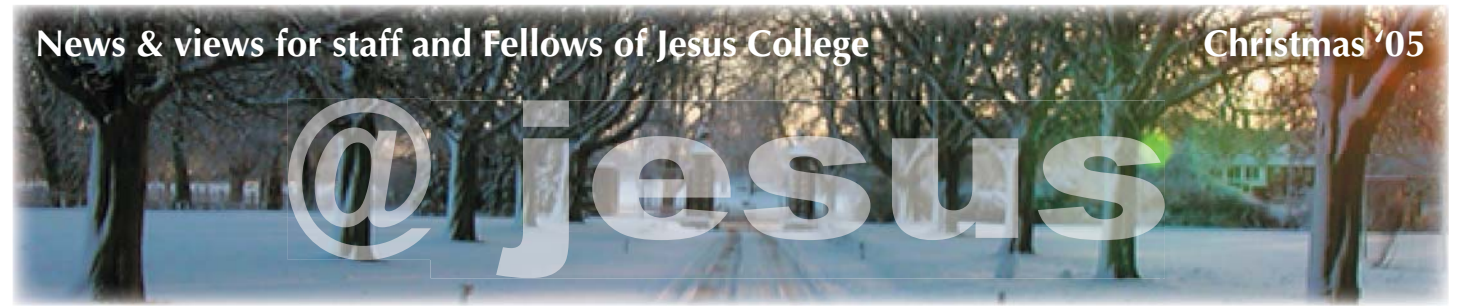
In Germany, Twelfth Night is known as “Three Kings Day”.

One Hundred Years Ago

The annual Audit Dinner features prominently in this Cook’s account book, which records charges for any college meals outside the usual everyday provision. For a run of years from 1893 onwards “Clear Turtle Soup” appears at the head of the menu, disappearing only with the outbreak of war in 1914; at that point there was a dramatic change to “Audit Sandwiches - Foie Gras, Beef, Sardine”, until the Dinner was restored, on a comparatively modest scale, in 1919.

Frances Willmoth
Archivist

1895 Audit Dinner		Brought to front	37 6 2
Dec 13	Clear Turtle Soup	Wines & other liquors	1 5 0
	1 14 0		36 1 2
	3 0		
	1 10 0	Dinner for 4	1 11 6
	1 15 0	2 bottles	1 0
	5 7 6		1 17 6
	1 14 0	Butter & oil for bread	4 6
	18 6	Wines & liquors	1 0
	1 10 6	Porter & coffee	4 0
	2 6 0	Wines & liquors	15 0
	9 4	Wines & liquors	15 6
	1 2 2		
	18 6		
	1 10 0		
	1 10 0		
	1 2 6		
	3 6		
	33 12 2		
	2 16 0		
	1 0 0		
	37 6 2		



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A Criminal Act?!

North Court was built in the early 1960s to a design by David Roberts and Geoffrey Clarke. It provided eighty units of accommodation of which eight were Fellows’ rooms and two formed the sick bay. North Court was listed Grade II on 30 March 1993.

Over the years a number of repairs and maintenance works had been carried out but by 2002 the College realised that more systematic and comprehensive works needed to be undertaken to secure its long term future. A design team including a London based firm of architects, Avanti Architects, was appointed and they developed a number of initial concepts. When selecting the optimum solutions the College also considered the implications of demolishing the whole building and starting again!

There were serious defects in the concrete and brickwork; the roof and rainwater disposal systems were in poor condition; the rooms suffered from low temperatures through significant heat loss in winter and high heat gains in the



North Court - before ...



and after ...

[cont. page 2]

We would welcome feedback about @jesus - what you like or don't like about it, topics you would like covered in future issues, ideas for future articles.

If you want to write an article yourself, either as a one-off or as a regular contribution, please let us know.

Email :

newsletter@jesus.cam.ac.uk

Top Tips

Modern Records & Archives

Put a full date on everything.

Also write who and where on the backs of photos – it saves a lot of puzzlement later!

Tutorial Office

Use very salty cold water to clean blood or red wine off carpets.

Accounts Office

Did you know that if you have a Chip & PIN card and you do not know your PIN, you will continue to be allowed to use your signature until 14th February 2006. Card companies put these arrangements in place so that everyone - card holder and retailers - could get used to using Chip & PIN. This means that until Valentine's Day, when a cardholder cannot remember their PIN, the retailer will be prompted by the Chip & PIN terminal to check online with the card issuer and they can choose to accept a signature.

Gardens Department

If you have any free standing Roses in your garden or indeed any trained against a wall or other framework then you can begin pruning this month.

Start by reducing by one third all the growth the plant has made over the spring and summer months. This is particularly important with free standing Roses so to minimise Wind rock. Wind rock occurs if you leave all the growth on during the winter. The root structure becomes unstable and may even lift the plant from the ground.

[A Criminal Act?! cont.]

summer; The gyp and bathroom areas were in poor condition; and many of the services were coming to the end of their effective life. The case for refurbishment was therefore established.

At this stage the College reviewed its accommodation options. It was felt that making the North Court rooms into ensuite study bedrooms would be the most desirable approach. This brought into question where the displaced gyp facilities would be located. Three studies produced options for adding an additional floor to the building, converting the top floor rooms into gyps or making more effective use of the lower ground floor areas. After much deliberation the last proposal was adopted.

Bluestone Construction were appointed as contractors and work began on 28 June 2004 and continued until 1 October 2005 when the last fresher moved into Q staircase. At the end of the works the College has eighty five en-suite student rooms served by thirteen gyp/kitchen areas in the lower ground floor area. The building meets, and often exceeds, the environmental requirements for residential accommodation and provides much enhanced levels of service. In addition each of the seven

staircases has dedicated trunk rooms and laundry services. One staircase, U, has been equipped with a lift giving access to four rooms designed for residents with physical disabilities whilst R staircase has a series of induction loops to provide enhanced audio facilities.

As with most major construction projects there have been a number of teething problems since handover and these have been discussed with the residents, including at a 'Residents Meeting' held in the Forum Bar. Most of these have been addressed and any outstanding points will be resolved during the Christmas vacation.

At the beginning of the project the design and construction teams agreed a project charter and one of their objectives was:

We must strive to perpetrate the "perfect crime" relating to the completed appearance of the external fabric of the building.

If you look at the before and after photographs I think that you will agree that the criminals have achieved their objective!

Martin Collins
Domestic Bursar

Long Service Awards 2005

10 Years -	Meana Sajadi , Housekeeping; Ashley Meggitt , IT Manager; Jacky Poskitt , College Nurse; Grahame Appleby , Head Porter
15 Years -	Tony Johnson , Maintenance Department; Susan Chapman , Housekeeping; Alison Rolfe , Web & Information Officer
20 Years -	Brenda Welch , Secretary to Tutor for Graduates & Chapel Secretary; Charlie Moore , IT Networking & ex-College electrician
25 Years -	Peter Fowler , Porter; Michael Morris , Gardener

Once upon a time (in Noddyland)...

When I was a post-doc, some time in the 60's, a message appeared in chalk above the exit gate to the courtyard of the Department of Applied Mathematics, reading "Caution, you are now entering Reality". A similar message appeared where it could be read on leaving the Cavendish Laboratory; this one recommended "Caution, you are now entering Noddyland". At the time I felt that it expressed a fundamental difference between mathematicians and physicists; at least mathematicians realise they are living in a parallel universe. However, it now seems to me looking back fifty years, that Noddyland is a pretty good description of my student days. I think that, at the time, we all understood that the University was a unique place with its own strange rules and customs and we implicitly agreed to play the game. We were locked in at ten every night, and porters patrolled the College walls with their revolving spikes and broken glass on top, even though about half of us had done National Service, some in Cyprus and Malaya. One student I knew had actually been shot (admittedly from behind by one of his own men who had tripped over his rifle). The odd thing was that the National Service men, having been trained for two years in discipline and soldierly behaviour, usually reacted to any order by doing the opposite, on principle. In the fifth Fairbairn boat of 1955, the stern four were ex-National Service and bow four were straight out of school. When the coach left us towards the end of an outing in the hands of our rather bumptious cox, who tried to put us through "tiger-tens" and practice starts, stern four mutinied and shipped their oars, leaving us in the bow section to haul them back to the boat-house.

The first thing that citizens of Noddyland (or "the young gentlemen" as we were known by

the College Fellows and staff) had to do on arrival was to buy a gown of the appropriate College design. I went to Bodgers on Sidney Street (on the corner of Green Street, where Sainsburys is now) and I must have bought the cheapest second-hand gown. The material had lost its nap and it was beginning to get that greenish tinge that adorned most of the gowns of the senior dons. Since one had to wear a gown for almost everything, and had to wear it over all other clothing, it naturally took on a weathered look after a while. Gowns had to be worn outside the College premises at all times after dusk. One of the Proctors, dressed in gown, tabs and square, patrolled the streets with two "bulldogs", or constables (but not police). We were told that there was no point in running away from the bulldogs as they were very fast and possessed enormous stamina. In fact, encounters with the bulldogs were generally very gentlemanly and most people complied when asked to have a word with the Proctor, and were truthful in answering the Proctor's questions. I remember one bulldog, whose day job was on the front desk of the University Library. He was in his forties, stood about six feet high, looked pretty fit and had a broken nose. He also had a fairly aggressive manner. I don't think I would have argued with him. The standard fine for doing something naughty was a mark – a third of a pound (6 shillings and 8 pence). When a friend of mine was caught for not wearing a gown, the fine was reduced by half on the grounds of chivalry – it was a cold night and his girl-friend was wearing the gown.

Gowns were worn for lectures, supervisions, using the University Library and when meeting your tutor – in fact on all official academic occasions. They were also useful for blocking the draught under the door of your room. We were required to eat dinner every evening in Hall

(with gowns on) every day with the option of signing off two days in any week. The Head Porter ticked us off on a list on every occasion, pricking through our names on a piece of paper pinned to a frame with hessian stretched across. Another College myth was that the porters knew every one of us by sight. I suppose it just might have been true. The waiters serving us in Hall were mostly young lads who were paying off the hire purchase on their motor bikes, and they wanted to get it all done as soon as possible. So the gowns were useful in keeping the gravy off our jackets. I never heard of anyone actually having their gown cleaned and I had an idea that, if I became really strapped, I could boil up my gown to make a thin but nourishing soup. Breakfast was cafeteria style and was the full English – cereal, bacon and eggs or something similar, and endless leathery toast, made acceptable by loads of butter and marmalade. The coffee appeared to have been brewing all night; it was black, thick and strong. It contrasted strangely with the coffee served at College Feasts which was thin and feeble.

My mother had hoped that I would learn proper etiquette and to speak "nicely" while I was at Cambridge. Sadly, my "Middlesex mumble", which I had adopted as protective colouration at school, remained unaffected by the public school accents all around me. And Hall had an etiquette all of its own. Then the refectory tables were all pushed together so that, to get politely to the seats against the wall, you could only slide in from either the top or bottom end. So most people walked across the table – trying not to trample on the cutlery of course. There was no "after you Cecil" about the tureens of vegetables. I have seen young lads with a healthy appetite

Introducing ...

... Rob Taylor (aged 33 & $\frac{3}{4}$)

Hello to all at Jesus College. I have been told it is (one of the many) traditions at our fine institution that new members of staff write a bit about themselves for the College Newsletter. Since I am one of my favourite subjects, it is an opportunity not to be missed.

First I suppose I should deal with the question 'who am I?' Well I'm the new Network Engineer for the I.T Department. This means I deal with the College's networking infrastructure which basically means the bits that connect our P.C.s together. If you find your network is not working I'm probably the guy you need. This does not mean I know about computers and I would like to take this opportunity to encourage people not to rush up to tell me that they have a problem with Word, as I often have problems with whole sentences myself!

I began work at Jesus just over a month ago now and have found people on the whole to be very helpful, however, some people can be curious about strangers. Only last week I was reported to the Porters Lodge for behaving in a suspicious and possibly criminal manner. I've since discussed this with my manager and he's promised not to do it again.

My working history consists of 11 years contracting in Telecoms/ I.T. in the corporate banking environment of London. In these jobs I learned valuable skills such as passing the buck and dynamic blame sharing (i.e. it was my fault but it was his as well, even though he was off that day) and lot of stuff about cables which is about as interesting as watching a monopoly final.

About 3 years ago I decided enough was enough. After the end of a work intensive 2 year contract I had a sort of a mini breakdown and thought it would be a marvellous idea for me

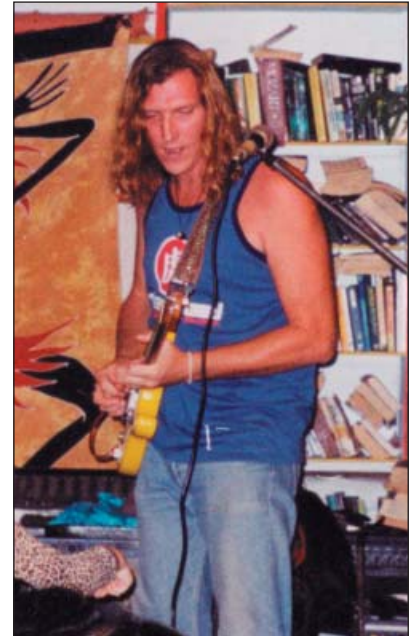
to become a world citizen. So my long standing/suffering girlfriend and I packed our rucksacks and made for Goa, India; a place we had visited before and shall again but on this occasion we travelled India and S.E. Asia extensively. In fact it was over a year before we returned.

We had an amazing time during our trip although there was some unusual 'fortune' on the way. We managed to be in Darjeeling during a civil uprising, Calcutta during a rabies epidemic, the Himalayas during a landslide and Thailand during a drug war and the SARS scare. Because of the unusual luck we had, people were asking us where we were going in order that they might go elsewhere in order to avoid disaster. We became a litmus test for trouble spots on the India/S.E. Asia trail.

Our return was based on the realisation that sooner or later being world citizens has its drawbacks, especially when you start to run out of cash. People at the time suggested we move into a hut on the beach and make our living fashioning jewellery from stuff washed up on the shore. After the complete failure of the seaweed necklace and a near law-suit over our jellyfish skin cream, we decided to come home.

So we returned to land of grey sunshine and moved to Cambridge instead of back to London. We've been living here happily ever since. My girlfriend is happy because this is the town of her birth and so she is close to her parents and I'm happy because Cambridge has a thriving little music scene.

This suits me well since I have been a keen musician from the age of 15 when my father made the fatal mistake of telling me I'd never learn an instrument (never tell a 15 year old not to do something unless secretly you want them to do it, which maybe he did). It has been my hobby and



occasionally my living ever since. I once backed a woman billed as the 'Australian Shania Twain' but not for long. I did that one for the money but couldn't justify selling my soul to country and western music for longer than absolutely necessary.

Since landing in Cambridge I have formed 2 separate bands in which I sing (if you can call it that) and play my guitar (if you can call it that!). You may see the odd poster for my gigs around town. If you like rock or rhythm & blues music then come along and see either "Working title" or "King Mac" play. I'm told we are often entertaining - for all the wrong reasons. Interested parties drop me a mail and I will gladly send details of up and coming gigs.

That is about all I have to say on the subject of me. Although I would like to finish by thanking everyone both within my department and around the College who has gone out of their way to make me feel welcome. I am happy to be working at Jesus College Cambridge.

Thanks for reading. There now follows a short extract from my novel, ...

The Brown Family

Three generations (living), three Cambridge educations, two glittering medical careers (hopefully with one more to come)! Sound impressive? It's all in a day's, or rather 70 years' work for the Brown family of Surrey. Mr Michael Meredith Brown, his son Professor Martin Brown, and grandson Nicholas Brown have all attended Jesus College, each studying medicine. Stories like these add an often overlooked and heart-warming family aspect to a college history steeped in prestige and grandeur.

The senior of the three Browns, son of a brewing chemist, matriculated at Jesus in 1936. Despite the time difference he insists the college has not changed all that much, a statement backed up by his black and white photographs of the time. He played an active role in College life, both in being a rooster, an accolade recently bestowed on his grandson Nicholas, and also as a keen rower, helping the first boat to a deserved Fairburn's victory in November 1938. After leaving Jesus he went on to St. Thomas', London, and became an eminent chest surgeon, ending his career in Surrey.

Professor Martin Brown entered the chimney 33 years down the line from his father, in the year of 1969, returning in 1984 for his MD exams. He was a keen orienteer and can claim part responsibility for initiating the Cambridge Orienteering Club. He finished his medical student



Graduation Photograph 1936 - (L-R): Tom Lewis (Gynaecologist), Pam Straker, Michael Meredith Brown (Chest Surgeon), David Wright (medic)

training at Middlesex Hospital, currently works at the National Hospital for Neurology and Neurosurgery, and holds a chair in Stroke Medicine at University College London. He is one of the leading brains in Stroke Medicine worldwide and has lectured internationally, including most recently at Jesus itself, passing his knowledge down to the current crop of medics.

The most recent Brown family member has been at the college for nearly a year and a half now, and has already taken a keen interest in College life. He is currently the treasurer of the Medical Society, as well as the next Communications Officer for the JCSU, thus ensuring the Brown family legacy will live on into the 21st Century. What the future holds for Nick within the field of medicine is not clear, but one can be sure that his education at Jesus will stand him in as good

stead as those before him to fulfil his true potential.

Jesus is a college with a proud history littered with revered alumni and many notable achievements. Amongst them though there are those who are less well known, such as the Browns, but who have played an integral role in college life over the last century. Their achievements both within the college and in their careers is a testament both to themselves and to Jesus College itself. The Jesus Medical Society is currently thriving in both academic and social excellence, and it is hoped that the great work of the society will carry on, so as to produce a new group of admirable doctors.

www.jesusmedsoc.com

Tim Segal
Archivist

Jesus College Medical Society