

Once upon a time (a long, long, time ago)

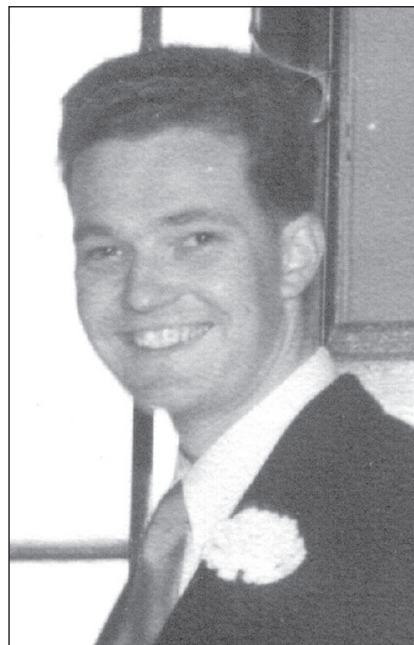
I first heard of Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1954 when the Headmaster of my school, one Frederick Wilkinson MA, announced that it was time to put in our applications for admission to Cambridge. I was about to take my A-levels and the school, Latymer Upper School in Hammersmith, seemed to regard its Cambridge entry as the main justification for its existence. Latymer was a Direct Grant Grammar School and large boards around the Hall recorded in gold leaf the Scholarship successes (almost exclusively at Cambridge) of pupils over many years. The critical question, as always, was which College to apply to. The list was a bit smaller than now – Churchill, Robinson and New Hall had not been invented and Girton was restricted to persons of the female gender - but it was long enough. I was called in for an interview with the Old Man and, with the appearance of giving the matter some weighty thought, he suggested Jesus or St. Johns as good Colleges for a mathematician. In the end he came down to Jesus first and St. Johns second choice, as he thought I would be better off at a smaller College. When I came up I found that the school had an Old Boy teaching Mathematics at Jesus, which was probably the real reason for picking the College. Much later, while I was talking to Percy Gardner-Smith, who was Dean (of Chapel) at Jesus when I came up in 1955, he told me that, when his Headmaster discovered that he, off his own bat, had chosen Jesus as his first choice for entry into Cambridge, he was not happy. He told Percy that “It was well known that you never saw a sober man come out of the gates of Jesus, nor a gentleman out of the gates of St. Johns”. (Anyone who is old enough to remember Gardner-Smith will have read that quotation in a Percy accent – a measured deep bass with a slight whistle through the teeth.) I can understand the comment about Jesus (of a century ago), but I have often wondered what was going on at St. Johns in those days.

I was deeply impressed by the College application forms when they turned up; they exuded an air of certainty and superiority. I remember writing the address on the envelope and having a panic over the spelling of the word College. I was certain they wouldn't take me if I spelled it wrong.

In the summer, after A-levels, the parents of a school friend of mine, Mike Davis, took us both up to Cambridge to show us what we had applied for. Mike had applied to Queens' and so we went round both Colleges. Mike did not get in to Cambridge and went, instead, to University College, London. Later on he went back to Latymer for an old chaps' party of some kind and Wilkinson approached him and said “Ah Davis, you went to Queens' didn't you?” “No” said Mike, “I went to UC London.” “Of course” said the Old Man and moved on to more important people.

Mrs Davis bought me a post-card of Jesus – the usual shot of the Chimney and front gate. Inside, the College looked different to the way it does now. There was a line of railings with revolving spikes on top across the open ends of First Court and Pump Court, and North Court did not exist; instead there was an old Tutor's House, like East House, converted to student rooms – it was Q staircase. There was no student bar and in its place was a suite of baths – the biggest baths I have ever seen. At the open end of Chapel Court there was another line of railings with revolving spikes and all the outside ground floor windows had bars on them. This made the College inaccessible at night, except to the very agile, unless entered by the main gate in First Court. The passage (Cow Lane) from Cloister Court to Pump Court was closed at the Pump Court end – and that is why, I was told, the cow got stuck in it. Mr Seeley kept the Buttery Shop in Cow Lane, just opposite G staircase, where he sold bread, milk, and other edible stuff. The stairs up to Hall were from just inside Pump Court. At the top you turned right for Small Hall and left for Hall. The whole structure, including Small Hall, is long gone. The access from that side is now closed off by the wall and stained-glass window between Caff servery and Hall. Two Fellows' sets occupied the space where Upper Hall is now. The horse wasn't there and the Quincentenary Library and the rest of Library Court did not exist. The main working library was at the top of A staircase. It took up the whole of the second floor of that block and part of the first floor. (There were no stairs on B, just a couple of ground-floor sets.) This was the War Memorial Library and had been built soon after the Second World War following a fire – set off, I believe, by an undergraduate who went to sleep with a cigarette on.

I spent the autumn in the third-year sixth form, working towards the Scholarship Exam in December. And then, after the end of Cambridge Full Term, we trooped up to stay in undergraduate rooms in the College of our first choice to take the papers and attend a couple of interviews. Basil Jervis was with me at Jesus. He had been Captain of School, Football, Cricket, and maybe one or two other things. He was given a place by the College, postponed for two years as he had then to do his National Service. I was terrified of joining the Army and managed to avoid it by staying in full-time education until National Service was abolished. The College interviews were pleasant affairs. One was with the Senior Tutor, Robbie Jennings, and the other with the Latymer Old Boy, Leopold Alexander Pars. We students referred to him as Leo, but I discovered that the Fellows called him Alan. Pars always invited the Latymer boys round for tea before the interview and was, as always, a charming host. After tea he handed round a cigarette box. “Do you smoke?” he asked. At that



John Hudson

time I regarded a free smoke as the height of luxury and immediately took one. “Filthy habit, filthy habit” boomed Pars, which rather took the edge off the pleasure.

The exams were, I think, in the Small Examination Hall on the New Museums Site, or some similarly gloomy venue. We were directed by an invigilator – a short man in a gown standing on the stage – and at the end we were supposed to take our scripts up to the front. I forgot and was wandering out when I heard the cry “That gentleman there!” I had never been referred to as a gentleman in my whole life and knew that the invigilator wasn't referring to me. Eventually his penetrating voice got through to my thick skull and I realised I was a gentleman and that I was also an idiot. One of the papers was a translation paper with two passages, one easy and one not so easy, in each of several languages. I translated the two French passages as planned and found I had half an hour left. So I thought I would show off and do the easy passage in Latin. In order to get in to Cambridge, you had to have an O-level (or equivalent) in either Latin or Greek and, about eighteen months before, I had got a distinction in Latin (thanks to excellent training from “Kipper” Grimsey back at Latymer). However, I discovered I couldn't even get started on the Latin passage. I reckon I must have forgotten Latin translation faster than any other single thing in my life.

Soon after Christmas, the letter arrived telling me I had won a Minor Scholarship to Jesus. This was worth the same as it is today, but an equal amount would be deducted from my State Scholarship when I came up. Now I had nine months to occupy myself before I went to Jesus.

John Hudson

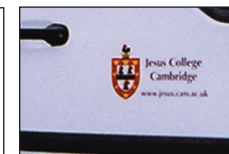
Emeritus Fellow &
Reader in the Department of Applied
Mathematics and Theoretical Physics

@jesus

A brand new
College van
p.2

INSIDE
IT Skills
Programme

Mary's Memoirs
p.3



Once upon a
time ...
p.4

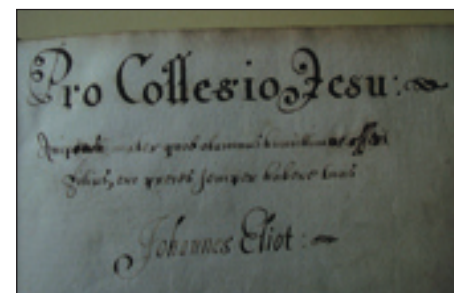
PLUS
much more ...

Commemorating John Eliot

- an exhibition and a tree -

The exhibition currently on display in the Creswick Room of the Quincentenary Library is entitled: John Eliot, “Apostle to the Indians” of New England. You may be forgiven for not having heard his name before, as he seems to be well known only in the places he was directly associated with: Widford, Hertfordshire, his birthplace; Nazeing, Essex, where his family were living when he came up to Jesus College; Little Bad-dow, near Chelmsford, where he helped in a school run by the leading Puritan cleric Thomas Hooker; and Roxbury, Massachusetts, U.S.A., where he settled after emigrating in 1631.

Eliot's greatest claim to fame lies in the fact that he translated the whole of the Bible into Algonquin, the language of the indigenous population encountered by New England colonists. This was the work of many years, from 1646, when



he began to learn the language with the help of a native servant who spoke good English, to the publication of the complete translated Bible (“Up-Biblum



Pupils from Roxbury Latin School, Massachusetts, USA

God”) in 1663. In the Old Library here we have one of the few surviving copies of that volume, inscribed in Eliot's own hand as a gift to his former College.

In the meantime, he produced other writings and translations, designed for educational use amongst the “Indians” with the ultimate aim of training preachers and teachers to serve their own community. Eliot was unusual in the unwavering strength of his belief that native people should be treated as equal to the English settlers and enjoy the same benefits, including paid work, houses and settlements, churches and schools.

He was closely involved with the founding of Roxbury Latin School, which still exists today and claims to be the oldest school (in continuous operation) in America. Some pupils from the school visited us in March, and were present at the planting of a tree commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of Eliot's birth. A North American species – a golden birch, *Betula Alleghaniensis* – was chosen for this purpose. It is sited near North Court, replacing the recently felled maple.

Frances Willmoth
College Archivist

EDITORIAL

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

A New College Van

Unlike mama and her bag I hope that no one is going to groove the College van all night long! Earlier this year the College took delivery of a new Ford van. It is leased from Marshall Leasing over a five year period and it has helped to make the College independent of its suppliers. For many years College staff, maintenance, housekeeping, gardeners and the Manciple's office have had to depend upon suppliers to deliver materials and goods and to remove unwanted items. Although delivery charges are relatively small, we calculated that over a year the economies of having our own vehicle were cost effective; and this has proven to be true.



All departments report improvements in efficiency and performance because of the flexibility they now have. The maintenance staff on call out have use of it over night, thereby enabling them to carry tools and materials with them. This means that they are better able to respond to emergencies, particularly in external houses and New Square properties.

We have introduced a strict code of usage and it even has its own health and safety policy. The photograph shows the Domestic Bursar receiving the keys from John Crack of Marshall Leasing

Martin Collins
Domestic Bursar

The Cambridge Dancing Scene

Cambridge offers many opportunities for learning new skills, having fun and socialising. The hobby I follow that combines all three is dancing. I've been doing it for about 2 years and fell into it by accident. My best friend has always been a huge fan of dancing and at her wedding reception she insisted there should be plenty of ballroom dancing. I didn't have a clue how to do anything, so I took some lessons and haven't looked back since.

The dancing scene in Cambridge covers many sorts, from ballroom to ballet, from folk to hip-hop. It's easy for anyone to get involved in, particularly ballroom. You don't need a partner, as there are often lots of willing people at the classes! The local group is the Cambridge Dancers' Club (CDC), which is open to anyone, undergraduates, post-graduates, Fellows and people who wander in off the street. They teach beginners up to advanced, so it's easy to find the level you're capable of.

There are four basic dances, split into modern and latin. The two modern dances are Waltz and Quickstep, the two latin dances are Jive and the Cha Cha. It's easy to fit these dances to many recent pieces of music, particularly the latin. Once you've mastered these, you can move on to the more advanced dances, like Viennese Waltz, Foxtrot, Paso Doble and Tango.



Terrie (second from right) performs at the ADC Theatre

Be warned though: the saying goes that it can take twenty years to master the Foxtrot.

There's been a recent revival in interest in ballroom dancing following the showing of Strictly Come Dancing on BBC1. Two of the CDC's teachers are taking part in the programme: Erin, who is dancing with Martin Offiah, and Anton, who is dancing with Lesley Garret. Watch to see the people you could learn from.

If partner dancing isn't for you, there are plenty of alternatives. Another dance group I'm involved with is the Cambridge University Contemporary Dance Workshop. (CUCDW). They teach several forms of dance, including hip-hop, African fusion and modern contemporary. They also have one show a year. I had the opportunity to take part in the most recent one at the ADC, which involved music from the Matrix, scary hair and lots of running around!

Terrie McCann
Development Office

Progress Reviews - The Low Down

In the good old days - when I was a student, that is - no one seemed to care very much about how we managed our lives. If someone had said to me that I should perhaps go to a few lectures and do a bit more work, I would have been most surprised, and would probably have followed the advice.

Nowadays, we are supposed to do what we can to ensure that students fulfill their potential: personal development, and all that sort of stuff.

One way we manage this is by the system of Progress Reviews: each first year student is interviewed by a Tutorial Adviser and each second year student is interviewed by the Senior Tutor (me). Final year students meet the Master, though the agenda is slightly different.

In my interviews, we discuss work patterns

and ways of working effectively. I also collect, and in many cases act on, feedback on supervisors, lectures and directors of studies and investigate whether College is providing what the students need. It is supposed to be a to be a friendly and constructive interaction, and I think it usually is.

'Are these new-fangled methods worth the effort?', I hear you ask. It is true that 160 interviews take a lot of time, but from my point of view it is time well spent.

I enjoy meeting the students who are (mostly) delightful. I learn interesting things about the College (and about my colleagues too!). And I believe that the students respond positively when we take an interest in them - as I would have done all those years ago.

Stephen Siklos
Senior Tutor

Mary's Memoirs

I began work in the old College Office on Q staircase in North House in early September 1954 and retired (early, due to conflict with and pressure of trying to handle computers etc.) on 31st October 1994 (I think - I know my last job was to take my successor, Cheryl [Green], round to my friends at the Registry and hand in the exam. entries). This building was similar to East House, and I understand they once were houses for Fellows or Tutors - originally they must have been quite grand, with heavy doors and tooled brass door-plates, lots of fireplaces, and "roses" in the centre of the high ceilings. Q was demolished - with some difficulty, as they were well-built houses - in 1964 to make way for the less elegant "new" building facing Park Street and the stream.

I was always good at English and composition and had just begun lessons in typing and shorthand; the latter particularly I took to, and I still use both. I was quite interested in a clerical post, and my mother thought that a job at a college would be a good steady thing to have. I remember Dr Brittain and Mr Jennings (as he was then) interviewing me, so the long association and friendship with Dr and Mrs Brittain began then, and I also still keep in touch with the Jennings.

The various offices were separated out in the College, but ours was quite handy for the mail to and from the Porter's Lodge. We could see a lovely old dark-leaved beech tree outside our office window. It would sometimes get quite damp in the building and mosquitoes were not uncommon in the summer. Sometimes we could hear (hockey?) matches on

a pitch by Park Street, and if the wind was in the right direction on Ascension Day we could hear the choir on St John's Tower, and even see them occasionally. In the "Orchard" I think there were air-raid shelters, later used for other things, but I never went down there. There were some Fellows' rooms nearby. The one I remember best was Professor [Leslie] Martin downstairs and his wife, Sadie (he was a famous architect, later 'Sir', and recently died - see the Cambridge Evening News of 1st and 2nd August, 2000, and the Town Crier of 3 August, 2000). Upstairs was the Nurse's Department and other rooms, and downstairs the "usual facilities", which packed up in the big freeze of 1962 and we had to trek over to A staircase!

We were downstairs, next to the Organ Scholar's set, so we always knew the Organ Scholars very well and could hear them playing the piano or sometimes teaching the choir boys, and one job I liked (later one of those taken over by the Organ Scholars) was to do the weekly hymns and readings sheets, and also the service booklets for the various special services, such as Advent, but more often the Carols - very nerve-racking, as you had to think which double-page went on the back of which double-page! ...

Mr Lenoir was the [Tutor's] Chief Clerk, a very quiet, serious man, but very kind, and there was one other lady there - the ladies changed every so often, some older, some younger. It was quieter over there, and I was trained slowly and steadily and learned (and at my shorthand/typing classes) to check and double-check things and make them look nice and not send anything out until it was as right as you could get it. We had less machines, or simple ones; we typed all the bills and wrote them in big books and they had to

balance - we spent days looking for 10 shillings once! Some machines got more modern, and eventually you could do the bills on one that added them up! We had glass partitions between our offices, and wooden cupboards with spaces for typewriters - I think some of our cupboards and counters are in the A/Cs office, when you come in the door (although someone said maybe they came from the old kitchen office). Very useful, and also big cupboards to put things in, then through some swing doors a stationery room, so you didn't have to keep going to different places or floors for files or stationery, like we did in East House. I had not used a telephone before I went to work, and we did not have one at home until the '70s, so that was and still is a source of some nervousness. ...

We had one other member - not exactly on our staff, but a frequent visitor - a black cat (can't remember his name) who was supposed to work at keeping mice out of the kitchens but spent a lot of his time in our office, and when it was cold Mr Lenoir put a little blue velvet typewriter-mat in front of the gas fire in his office and the cat would sit on that, and many a time I used to sit typing with the cat on my lap, and he was quite indignant when I had to get up and answer the hatch! He must have disgraced himself in some way in the flower beds or garden, because he had only to hear the old Head Gardener's voice and he would try to hide. We lost touch with him when we moved in 1964.

Mary Rayner
Retired

Anyone who would like to read the complete document is welcome to do so - contact the Archivist.

Did you know...?

There's an inscription scratched on a door at the bottom of the stairs that go up to the Cranmer Room. It says 'TER PULSANTI NEMO RESPONDET ABITO' which means 'on knocking three times if no-one replies go away'.

This is a quotation from Act IV (scene ix) of Abraham Fraunce's Cambridge play, 'Victoria', (1583), and from the style of the lettering was probably carved by a happy play-goer at around that time.

Masters of Jesus College (1497-present)

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Chubbes	Eccleston
Alcock	Capon
Reston	Pierpoint
Fuller	Redman
Gascoyne	Lakin
Ithell	Bell
Duport	Andrewes
Beale	Sterne
Young	Worthington
Pearson	Beaumont
Boldero	Gower
Saywell	Ashton
Yonge	Caryl
Beadon	Pearce
French	Corrie
Morgan	Gray
Duckworth	Tillyard
Page	Cottrell
Renfrew	Crichton
Mair	