

WYE

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of
The Wye College Agricola Club*



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Wye College Agricola Club

Agricola Club Secretariat, Cumberland House, Church Street,
Wye, Ashford, Kent, TN25 5BJ, United Kingdom

Tel: 01233 813884

Email: contact@wyeagricolaclub.org.uk

Journal Editor

John Walters

Tel: 01233 812 823

Email: akermans38@yahoo.co.uk

Production Editor

Marie Selwood

With help from

Francis Huntington

Sian Phelps

Jane Reynolds

wyeagricolaclub.org.uk

Contacts

UK	<p>All queries (excluding membership): John Walters Tel: +44 (0)1233 812823 Email: akermans38@yahoo.co.uk</p> <p>Membership queries: Francis Huntington, Agricola Club Secretariat, Cumberland House, Church Street, Wye, Ashford, Kent TN25 5BJ Tel: +44 (0)1233 813884 Email: contact@wyeagricolaclub.org.uk</p>
OVERSEAS	<p>Do get in touch with your named contact</p>
Australia	<p>Matthew Coleman, Parklands, 265 Thwaites Road, Yannathan, Victoria 3981 Email: matthew.coleman@ilc.gov.au</p> <p>Peter Darby, Box 308, Lyndoch, Barossa Valley, SA 5351 Email: petegaildarby@bigpond.com</p> <p>Helen Day, PO Box 193 Kapunda SA 5373 Email: thday@bigpond.com</p>
Botswana	<p>Motshwari Obopile. Dept. of Agricultural Research, Pb 0033, Gaborone</p>
France	<p>Tom Hickman, La Chambre Blanche, Lezele en Plouye, Huelgoat, Bretagne 29690</p>
Kenya	<p>James Hutchings, P O Box 1877 Naivasha Email: james@dogrock.net</p>
Malawi	<p>Stephen Carr, Private Bag 4, Zomba Email: scarr@sdpn.org.mw</p>
New Zealand	<p>John Varcoe, 154 Charles Road, Karaka, RD1 Papakura, 2580 Auckland Email: johnv@everythingdesign.co.nz</p>
Nigeria	<p>Christopher Akujuobi, Afribank Nigeria plc, N Chia Branch, 33 Hospital Road PMB 2002, Nchia-Eleone</p>
Southern Africa	<p>David Gooday, Lima Farm, PO Box 1288 Mbabane, H100 Swaziland Email: davidmalcolmgooday@gmail.com</p>
Uganda	<p>John Magnay, 17 Akii Bua Road, Nakasero, P O Box 32041, Kampala Email: johnmagnay@gmail.com</p>
USA	<p>Adrian Wadley, 1750 27th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94122 - 4210 Email: wadley@gmail.com</p>

Editorial	1	A laconic lifetime odyssey	
President's message	3	<i>Nick Boustead</i>	77
Secretary's report	5	From Sainsbury's meat counter to	
The future of the Club	8	Malvinas bean counter	
All change on the campus	10	<i>Ian Cox</i>	81
Wye College Regeneration Action Group	11	Career Reflections 50 years on	
The College chapel	13	<i>Mike Walker</i>	85
Wye College Treasures – portraits		A life well-travelled	
Charlie Hayward	14	<i>Sue and Joe Johnston</i>	87
2018 Reunion Dinner	15	Traveller, teacher, jewellery designer,	
Attendees at the 2018 Reunion		landlady, author	
Dinner, Kempe Centre, Wye	19	<i>Angela Buck</i>	90
2018 Reunion Dinner in pictures	20	Reminiscences of a small country	
News of members	25	college, and what came after	
Letters and emails	33	Tim Threadgold	92
Obituaries		A wasted education?	
Alison Burrell	37	<i>Rosemary Atkins</i>	94
Timothy 'Tim' E Josling	40	Random Recollections from a	
Hugh Christopher Harries	42	travelling life	
John Earnest Massey	44	<i>Ridley Nelson</i>	100
Hugh Synge	46	From chrysanthemums to golf greens	
Patience 'Pay' Rosemary Grant	48	<i>Eric Davies</i>	103
Lives remembered		Features	
Derek Cuddeford	49	The 1960 Morocco expedition	
Dorothy Coulter	52	<i>David Gooday</i>	106
Mike Hirst	54	Erosion control in semi-arid Australia	
Ralte 'Kappa' Kapthuama	60	<i>Rob Savory</i>	114
John S Nix	62	Damson wine and cider and the WCWC	
Bernard Pevensey Tuppen 1909–12	66	<i>Bernard Sparkes</i>	117
Minutes of the 2018 AGM	68	Brexit's impact on the social	
Agenda for 2019 AGM	71	contributions made by agriculture	
Life after Wye		<i>Berkeley Hill</i>	120
Have I gone bananas?		The Venezuelan exodus continues apace	
<i>Roger Crudge</i>	72	<i>Hugo O Ramirez Guerrero</i>	124
		The Wye College fine metalware and its	
		links to formal dining and 'Oxbridge'	
		aspirations	
		<i>Michael Payne</i>	128

When gardening reached new heights <i>Angela Buck</i>	133	News Please	239
An enjoyable Dad's Army National Service <i>David Bennett</i>	138	Application for Membership	241
Thomas Edward Colcutt (architect): his enduring legacy at Imperial and Wye College <i>Michael Payne</i>	141	Change of address or email	243
Wye Rustics' Cricket Tour 2018		Wye Heritage application	245
Dickon Turner	143	Committee Members	inside back cover
Books			
<i>Thisbe</i> by Richard Brown	147		
<i>Ulendo: Claude's African Journey into War and Passion</i> by Malcolm Alexander	149		
<i>Garden Practices and their Science</i> by Professor Geoff Dixon	149		
Celebrate your farm or estate in a book – Tim Relf	150		
<i>Increasing Production from the Land: A Sourcebook on Agriculture for Teachers and Students in East Africa</i> by Andrew Coulson, Antony Ellman and Emmanuel Mbiha	152		
<i>My Fortunate Life</i> by Dr Gerry Flack	154		
Agricola Club Memorial Fund	155		
Agricola Club Accounts	159		
Agricola Club Memorial Fund Accounts	162		
Wye College Agricola Club Privacy Policy	165		
Club Members' Lists	171		
Lists of Agricola Club Members			
Email addresses	173		
Overseas members	210		
'Lost' members	223		
Reply slips			
Agricola Reunion 2019	237		

Chairman/Editor's report

John Walters (undergrad and postgrad 1964–70) Club Chairman and Journal Editor

After my somewhat gloomy reflections on the future of the Journal last year (well, my production editor Gill Bond had just stepped down and our database controller Vinny McClean had also decided to leave us!), I now find myself in a much more positive frame of mind. We have hired an ex-Wye College (in fact, the last) librarian, Sian Phelps, to take over the database and related administrative duties and a new lady, Marie Selwood, who lives near Whitstable, getting stuck into the production side of things. Marie has previous experience in publishing, albeit involving legal text, and she has a very sharp editing pencil as a result of possessing an BA in Latin and MA in English from Kent University, along with her experience of editing!

Thank you to both Gill and Vinny. You helped us tremendously to raise and maintain the high standard of our publication to what it is today. And grateful thanks also to the other Club members who stepped forward to offer their services to help this beleaguered editor. On this occasion, it was my preference to link up with someone living close enough to Wye to make face-to-face contact when required, simple. But don't go too far away. We may still need you.

When I first got involved with the Journal, initially working with the then editor Jane Reynolds, we attempted to do the layout ourselves and then handed our rudimentary efforts to a marginally more expert individual at the printer we used at the time. Once they closed down, we moved to an in-house set up at the University of Kent, with only a modicum of success. The breakthrough was when Gill got involved and we decided to give Geerings in Ashford a try. Suddenly we were 'rocking



Journal Editor and Agricola Club Chairman, John Walters

and rolling' and the product really started to shine. And grow; in 10 years we went from a little over 100 editorial pages to over 200 currently. And while size is not the major criterion, this growth has been accompanied by much greater use of colour, more photos and far more attractive presentation. That's not just me talking, its genuine reader feedback

Thinking about my involvement with the Journal, I just totted up how long I have been editing this thing for. I started in 2001/2 having responded to a plea from the aforementioned Jane Reynolds that had appeared in her column in the Journal of the previous year. She was experiencing other demands on her time so put out the word; I responded by offering help and before I knew it I was editor.

This is now my 13th year in the role and I really do think it is time for some new blood; and time for me to get out of the house on these occasional sunny days when its near purgatory sitting at the computer when the great outdoors beckons (and time seems to be passing me by, rapidly). So here goes ... is there anybody out there who would like to take on the Journal? It's a voluntary role, traditionally, but I guess even that could be negotiated. I would be happy to assist in the first instance, but as long as you are computer and internet savvy, it's pretty straightforward. Interest and enthusiasm are nearly as important as technical skills. There is a significant time commitment required, but if you are reasonably well organised, you can fit most of the work into the longer, darker days of late autumn, winter and early spring.

Alumni of other similar agricultural universities(!) such as Newcastle, Cirencester

and Harper Adams, for example, are envious of our Journal and a little frustrated by their own college's efforts in the form of an electronic newsletter with its fairly limited content. I was very happy to see that our own survey looking at the future came up with support for the continued publication of an annual Journal. It means we can continue to serve up a tremendous mixed bag of human interest, human endeavour, human successes and observation on topical big issues, like ... you know what!

Fifty-five years ago, when I slogged down here to Wye from Macclesfield, Cheshire, on train, tube, bus and Shanks' pony, I could never have imagined that I would end up living here full-time, in a beautiful period house, penning words for my old College alumni. But I am and I love it! I just want a bit of my life back again to share with my very patient wife!

President's message

Professor David Leaver (postgraduate 1964–67 and staff)

A warm welcome to the 2019 Journal! It is a great pleasure to once again read about the achievements of former Wye College students. Sadly, we also hear of those with links to the College who are no longer with us, but their life stories provide us with a remarkable range of contributions in a diverse range of activities. Our chairman **John Walters** and his support team deserve great credit for the time and effort put into ensuring that once again we have such outstanding content in our Journal.

The changes that have taken place in all aspects of agricultural and horticultural production since I first came to Wye in the mid-1960s are massive, and, looking forward, I see this continuing possibly at an even greater rate of change. The industry has always been subject to the uncertainties of global supply and demand, to government policy and to the weather, but we are now going through a period of change with greater uncertainty than for many decades. The combination of Brexit, the resulting changes in future government policy, and increasing pressures on what we farm and how we farm make planning for the future extremely difficult.

Agriculture judged on economic grounds

The importance of crop and livestock production is often judged solely on economic grounds – namely, the small size of its contribution to GDP and the relatively small number of people involved in this work compared with other major industries – and its low rating is compounded by the substantial lobbying against the industry, especially on environmental and animal welfare grounds.



David Leaver, Agricola Club President

What is rarely discussed is that, if implemented, most of the proposals put forward by those with a negative view of the industry would result in lower levels of food production in this country. Currently, we are about 60% self-sufficient in food production; in this unstable world, it must be questioned as to whether we really want to place increasing dependence on the supply of food from abroad whilst at the same time ensuring it is produced to our standards of safety, quality, environmental control and animal welfare. While most economists will probably argue that self-sufficiency should not be a factor in policy-making, surely there is a level of self-sufficiency below which the risks from a further decline become too great?

Impact on climate change

For the livestock industry, there is even greater pressure, with increasing blame being attached to its impact on climate change. It is well

established that, as countries are developing, the consumption per head of animal products increases and that livestock systems, especially ruminant systems, do produce significant amounts of greenhouse gases (GHGs). So, there is a global issue about the role of livestock and climate change, but how do you prevent developing countries following the same path that the developed world has already trodden?

Ten years ago there were similar discussions taking place and I was asked by the Commercial Farmers Group to review the UK data from Defra regarding farm GHG production (report available at www.commercialfarmers.co.uk). In summary, this showed that the two main GHGs – methane and nitrous oxide – from UK agriculture together contribute 7% of total GHG emissions and the food chain, post-farmgate, contributes a further 11%. This illustrates how the 'gas output' from processing, transporting and retailing of agricultural products is significantly greater than for production.

This reminded me of the example given by Sir Colin Spedding in his book *An Introduction to Agricultural Systems* where he pointed out that it requires about five times the energy to produce milk energy than it takes to produce the same amount of food energy from wheat, indicating the inefficient production of animal versus plant products. However, he followed on to say that, due to the high energy cost associated with bread production from wheat, there is very little difference between milk and bread in support energy used at point of sale to the consumer.

Wye was ahead in environmental thinking

The above review of GHGs also showed that 'emissions of methane and nitrous oxide from

UK agriculture have been declining by 0.8 and 1.4% per year, respectively' and, whilst it is important for the industry to continue to reduce these emissions, the figures hardly justify the sizeable anti-livestock case being made on the grounds of climate change.

One can reflect that Wye College was aware of the importance of sustainability for decades before these topics came to the fore. Professors Gerry Wibberley, Bryn Green and many others helped to shape environmental thinking relating to the rural environment several decades ago. Similarly in agriculture, the College had an undergraduate degree of Agriculture and the Environment and a postgraduate degree in Sustainable Agriculture, over 25 years ago. These degrees helped to ensure that teaching and learning were covering the wider aspects of food production.

In spite of the challenging times that are impending, I remain confident about the abilities of UK agriculture and horticulture to cope and continue to evolve positively. We have exceptional young producers in the industry and the technological developments across all sectors are extremely exciting. We therefore await the outcome of the prolonged political navel-gazing to enable the industry to plan for the future and move forward with confidence.

Secretary's report

Francis Huntington (1961–63) – Honorary Club Secretary

My report, once again, contains some repeat information; I make no apology as it is important that this acts as a reminder about why we exist and what we do.

Club summer event 30 June 2019

Plans are well advanced for our summer event which is to take place in Wiltshire with **Alex and Fleur Swanton** (1995–98) as our generous hosts. The event will include lunch and a farm tour; their address is: **Manor Farm, South Newton, Near Wilton, Salisbury SP2 0QD.**

Alex and Fleur were at Wye from 1995 to 1998. Alex studied ABM and Fleur took Agriculture. The farm is in the Wylde Valley, near Wilton. Alex farms with his brother and cousin, as tenants of the Wilton Estate. The farm is mainly arable, including potatoes. They also offer horse livery, collect flints, which are sold on for flint blocks, and have a small plantation of Norway spruce to sell as Christmas trees. Fleur raises pure breed chickens, not on a massive scale, but she has over 25 variations of breeds of large fowls and bantams. At the same time they are also busy raising two children, Oscar and Matilda.

The booking form can be found in the green pages at the back of this Journal. This year we are particularly targeting those who graduated in 2009, 1999, 1998, 1989, 1979, 1969 and 1959 – or thereabouts.

Your Committee

We continue to endeavour to bring down the average age of your Committee. We are very aware that to keep the Club functioning, it is essential that the membership of the Committee has an infusion of new blood on a regular basis. Do be in touch with me if you



Francis Huntington, Agricola Club Secretary

would like to join the Committee or you know a member whom you would like to propose to ensure that the Club continues to function efficiently and with effective representation.

Club support for various ventures

In the recent past the Club has financially supported Wye Heritage's Exhibitions and has recently agreed to cover the fees of a part-time Wye Heritage administrator for a period of three years. This is a first significant step towards the two organisations working more closely by utilising the services of the same person as the Club's database administrator and Wye Heritage's administrator.

The trustees of the Memorial Fund are continuing to respond to requests for help and support where those requests meet the fund's objectives. See our treasurer's report, the Memorial Fund accounts and the details of grants published in this edition of the Journal.

Annual Journal

Your Committee has again reviewed the possibility of making the Journal an 'online-only' publication; the conclusion was that the print version will remain for the time being, but that this policy will be regularly reviewed. In the meantime you can certainly request not to receive the printed version of the Journal by writing to us.

You are reminded that you can access the online version via our website.

2019 is the alternate year when we only print the email list rather the full address list. We will again publish the names of 'lost' members together with their last known address. We are very dependent on members to put us in touch with those who have not updated their contact details – please scan the list and see if you can help us.

2018 AGM – Saturday 20th September 2019

This is the year when we hold the AGM immediately after the September Committee meeting. Please see the details elsewhere in this Journal.

The membership database and the GDPR

We have done our best to keep the database as accurate as possible. We do rely on members to check their own entries and let us know if any details are incorrect and to let us know when they change their email or postal addresses.

Please be aware that unless we are asked not to publish your details in the Journal, including your email address, your information will automatically appear. In order to conform with the new General Data Protection Regulation 2018 (GDPR), we are required to let you know that the Club holds your postal address and email address on a secure digital database for

the sole purpose of keeping you informed of Club news, activities and events, and to enable us to print your details in the Journal and mail it to you. We do not share any of the information with third parties and do not publish the address list in the 'online' version of the Journal.

New members

We know that there are a substantial number of Wye College and Imperial College at Wye graduates, postgraduates and staff who, for one reason or another, have not joined the Club. We will continue to make an effort to recruit those who have 'slipped through the net'. If you have friends, colleagues or contemporaries who are not members of the Club, do please encourage them to be in touch. If you email us we can send you, or them, the application form and bank mandate electronically, or of course a hard copy by mail.

Website and e-newsletter

If you have not looked before, do check out www.wyeagricolaclub.org.uk. The layout and content management system has been revised which will make it much easier for us to update the site and increase the range of material in the years ahead. We are very dependent on members' help to make the site interesting; please be in touch if you have material which we can add, eg photographs, documents or personal reminiscences.

As you will have realised, we are developing electronic communications via the website and the e-newsletter. However, in order to be able to proceed further, we do need to have your up-to-date email address. Please forward this to us if you have not already done so.

Annual membership fees

On a number of occasions in the past, your treasurer, secretary and our database administrator have tried to ensure that all

annual members pay the correct membership fee which currently stands at **£10 per annum**. Most members have promptly updated their bank mandates. Unfortunately, a few have not; your Committee has, therefore, reluctantly agreed that those in arrears will no longer receive the Journal. If you have contemporaries who are telling you that they no longer receive the Journal, the chances are that either we do not have their current postal address or, for annual members, we are not receiving the correct subscription – please encourage them to get up to date!

'Lost' members

Please check the 'Lost' list at the back of the Journal. If you know of the whereabouts of a contemporary it would be great if you could get in touch with that person or get in touch with us directly. If you notice that we have missed the death of a member, it would be a great assistance if you could let us know of that death, so that our database is kept up to date and an obituary penned, if appropriate. A number of members have been extremely helpful in spotting lost members and putting us in touch, so thank you.

Club merchandise and publications

I continue to hold all the stocks of Club merchandise and will be pleased to supply these by return – current prices inclusive of postage and packing are as follows:

- Ties: £18.00
- Bow ties: £22.50
- Millennium print of the College (unframed), special offer: £5.00
- *The Record*: £5.00
- *The College at Wye – A Historical Guide*: £8.00

Please make cheques payable to 'Wye College Agricola Club', or contact me about paying by

BACS. As usual I will also make sure that these items are on sale at Club events.

Our retiring database administrator

We are deeply indebted to our retiring database administrator – Vinny McClean. She has looked after our database for the last 18 years and her specialist knowledge has been invaluable. We have expressed our appreciation to her which I'm sure that you would wish to endorse.

Sian Phelps has taken over from Vinny – some of you will remember Sian when she was the College librarian.

Contact

Just in case you have not caught up with your Secretary's details from elsewhere in the Journal, you can contact me at:

Agricola Secretariat
Cumberland Court
Church Street
Wye TN25 5BJ
Telephone: 01233 813884
Email: contact@wyeagricolaclub.org.uk

Please check at the back of the Journal that we have your correct email address. We do urgently need this in order to improve the effectiveness of our communications – if yours is not listed or needs updating, please send details to: database@wyeagricolaclub.org.uk.

The future of the Club

Francis Huntington

Thank you very much for the excellent response to our members' survey. We have had some very positive feedback which will be incorporated into your Committee's forward planning. The following summarises the responses to the questions asked.

The questionnaire was emailed via Survey Monkey and invited our 1800 members whose emails we hold, to participate: 375 responded – just over 20%.

In addition, we had 25 paper responses (tear-out forms in the Journal) which I have inputted into the survey to give us the total of 400 responses.

I think that we can deduce from the above the following points:

- 1 a significant number of Club members are prepared to engage with the process of determining the future of the Club;
- 2 an electronic survey is an excellent way to consult the membership;
- 3 a tear-out form in the Journal is not an effective way to consult the membership; nevertheless, we do have an obligation to keep in contact with those members who have not shared their email addresses with us or do not have an internet connection.

Questions

Q1 – Journal

40% are happy with the present arrangement of a printed Journal annually and a further 40% would be happy if we only sent out hard copies to those who requested them. A further 10% would be ok to receive a Journal every other year, and a further 10% would be happy

for the Journal to be produced only in electronic form.

There were many comments, highlighting the high quality of the publication and sending messages of appreciation and thanks.

Q2 – Dinner

Over 60% were happy with the current arrangement of alternating the Wye dinner with a summer event.

Plenty of positive comments with an absence of any negatives. Some would like the summer event to be nearer to them!

Q3 – Wye Heritage

78% favoured an arrangement where the administrations of the Club and Wye Heritage worked together and 56% favoured Club funds being used to further the work of Wye Heritage.

There were a lot of comments of encouragement. I believe that the response can be considered to be a mandate from the Club members for the two organisations to collaborate both financially and practically.

Q4 – Age range of cohorts responding

Taking the 1960s and 1970s together, of the total members responding, over 50% were drawn from this 20-year period. Taking the 1980s and 1990s together, of those responding, over 30% were drawn from this 20-year period.

I believe that we should be encouraged that there are a significant number of Club members aged between 40 and 60 who wish to remain engaged with the Club. The challenge is to

recruit Club officers and Committee members in that age range. It seems to me that, if we take a 25-year view, it should be possible to sustain and perhaps enhance the Club's value to its surviving members over that period.

Q5 – Opportunity to add further comments

Of the respondents, 60 individuals wanted to add further comments to the survey.

My take on the comments can be summed up with the statement 'keep up the good work'.

Three comments would be particularly worth exploring further:

- 1 encouragement to consider the reinstatement of an annual Wye conference;*
- 2 support for students taking land-based courses (perhaps some members are*

unaware that the Memorial Fund is doing just that); and

- 3 the website urgently needs a revamp, with the content being regularly updated.*

In conclusion

This was a very worthwhile exercise. It is a good way to solicit members' opinions and is very cost effective; as with many surveys, asking the questions in the right way can always be improved upon. If and when we do it again, we have learnt some useful lessons.

All change on the campus

Francis Huntington (1961–63) – secretary of Wye Heritage and the Agricola Club and Wye village resident, on the latest redevelopment plans for the College and associated buildings.

Telereal Trillium (TT), as the new owner of the College campus, has embarked upon developing its Masterplan. This includes its detailed plans for the future of the College campus, referred to as Wye 3, plus a number of properties outside of the Wye 3 designation which it acquired at the same time.

TT has received planning permission to convert the medieval and Edwardian buildings to residential accommodation, subject to a substantial number of planning conditions which are currently being negotiated with Ashford Borough Council. This whole process is now being challenged by the Wye College Regeneration Action Group (WCRAG) which is threatening a judicial review.

It seems likely that both this group and the Parish Council will continue to challenge the redevelopment and the TT Wye 3 Masterplan which in their view does not accord with the Neighbourhood Plan, nor is it an appropriate

use of the historic buildings. In the meantime, the buildings remain empty and are clearly deteriorating.

In order to update Club members on TT's plans, I have set out the current 'state of play' for each part of the property that it owns, as far as is known.

1. Squires Hostel

Squires Hostel is located opposite the old Leppers shop in Olanteigh Road. TT has been granted planning permission to convert Squires to four individual cottages with associated parking.

2. Wolfson Student Hostel

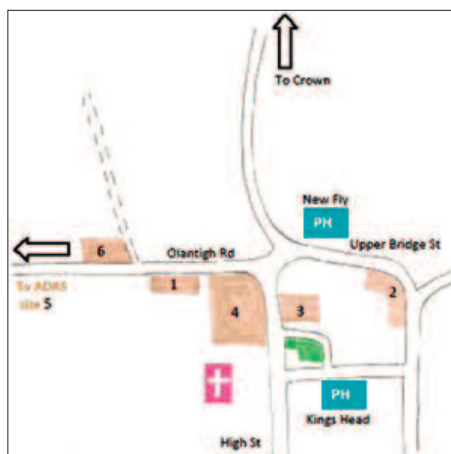
TT has now been granted planning permission to demolish this building and replace it with a terrace of six houses. Clearance and demolition have started.

3. Numbers 30–32 High Street, Wolfson Lecture Theatre and car park to the rear

TT has now received planning permission to demolish the Wolfson Lecture Theatre, refurbish numbers 30–32 High Street and add three houses to create a total of six dwellings.

4. ADAS Site

This site has become derelict and has been progressively vandalised. During 2017 TT's contractors cleared the site of asbestos, glass and other debris and have boarded up the remaining buildings to make them safe and secure. The conversion of the buildings from offices into approximately 50 flats has been prepared in outline and is being treated by the Borough Council as permitted development under central government regulations allowing



redundant offices to be converted to residential accommodation. TT would much prefer to build approximately 12 substantial houses on the site rather than attempt the conversion to flats. However, the Wye Neighbourhood Plan has established that this development would lie outside the concept of a 'walkable village', and it is unclear how this will be resolved.

5. Wye School

As previously reported, TT has leased the Kempe Centre site, including the old hop

garden, to Wye School, the new secondary school. Pupil numbers will shortly reach 600 with the second-year sixth form being created in September 2019; all the students are now accommodated in permanent buildings which include a very fine sports hall and assembly hall. The new Multi-Use Games Area is in use and planning permission has been granted for the use of the former hop garden as playing fields and parking.

Outside school hours community use of the sports and assembly halls is envisaged. A

Wye College Regeneration Action Group

Wye College Regeneration Action Group (WCRAAG) is an independent action group, set-up to act as guardian of the legacy of Wye, the University Village.

It has 14 core members, including local community representatives, life-time residents, College alumni and professional advisers in master planning, strategic development, conservation, trust formation, business management, and planning law.

WCRAAG's *raison d'être* is the regeneration of Wye College for the benefit of the local community, and particularly the Grade I and II listed buildings located at the heart of the village.

This is driven by the fact that the role and function of the college buildings are vitally important to community livelihoods, historic atmosphere, and legacy of Wye as a University Village.

WCRAAG does not seek to return Wye College to its original use as an agriculture/horticulture college. However, it is resistant to the conversion of the listed buildings to a private, residential development and will stand against any such planning decision.

The use of these buildings must be founded on the premise that they are for the community and wider public and therefore should form a hub for community activities, education, culture, local business, heritage centre and tourism, to benefit Wye, the surrounding villages and visitors,

WCRAAG is currently working on realistic and achievable proposals for the use of college buildings which will shortly be presented to the village community, Agricola Club and other interested parties.

These proposals are in synergy with the approved Wye Neighbourhood Plan and will revitalise the role of the College buildings at the heart of Wye.

number of successful events have already been held there, including our own Club dinner.

Other properties

We are also able to report a further change of ownership of the former College's other properties and land holdings, which were not sold to TT. Most of the previously tenanted farmland, farm buildings and the small amount of domestic housing is now being sold by Imperial College, having completely reversed its previously stated policy of retaining the freehold of its property holding in Wye. Recently, the sheep, pig and poultry units and beagle kennels, plus associated land, have all been sold and are at various stages of planning application/planning permission.

Sadly, following the withdrawal from Withersdane Hall by Promis Clinics, the buildings and gardens have been sold by Imperial College. We await the emergence of the new owner's plans for the site.

What we do know is that the new owner is a 'very active property developer' in this part of East Kent. I dread to think what will be built in the extensive land around Withersdane. - Ed

The next 12 months

For some, any additional development of Wye is to be resisted; however, for others, including the author of this report, the imaginative repurposing of the College campus will open up new opportunities and benefits for a vibrant village with a history of constant change.



*College visit to the Dagenham Ford tractor plant in the sixties sent in by **Peter Beadles** (1962–65). He is 6th from the right, not including the white-coated Ford man*

The College chapel

Thanks largely to the leadership of our honorary secretary, Francis Huntington (1961–64), the College chapel, in the manner of St Paul's in WW2, will remain unscathed and available to all despite the promised carnage all around. Read on for his short history of the building up to the present day.

Prior to 1892, when the South Eastern Agricultural College purchased the medieval buildings, it seems likely that this room, in the northwest corner of the Cloister Quadrangle, served as the Porter's Lodge, it being adjacent to the main entrance from the Churchyard.

During the initial alterations to create the College, the room became a men's lavatory; however, by 1914 when all the new buildings had been added, it had been converted to a botanical laboratory. It probably remained as such until 1946 when the new principal, Dunstan Skilbeck, had the inspirational idea of turning it into the college chapel.

A generous donation by the clerk to the governors, JW Kennard, enabled a fine, stained-glass window (right) to be installed, depicting Cardinal Kempe and King Henry VI. The pew ends were salvaged from Eastwell Church and portraits of St Gregory and St Martin, painted by Dunstan Skilbeck's father, were added.

Following the alterations, the new chapel was dedicated by the then Archbishop of Canterbury on 22 January 1950 and has been in continuous use ever since. The rector of the parish church was appointed as the College chaplain and the Student Christian Fellowship met in the chapel.

On the closure of the College in 2009, a small group from the parish church, under the leadership of Francis Huntington, petitioned Imperial College's rector not to strip the Chapel of its furniture but to grant regular access for monthly services of evening prayer on the third Sunday of the month, a practice which has continued for the past nine years.

Under Telereal Trillium's renovation and conversion plans for the College buildings, the Chapel remains, and one of the planning conditions is that access be maintained for regular acts of worship.



Wye College Treasures – portraits

Charlie Hayward

We currently have on loan from Imperial College London a series of photo portraits, all of which depict those who were elected Life Members of the College after their retirement. They are now on display in the Heritage Centre. One of the portraits is of the late Charlie Hayward – long-serving member of the College catering staff.

Back in 1986, the Wye Historical Society interviewed Charlie for 'Wye Local History': the following is an extract from that interview. We are indebted to the Society for its permission to reproduce this piece:

'I was born in 1909 at Withersdane Cottages and from 1920–'27 we lived at Silk's Farm. My father was a stockman and then a shepherd on the College Farm. He was a great thatcher of the corn ricks and I used to help him. At weekends and in the holidays I worked on the farm, rook scaring and that sort of thing.

During the First World War a Sunday afternoon treat was to go down to Wye aerodrome and watch the planes go up and down. A highlight of village life was the Gardener's Summer Show which was held on the village Cricket Field. I left school when I was fourteen and during the summer Henry Lee, the College Butler, said to me 'why don't you come down to the College?' In October 1924 I became the College Pantry Boy. I started at 6.30 in the morning and my first job was to get a good fire going in the refectory because the students used it for toasting their bread. I helped with breakfast and washed the silver and kept the pantry clean.

I became College Butler in 1933; the College was quite small then with only 120 students so you could get to know everyone pretty well. With the outbreak of



Charlie Hayward: Wye catering staff for 50 years until his retirement in 1974

war in 1939 I was called up and was in the Air Force for five and a half years. The College was taken over by the Land Army and then by the Army. At the end of the war I came back to my old job. The College developed rapidly with an increased intake including girl students. The Principal, Mr Skilbeck, 'put the College right on the map' because he was such a forceful character. He was the sort of boss that I like: he would tell you what he wanted and that was that – you jumped.

I retired in 1974 after fifty years working for the College. I had a silver beaker from the College and a gold watch from the Agricola Club. Mr Skilbeck gave a party for four of us who had reached fifty years – Bill Munt, George Martin, Bob Smith and myself. I was made a Life Member of the College and get invited to various functions. I also belong to the Agricola Club, as does my wife, Bessie.'

Those of us who were at the College in the 1950s and 1960s will have fond memories of a gentle, calm and courteous College servant during the period of formal dining and before the advent of self-service catering.

2018 Reunion Dinner

The village of Wye was buzzing once again on the weekend of September 29th when large numbers of Agricola members and their partners turned out for the Reunion Dinner and AGM in the Kempe Centre.

That was in the evening; it was preceded in the afternoon by tea/coffee and scones in the Latin School, giving members the opportunity to catch up on new news and old times, as well as to peruse the excellent storyboards, prepared by **John Peacock's** (1964–67) daughter, depicting details of the 1968 student expedition to the Gambia.

Pre-dinner bubbles were served up at around 6.45 in the foyer of the Kempe Centre and, as usual, conversation continued to flow like wine. For the first time, the dining tables were set up in the new lecture theatre which is equipped with a set of mobile bleacher seats that can be folded to the back of the room in one block to reveal a substantial floor area, ideal for our purposes. As usual, a small party of volunteers was on hand to do the setting-up and the breaking-down on the following morning.

The caterers, Chartwells, did a nice job offering a choice of lamb shank or sea bass for mains

and some tasty choices for appetisers. With some decent wines supplied on the tables and a well-stocked pay bar, the evening could be described a 'most convivial'. Thank you Jane Reynolds for organising it.

It's interesting to reflect on the demographic of the attendees. The ad for the dinner in the journal indicated that this year we were 'targeting' starting and graduating years with an '8' in them; thus, 1968 (50 years ago), for example. In the event, of the 120 or so attendees, there were over 70 from the 'swinging 60s', and within that a group of 15 or so celebrating 50 years since graduation. Not to be outdone, there were 16 who graduated 40 years ago (1978), and one who started in 1978 (Well done, Michael!). Then came a neat little group of eight who graduated a mere 30 years ago. But the prize for the best rally must go (there isn't a prize, unfortunately!) to the grads of 1998/99 – 17 in total!



Gathering before the 2018 Reunion Dinner. After dinner, Berkeley Hill kept us in tune on the piano whilst the rest attempted to sing our signature song 'Farmer's Boy'



The Wye sunshine shone on September's visiting alumni and partners



The evening could be described as 'most convivial'



The event attracted about 120 attendees: years ending in an '8' were targeted



The diminutive John Walters, Agricola Club Chairman, is dwarfed by a fine group of 80s graduates who promised to send him news of what they were now doing; which they kindly did.



Diners sit back and enjoy their after-dinner drinks



The morning after: the fabulous clean-up team put the hall to rights in the morning

Attendees at the 2018 Reunion Dinner, Kempe Centre, Wye

From the 1950s

Anne Carr
John Hosking
Ken Crundwell
Margo Crundwell
David Hart
Enid Hart

From the 1960s

Graham Milbourn
Louise Milbourn
Malcolm Alexander
Deirdre Alexander
Peter Gerrard
Francis Huntington
Lucy Huntington
Chris Duncan
Bridget Duncan
Richard Thorogood
Adrienne Thorogood
Geoff Goodson
Judy Goodson
Colin Myram
Gilly Myram
Richard Foss
Elizabeth Foss
Shirley Goldwin
Prof. Geoff Dixon
Kathy Dixon
Margaret Williams
Berkeley Hill
Hilarie Hill
Prof. David Leaver
Sally Leaver
Dr Gerald Flack
Prof. Paul Webster
Dr. Amanda Webster
Gill Bond
John Walters
Jane Walters
Chris Gibbs
Wendy Gibbs
Bruce Pallett
Suki Pallett

Robert Markillie
Sarah Markillie
Charles Adams
Marjorie Adams
Peter Aagard
Elaine Aagard
Nicholas Rubidge
Pamela Rubidge
John Hudson
Carol Hudson
Titch Beresford
Sari Beresford
Michael Slater
Susan Slater
Tom Cusack
Gil Cusack
Libby Scott
Sally Emmerson
Alan Rogers
Pam Rogers
Michael Lyth
Elsie Lyth
Richard Longhurst
Judy Longhurst
Geoff Holman
Fran Holman
Ferris Whidbourne
Margaret Whidbourne
Andy Turney
Wendy Turney
Punch Preston
Chris Major
Hilary Major

From the 1970s

Chris Reynolds
Jane Reynolds
Lindsay Hargreaves
Carolyn Hargreaves
Charles Spencer
Catherine Spencer
Arthur Hiskett
Morag Hiskett
Charlotte Gibb
Oliver Durling

John Wilson-Haffenden
Elizabeth Wilson-Haffenden
Edward Holloway
Diana Holloway
Hugh Robinson
Jane Robinson
Peter Mason
Lalla Mason
David Simmons
Rosemary Simmons
Michael Payne

From the 1980s

Robin Bentley
Sonja Bentley
William Gemmill
Monica Gemmill
William Grove-Smith
Joanna Grove-Smith
Mike Barker
Amanda Barker

From the 1990s

Joanna Brown
Christopher Brown
Jon Pye
Rachael Pye
Simon Bennett
Helen Bennett
Camilla Ewart
Louise Hart
Fleur Swanton
Alex Swanton
Will Green
Angus Padfield
Henry Murch
Matt Grindal
Brian Abrey
Jack Holland
Matthew Watts

2018 Reunion Dinner in pictures

See if you can spot yourself or your fellow students in our bonus pictorial feature!





Bruce Pallett (1964–68) sharing a smile with Wendy Gibbs, wife of Chris Gibbs (1963–66) who did not make the cut on this occasion



Sometimes the conversations got serious, possibly due to all the empty glasses in front of the guys!



Agricola Profs: Paul Webster, Treasurer, and David Leaver, President



A mid-60s revival: from the left: Sari Beresford, Richard 'Titch' Beresford, Susan Slater and Mike Slater in the foreground ... and some borrowed wine bottles for effect!



John Hudson (1964–67) and his wife Carole





News of members

Births, Marriages, deaths and general updates, obituaries and lives remembered

Deaths

Bernard Pevensey Tuppen (1909–12) died in 1917. See *'Lives remembered'* page 68.

Peter Newcome (1935–38). Peter and his wife Pamela were coffee-planters in Coorg, India. They later settled in Victoria, Australia, and were visited recently by **Sue Johnston** (1954–57) and her son. The Newcomes passed their farm on to their son George.

Tony Meredith (1949–52) died at the end of 2018. As his wife Mary informed us, he was a great gardener all his life. He started a glasshouse nursery and graduated to opening the first garden centre in the area which he ran for 25 years. Mary also had a degree in horticulture from Studeley College as an external student of London University. She was a demonstrator at Wye for a year.

Patience (Pay) Rosemary Grant (1949–52) died on 6 November 2018 after a short illness. See *'Obituaries'* page 48.

John Lionel Wheeler (1951–56) passed away on 12 November 2018. He had lived in Australia since 1957 and is survived by his wife Dorothy and his three children. He worked with CSIRO in agricultural research for 32 years and then, after further study, 20 years as a counsellor. Reported by their son Phil.

Ian Trewin Stratford (1954–58) died on 20 December 2018 aged 86.

Michael Robert Hall (1959–60) died on 31 January 2018.

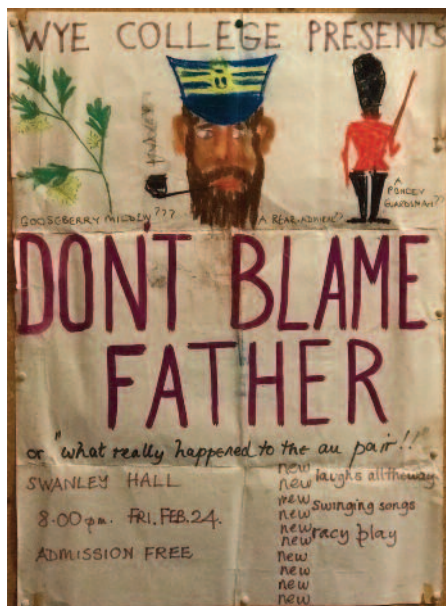
John Earnest Massey (1959–62) died on 13 October 2018. See *'Obituaries'* on page 44.

Professor Timothy 'Tim' E Josling (1960–63) died 27 November 2018 at the age of 78 in California. See *'Obituaries'* on page 40.

Michael Hugh Hirst (1963–66) died 3 November 2018. See *'Lives remembered'* on page 54.

Ralte 'Kappa' Kaptuama (postgrad 1965–68) died on 26 November 2018. See *'Lives remembered'* on page 60.

Tony A Moody (1966–67) died in Orange, NSW, Australia, on 3 January 2019 after a short illness, aged 75. Again, it was John Meadley who brought this to our attention. He wrote: 'My abiding memory of Tony at College was as the rear-admiral in the college production of *'Don't Blame Father'* for which he produced the poster.'



Hugh A H Syngé (1970–73) died 4 August 2018. See *'Obituaries'* page 46.

Graham Victor Cory Harding (1971–74) died on 30 December 2018 after a long illness.

Robert John Ashley Palmar (1969–72) died suddenly on 19 December 2018.

Alison Burrell (Wye staff 1977–91) died on 9 October 2018. See '*Obituaries*' page 37.

David Hodges (staff 1962–2000) David was zoologist who undertook his postdoctoral research at a specialist London hospital, St Paul's, and worked at the Harwell Atomic Energy Establishment during the period of his national service. He became a pacifist and was a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers). He joined the Poultry department at Wye in 1962 which led to him writing his magnum opus, *The Histology of the Fowl* (1974). He also worked on intensive poultry research which, coupled with his reading of Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring*, resulted in him developing severe concerns about the direction being taken by what he saw as industrialised agriculture. In 1973 he joined and soon became a key figure in the organic food movement through membership and then as a Council Member of the Soil Association. In the process he came to know Cdr Noel Findley, who since 1949 had farmed organically at Hastingleigh, in the hills above Wye. They even appeared in a televised debate together on organic farming with an agricultural officer from ADAS.

An extensive review of David's contribution to organic husbandry can be found in a paper by Philip Cosford Science, 'Organic husbandry and the work of Dr David Hodges' (2011) 59(2) *Agricultural History Reviews* 217–236.

Mike Alcock (1963–66) reported that Mrs Posy Stockman (née Montague-Scott) died on 19 May. Posy was well known among Wye students as she was for some years the College Farm secretary. A group of singles would meet every evening in the Wye Hill cafe and Posy was always one of them. There were also many fancy dress parties in the barn of her family home in Sandhurst and she was a great beagler.

News

1950s

David Bennett (1953–56) wrote:

Having had a very mild summer (only one swim and one kayaking), the autumn is coming on too fast, with the drizzle that characterises Albany winters already here. Never mind, it looks as though we will be in Europe from mid-September for about a month, though Wye is not on our list of visits.

Attached is the latest version of 'National Service' to edit or discard at your leisure (see page 138). The only Wye event to report is that we entertained **Joy Larkcom-Pollard** (Wye 1954–57) for a few days in January on her way to see her grandchildren in Sydney.

Dick Grimshaw (1957–61) wrote:

The latest Club Journal is really excellent, and I very much enjoyed reading it. I was sorry to learn of the deaths of John Duckworth and Peter Agnew, both whom I knew well and respected. It was also good to learn of the latest plans for the College buildings. I am inclined to think that the proposed uses are for the best. My first room at Wye was in the corner of the Cloister Quad, with its wonderful wisteria.

For the past 20-odd years of retirement I have been promoting 'The Vetiver System' for various environmental applications (see: www.vetiver.org); it has been an interesting journey – I will try and write something about it for next year's Journal.

Lewis Wallis (1957–60) wrote:

I very much enjoyed my visit to Wye on 29 September, but sad to see the lack of any real progress in putting the assets that constituted Wye College to any meaningful use. I was, however, very favourably impressed by the activities put on by the Church of St Gregory and St Martin at Wye under Reverend Holi.

Their hog roast appeared to be going well and popular. I enjoyed 'The Refugee Tales' as I am involved with 'Refugees as Rebuilders'.

Two years ago I toured Somaliland to witness the environmental degradation taking place and was responsible for bringing about the visit to UK of the Swaziland Minister for the Environment. A series of short courses in agriculture/conservation, agriculture/wildlife conservation, respect for environment, etc aimed at the 'Pilgrims' – refugees/migrants – passing through Wye could make their long journeys to Europe more rewarding than languishing in a detention cell awaiting decisions.

Tim Threadgold (1954–57) wrote:

I did mean to write a year ago to comment on two articles but never got round to it. Another Journal article this year on Wards of Egham has galvanised me into action. The 2016/17 articles were 'A combined adventure' (page 68) and 'A lifetime of tractors – and hearing loss' (page 76). Certainly, **David Hosford** (1949–52) has a very good memory of his vacation work for A J Ward & Son.

In 1956 Wards notified the College that they wanted two combining gangs in the Staines area. **Dave Bennett** (1953–56) was the go-between. **Martin Hay** (1954–57) and I took up the challenge, on 13 August, of towing the caravan behind the combine. The terms were £6.15/0 per week, plus pro rata for Saturday afternoon and Sunday, should weather make it possible to work, plus 1/- an acre bonus per man. It was stipulated that our working day was to be arranged so that the machine did not stop at mealtimes. This was to mean that we separately worked for seven hours per day as both men were to grease up in the morning and be on duty when the machine was moving. Memories are a bit vague now but, being very much a market-gardening area at that time, there was a plentiful supply of veg and salads

for our culinary efforts. At one farm we worked on, the owner's son had deliberately dislodged a 135ft high-voltage pylon, leaving it listing at a 15% angle, in protest at inadequate compensation for its construction a year earlier. He was subsequently restrained from causing further damage or obstructing the Central Electricity Authority staff by a High Court injunction.

The previous summer vacation, I worked hop-picking on the late **Tim Calcutt's** (1953–57) family farm in East Sussex along with John Daleymount (1954–57), **John Colyer** (1954–57) and the late **Ian Stratford** (1953–57). My only real memory, apart from the hard work loading hop vines onto hangers for transport to the stripping machine, was the last day when we started early, worked through to 3 o'clock without lunch and then became paralytic celebrating with scrumpy cider.

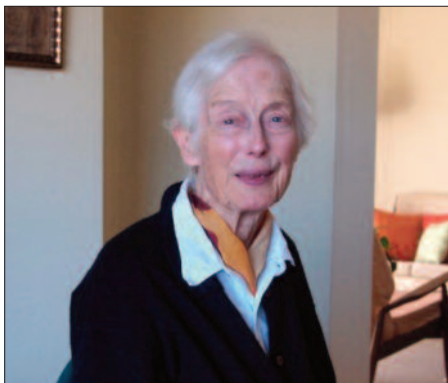
Dave Bennett recounted his experience from tractors causing hearing loss: 'During my pre-College farm experience, I used a TVO Massey Ferguson which was difficult to start but lovely to be able to drive standing up and just to step off the back. Most of the time I drove a 2-stroke diesel Field Marshall.' David was fortunate to avoid the continual thump-thump of that machine.

J W Alexander (1958–61) wrote:

I am much in agreement with **John McInerney's** article on page 128, which prompted me to return to my old copy of C S Orwin's *History of English Farming*. Have the lessons of the twentieth century been forgotten? How large a population can the UK sustain and feed? Questions no politician seems to want to think about seriously!

Olive Aburrow (1950–53, née Hall):

– just reporting in. Sadly, I am now virtually housebound.



Pauline Grace Mills (née Briault, 1951–54) died in September 2017

Correction

In last year's Journal, we carried a notice relating to the death of **Pauline Mills** (née **Briault**, 1951–54) sent in by her husband Gordon. We also published a photograph of the two of them alongside the text but, due to a slight misunderstanding, it was not the preferred picture. By way of an apology, above is the one that Gordon wished to be published.

1960s

Corrections

Mike Walker (1966–69) has pointed out that the photo on page 113 of last year's Journal, supposedly of the 1965 squash team, is in fact the 1966/67 team and that the person seated front left is not David Wyatt, but himself, Mike Walker!

Thanks for that Mike. You should know! ... So should!! I too was part of that team but failed to notice the errors! – Ed.

Mike adds: 'I still enjoy a weekly game of squash with my youngest son, but at 72, it can't last much longer and I can't think of a way to handicap him more! Since 1969 I have played squash with a group of close friends including **Peter Johnson** (1965–68) – what fun we have had!' *More from Mike in the 'Life After Wye' section.*

Regarding the late, **Tom Wright**'s details. One eagle-eyed reader noticed that some of the dates mentioned in Tom Wright's 'Obituary' (Wye, Vol XVIII, page 57) needed correcting. He was a student from 1949 to 1952 and on the staff from 1968 to 1990.

Still going swimmingly!

After his stunning performance in the French Masters Swimming Championship as reported in last year's Journal, Prof **Paul Webster** (Wye 1964–2005) managed a gold medal, a silver and a bronze in various events in Sheffield in 2018. He beat a long-time rival in one of the races – much to his rival's disgust! 'The times were encouraging, the pacemaker seems to be working!' he reported.

John Walters (1964–70) wrote:

August last year was our 50th wedding anniversary and as part of the celebrations we spent a week with our children and their families in a rented farmhouse near Carcassonne, France. On the way home we stopped in Avignon which gave us chance to meet up for the evening and the following morning with **Chris** and **Wendy Gibbs** (1963–66) who travelled over from their home in Villars in the Vaucluse region of France. We have seen quite a lot of **Bruce** and **Sukie Pallett** (1964–68) and at the end of April spent a couple of nights in their Malvern home whilst we all joined **Andrew** and **Angela** (née **Dobson**) **Simpson** (1965–68) for their golden wedding anniversary celebrations in the garden of their home near Evesham in Worcestershire

Ian Baldwin (1966–69) wrote:

I had a visit to our home, near Sacramento, California, last October from a Wye' footy mate', Dr **Tom Cusack** (same vintage) and his lovely wife Gil. That's her on the right in the photo. Next up is both of us in the epic, all

conquering (not really!) 1967–68 Wye 'footy' team. Tom is seated second from left, me seated second from right. Happy days, 50 years apart. Keep up the great work, the Journal gets better and better!

Mike Boddington, MBE
(1967–72 and staff) wrote:

As your sole representative in the Lao People's Democratic Republic, it was just wonderful to receive a visit from **Alan Rogers** (postgrad 1967–69, staff 1969–closure) and **Pam** (1966–69). They stayed for four days (November 2018) – a period during which the entire atmosphere of this small corner of Laos was completely overtaken with Wye-coloured memories and reminiscences: it was like a cloud that descended and enveloped the place. The number of members whose names found currency was legion, both extant and, sadly, expired. With these advancing years, the numbers in the latter category is rapidly increasing. No apologies for the scorched ears. Thank you, Wye College, and thank you Alan and Pam, for the memories. 1967–72 was perhaps the most vital and formative period of my life.



The 1967/68 Wye 'footy' team



Dr Tom Cusack and his wife Gil on a visit to Ian Baldwin's home in California



Alan and Pam Rogers, either side of Mike and his wife Xoukiet, during their recent visit to Laos



Mike Boddington receiving his MBE from Quinton Quayle, British Ambassador to Thailand and Laos. It was presented in 2010 for services to the victims of unexploded ordnance in Laos



The Hickman abode on the Isle of Lewis (above) and a sample of Tom's work(below)

1970s

Steve Le Feuvre (1976–79) wrote:

In June 2018 at the world conference held in Ohio, USA, I was elected as President of the World Jersey Cattle Bureau (WJCB), which is the umbrella organisation for the Jersey breed around the world. I fought an election and won (2:1) against a prominent Jersey cattle breeder from the USA. My term of office runs until 2021 when our next world conference takes place in Australia.

As you may know, I was brought up in Kenya, studied Ag Econ at Wye, farmed in Jersey (where I still live) for six years, then changed career to become an intellectual property lawyer. Retained a passion for farming and particularly dairying and the Jersey cow, have served as President of the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society for six years, Hon Treasurer for eight years, and prior to my election as President of the WJCB, was its Hon Treasurer for 13 years. This year the WJCB is holding its annual council meetings

and tour in Rwanda and Kenya, so I'll be going 'back home' as head of the Jersey breed which has a tremendous future in Africa. I am currently involved in Jersey cattle projects in both Rwanda and Malawi, funded by the Jersey Overseas Aid Commission, and still keep my links with dairying in Kenya and have judged at their national show on three occasions over the past 20 years.

Tom Hickman (1972–75) wrote:

Although I still reside part-time in France at the address in Brittany, I now consider my house on the isle of Lewis as my main residence, having last summer completed the



building of my studio. My art work is diverse, encompassing portraiture, still life, landscapes and coastal wilderness in oils, and being influenced by the Newlyn and St Ives School. I also work with shells and feathers, and more recently have produced fine needlework with the wool yarn used in the fabrication of Harris Tweed. See www.tomhickman.org.uk.

Nick Boustead (1976–77) wrote:

I was only at Wye for a year doing **John Nix's** FBA postgrad course so I don't have the three-year benefit most students have. Most postgrads didn't seem to join Agricola Club. My alma mater was three years at Seale-Hayne in Devon. However, I see a few occasionally, like Robin Hobson who has worked for Lawrence Gould for 40 years and so on. Shall I send in a brief auto-biog? I did enjoy a couple of years Wye Rustics tours with Julian Nicholson in '70s and '80s. See page 75 for Nick's 'Life After Wye' piece.

Stephen Humphreys (1978–81) wrote:

The work in Niger is going well, thanks. I am on a Sahelian agricultural resilience project, working with small-scale farmers to help improve production in cowpeas, poultry, and small ruminants. We also cover Burkina Faso. They are both very poor countries with a lot to be done on helping improve agricultural production, so we are busy, and there are many challenges, including security threats and intense heat. I live in Niamey with my wife Marion. We are two of only about 10 Brits in the country – I am not sure if there are any other Wye alumni here. I will gladly write an article if you would like.

Since the postal service in Niger is very unreliable, I would prefer if you could use my UK address for any correspondence and for sending the Journal, in case I forgot to send it to you, it is: Flat 3, Thornbury Court, 36–38

Chepstow Villas, London W11 2RE. I hope to be back in the UK in September, and would like to attend the dinner if I can. *Unfortunately for you Stephen, this year's get-together is at the end of June in Wiltshire – Ed.*

1980s

Will Gemmill (1985–88) wrote the following about himself and his colleagues:

After leaving Wye I worked for Velcourt as a Farm Manager, then joined Strutt & Parker in 1994 and am now National Head of Farming based at Cambridge. I'm married to Monica and we have three children, Megan, 22, working in the Mars graduate-training scheme, Olivia, 20, currently studying Bio Medical Sciences at Newcastle, and Angus, 16. I still work with three Wye College people in Strutt & Parker. They are **Simon Butcher** (1971–74) based in the Farming Department at our Salisbury office, **Mark Woods** (1984–87) in the agricultural team at Newbury and **Guy Robinson** (1980–83) who is National Head of Agency based in London.

Robin Bentley (1985–88) is currently working for Corveta which is an amalgamation of Dow and DuPont based at Cambridge. Robin is married to Sonia and they have three children, Daniel at Nottingham Trent University, Imogen and Heidi.

Will Grove-Smith (1985–88) is a turkey farmer based near Braintree in Essex. He is married to Jo and they have three children, Tom, James and Kate.

Finally, **Mike Barker** (1985–88) and **Amanda (née Ash) Barker** (1985–88) are farming in Kent. Amanda took over the farm from her father and they grow and produce dried flowers and hops for local pubs and markets further afield. They also grow the usual combinable crops. They have four children, Matthew, Charlie, Harry and Billy.

As a group we keep in touch with many of our Wye College era and my two old housemates of the Wye days, **Alan Granger** (1985–88) is married to Gail and is Chief Executive of Ragley Hall in Warwickshire. They have two children, Lucinda and JJ; **Chris ('Zippy') Broad** (1985–88), having qualified as an accountant with Deloitte, emigrated to Australia. He is married to Christine and is living in north Sydney with their three children.

John Walters writes:

Julian Shaw (1986–89) made contact a few years ago and explained that he was now living in South Africa and was, in fact, the head professional at a lovely golf course on the South Coast at Hermanus (which for many people is the whale-watching capital of the country) about 120km going east from Cape Town. I took advantage of this contact and went to see him and play the course in February this year during a return visit to South Africa by Jane and I. She and I played the most enjoyable of courses and then met up with Julian during his busy teaching schedule (it was their summer after all). What struck me about Julian was 'Here is a man who followed his dream and his instincts.' At junior level, he played golf in his native Zimbabwe and reached junior champion status.

Then he came to Wye – which he loved – and was lined up to start a career in big business. But instead, he followed his heart and his



John Walters meets with Julian Shaw on Hermanus golf course in January 2019 (John looks terrified!)

instincts and became a golf pro. And, not surprisingly, he is very comfortable with that decision and seems very comfortable with his life on the course and with his family living in Hermanus.

Letters and emails

Reflections on the 2018 Reunion Dinner and weekend and plenty of feedback on last year's Journal

Dick Grimshaw (1957–61) wrote:

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Lewis Wallis (1957–60) wrote:

I very much enjoyed my visit to Wye on 29 September, but sad to see the lack of any real progress in putting the assets that constituted Wye College, to any meaningful use. I was, however, very favourably impressed by the activities put on by the Church of St Gregory and St Martin at Wye under Reverend Holi.

Their hog roast appeared to be going well and popular. I enjoyed 'The Refugee Tales' as I am involved with 'Refugees as Rebuilders'. Two years ago I toured Somaliland to witness the environmental degradation taking place, and was responsible for bringing about the visit to UK of the Swaziland Minister for the Environment.

A series of short courses in agriculture/conservation agriculture/wildlife conservation, respect for environment, etc. aimed at the 'Pilgrims' – refugees/migrants – passing through Wye could make their long journeys

to Europe more rewarding than languishing in a detention cell awaiting decisions.

John Peacock (1964–67) wrote:

Well, as you might have gathered, having seen my email about an address that needed changing, I had read your latest masterpiece *to the end*.

Just to say I again that I thoroughly enjoyed reading the many diverse articles. Every year I'm reminded of the wealth of talent that Wye produced over the many years.

Clearly, the short-sighted decision of Imperial College to close Wye is going to be an immense loss to agricultural and horticultural development and science the world over. I continue to lament this decision as I'm sure all members of the Agricola Club do.

John, congratulations again to you and your team for getting so many interesting stories and messages across, and I look forward to reading next year's edition.

From David Bennett (1953–56) to Peter Cooper (1964–67):

Hello Peter – Congratulations on your article in the latest version of Wye, which arrived a short time ago. You will be glad to know that, among the very excellent articles, it has won the 'David Bennett award for the best article in the Journal for this year'.

Judy Rossiter (née Brown 1962–66) wrote:

Hi John – Firstly, many congratulations on another excellent Journal which finally arrived! I won't ask you about the delay, but I am sure it was a hassle for you so enough said.

I have recently had a little tour around the West Country and managed to catch up with a few alumni en route. **Brian Megilley** (1960–63) was one, and I have already passed on his details to you, and he was pleased to receive a Journal for the first time, having graduated before me! His memory for all those years ago was excellent, much better than mine.

I also met up with Sally Whittal-Williams (née Fletcher); she married Pete W-W who was a very colourful College character, a third year in my *first* first-year (yes, I did do two first years!). He died five years ago and I think she really enjoyed going over old times with someone who knew them both at Wye. We exchanged memorial programmes for our respective, late husbands! This is what you do at this time of life!

I had a laugh about the Fresher's Ball ticket that you must have found in that box of photographs I have lent you! How on earth did you manage to put it in without any sort of editorial comment! Imagine that going out in this day and age for a comparable event! It makes you realise that 'women's lib' really has made some progress in the intervening years. I wonder if it has even occurred to any of your male readers to comment on it? I would hate to think that they still see it as perfectly acceptable! *There has not been a peep out of anyone! I just thought it looked like a bit of good, clean fun!* – Ed

To David Bennet from David Hosford (1949–52)

Dear David – Many thanks for your letter re: Wye journal article. It all seems a lifetime away as I am now 90, blind and old. I wrote the article some years ago and was persuaded by my nephew to send it to the Wye Journal. I was very interested to hear from you and to hear there has been a succession of students taking their vac jobs with A J Ward and Sons. In

between working in the London parks and being allocated our combines, we spent a night or two in A J Ward's yard. It was filled with literally dozens of redundant steam-rollers. My treasured memento is a beautiful brass horse unscrewed from a redundant roller.

It occurs to me that any skill required to drive a complicated agricultural machine is a myth, as we, and no doubt you and others, could be called competent combine drivers. It is true that we knocked a lamp post over in Staines High Street, but that seemed a mere detail.

With very best wishes, David Hosford (Ex-farmer)

Graham Milbourn (staff 1961–77) wrote:

Congratulations to you and your editorial team for the brilliant and probably best ever edition of the Agricola Club Journal in 2018. Not only is it a really professional production but the contributions epitomise the tremendous impact that Wye students have made over the years in worldwide agricultural development.

Francis Huntington (1961–64) wrote:

John – We have been away from Wye all week, returning yesterday evening. Wow! what an amazing Journal – for me absolutely the best ever, packed full of great stuff. I got up early this morning to catch up with mail, messages and emails – instead I have been immersed in the Journal for the last two hours!

I know that you had to have the contributions in the first place but thanks for producing a bumper edition which has a very special look and feel.

Stephen V Le Feuvre (1976–79) wrote:

Thank you for the sterling work that you and others do to keep the Agricola Club as vibrant as it is.

David Price (1950–53) wrote:

I have had, over the years, great pleasure from the club, especially in the years shortly after I graduated when I was on leave from West Africa.

Time passed, Wye changed beyond recognition, staff and many of my friends died. In my first year I shared a room with **Frank Tait** at Boughton Corner Farm. Frank died last Christmas – my last contact with Wye. So, with much regret, I decided to leave the Club. Please take my name off your list, *and* thank you and your colleagues for all work you have done and are doing.

Malcolm Alexander (1963–67) wrote:

Just to congratulate you on an excellent edition of the Wye Journal – and personally, I'm very happy with the current format. And thank you too, for including my article on WWI. Just working on final proofing of the book, which hopefully will be out by end October. *See page 149.*

Malcolm Marshall (1964–67) wrote:

Very many congratulations on a wonderful edition of the Journal. I always enjoy reading it, but this year you, Gill and the team have done a great job in collecting together such interesting articles, stirring memories and both making me laugh and also generating admiration of the achievements of contemporaries.

I am very sorry I cannot make the AGM and dinner, but it always seems to clash with some family event. This time my youngest daughter and family are visiting from Australia and we will be enjoying seeing our two grandsons. Please give my apologies.

I hope the day goes well and you manage to recruit some new blood on the Journal team.

Peter Johnson (1965–68) wrote:

Again many congrats on the latest Journal – absolutely terrific and much valued.

One who I see infrequently, but saw on Sunday, was **Richard Spilman** (1967–70) and his wife Sally. They live and farm in the Vale of York. He keeps in touch with his contemporaries and rang me on receipt of 'the tome' singing his delight.

I suspect if you tap him up he can contribute to next year; he has a good family farming tale to relate, three sons, two in the business after soldiering careers, and Spilman Summer Fruits (asparagus and strawberries), as well as wild flower turf.

Buster Humphrey (1948–51) wrote:

I have been reading the Journal for longer than most members and your latest effort 'tops' them all. Congratulations to you and your team for producing such a magnificent edition. With best regards to you and Jane.

Charles and Catherine Spencer (1975–78) wrote to Jane R:

Thank you so much for everything you and all those involved did to organise the Wye reunion 2018. Everything was brilliantly organised, thanks to what must have been a huge amount of hard work by you all.

It was fun having the opportunity to look at the Wye records in the Latin School, and enjoy the welcoming tea - before the excellent drinks reception in the new Wye School, and splendid dinner - with seating plan brilliantly arranged.

Many, many thanks to you and please would you pass on our thanks to everyone who helped to make it such a success, for everything you all did to make it happen.

Mick Slater (1965–68) wrote:

Once again many thanks indeed for organising a memorable bash in Wye. These events require a great deal of effort and I want you to know that I and my immediate chums greatly appreciate your work keeping the Agricola Club alive and kicking.

Geoff and Cathy Dixon (1962–68)

Dear Jane – Thank you for all your hard work in organising and managing such an excellent Reunion Dinner on Saturday evening. All was very much appreciated in the knowledge of just how much is involved in such enterprises.

Geoff and Judy Goodson (1961–64) wrote:

Thank you to all concerned in planning the wonderful reunion last Saturday. Judy and I thoroughly enjoyed the whole weekend.

... and finally, a message to all those attending the dinner in Wye last September that I forgot to read out!

Dear All, gathering at the Agricola Reunion – Sorry I cannot get down to see any of the old members that can make it. I am occupied as a 24-hour carer for Margaret. It would have been a great time to see the use that is being made of the area as we knew it.

Best wishes to all – I hope that you have a rewarding time!

Yours ever, *The Hairy Ainu* (also known as *John Allan* (1950–53))

Obituaries

Alison Burrell (Wye 1977–91)

Emeritus Professor Berkeley Hill marks the passing of one of agriculture's most eminent economists who became an authoritative and influential international scientist with keen analytical abilities and special gifts as a teacher and editor.

First published in the Journal of Agricultural Economics, January 2019.

Colleagues of Alison knew her as a highly professional economist, capable of holding her own in the most distinguished academic company. Theoretical rigour and intellectual honesty marked her approach. As a personality, she was intensely private but, for those who did not pry, Alison could reward them with glimpses that revealed her warm character, generosity of spirit and great loyalty.

Alison (Margaret) Burrell was born on 9 July 1943 in Sydney, Australia, and grew up in Cootamundra, a small town midway between Sydney and Melbourne. After attending secondary school as a boarder in Sydney, she studied at Sydney University, graduating with a BA in 1963, a degree that embraced philosophy and English, but not economics. Throughout her early life, music was important to her and her family. Alison started piano lessons when she was six years old and enjoyed singing and choral music during her secondary school years. She left Australia in 1963 to explore the world – this was a common rite of passage for young Australians following graduation. In 1964 and 1965 she lived in Italy and attended the University for Foreigners in Perugia.

Then from 1966 to 1970 she lived in Paris, gaining an *LèsL* (Paris) (*licence ès lettres* – equivalent to a BA) in 1970. Those first years in Europe enabled her to become fluent in



Alison Burrell: economist, linguist and musician

both Italian and French. During her time in Paris, Alison acted as secretary to Nadia Boulanger at her summer school in Fontainebleau. Mme Boulanger (1887–1979) was a world-famous music teacher, academic and conductor with whom many of the great performers and composers of the twentieth century studied (including such leading names as Daniel Barenboim, Philip Glass and John Elliot Gardiner). Mme Boulanger was famously demanding, but the best international students flocked to her. Alison told me she did not receive a salary but was given payment in kind in the form of music lessons. She became an excellent pianist.

This period in Paris also witnessed the student riots and civil unrest in 1968. Alison became curious about the underlying causes, which seemed to have a strong economic dimension. With typical directness she set to educating herself in the discipline and came to Queen Mary College (QMC), London, where she took a BSc (Econ) degree (first class) in 1973, immediately followed by an MSc (MathEcon & Econometrics) at the LSE in 1975. Alison taught at QMC before moving to Wye College in 1977 as a lecturer (later senior lecturer) in economics in the Agricultural Policy Unit

(headed by the late Professor Denis Britton). She turned up with a Toyota sports car, which greatly impressed the students, and many boxes of books, some of which remained in her study unopened for years, serving as useful seats for tutorials.

During her time at Wye, Alison taught a wide range of undergraduate and postgraduate courses, including shared teaching with me of basic economics to first-year students, many of whom were being exposed to a social science for the first time. Alison helped devise sets of multiple-choice questions that were in use for several years. The tedium of marking examination papers was relieved by her periodic recalculation of standard deviations of their results (others may have resorted to stiff drinks). During her period at Wye, Alison proved to have endless patience in explaining to students (and staff) concepts that they were finding difficult, but she could be sharply critical of shoddy thinking, mangled theory, or pretence. Her musical skills were also called upon, in particular playing piano in the band to accompany student stage shows (her performance in *Salad Days*, the musical by Julian Slade, was memorable); she took these activities seriously and demanded adequate rehearsal and good results. Lunchtimes for Alison were often spent doing multiple lengths of the Ashford municipal swimming pool – keeping fit and eating sparingly were important to her. But there was also an element of fun to which students responded warmly: Alison kept a photograph of a young Glenda Jackson on her office wall, claiming (with justification) more than a passing resemblance.

Colleagues learned not to cross the line of intrusion into her personal life. Merely expressing interest brought Alison's shutters down. When someone at Wye saw her wearing a wedding ring, she admitted to having just got married and agreed to celebratory drinks in a

local pub; everyone turned up, except Alison. But once confidence had been gained, Alison could be open, warm, communicative and supportive. Sadly, her husband died some years ago, and there were no children.

By 1990 Wye was becoming too constraining for Alison. She saw a solution in a secondment to Eurostat in Luxembourg, with which Wye had an established relationship. Being a rapid worker, she often completed the tasks given to her long before the conventional time for going home. It was during this period that Alison completed a PhD, awarded by London University in 1992.

Still on leave of absence from Wye, Alison accepted an invitation to join the Agricultural Policy Division of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) in Paris for a year. She never did return to Wye College and eventually resigned her senior lectureship there. At the OECD she coordinated and led (as a fine mentor to the younger staff) a project that eventually resulted in the publication in 1994 of an influential study, *Agricultural Policy Reform: New Approaches – The Role of Direct Income Payments*. After this initial posting Alison continued her relationship with the OECD as a consultant until a few years ago, writing and editing reports, and participating in workshops and meetings. She successfully brought her core values of applying rigour, logic, clarity and scientific method to working for an intergovernmental organisation in the politically sensitive area of agricultural policy. But she realised that policy reform takes time and patience, and countries need to be persuaded, even if it means only second or third-best policy solutions are adopted. Her fluid, elegant writing style was also highly valued; Alison always understood the importance of clear communication.

In 1993 Alison became an associate professor (Agricultural Economics & Policy) at Wageningen University, the Netherlands. There she made a long-term contribution to the profession of agricultural economists via her editorship of the *European Review of Agricultural Economists* (ERAE) (1995–2007), helping to make it one of the most influential journals in its area. Later (2011) Alison was elected a fellow of the European Association of Agricultural Economists (EAAE), in particular in recognition for her editorship of the ERAE. She taught many (young) researchers how to improve their papers and make them suitable for publication. Her fluency in languages (English, French, Italian and Spanish) was extremely valuable, being useful for her strong encouragement of dialogue and cooperation between agricultural economists across countries. While in the Netherlands she also learned Dutch, for use in her everyday life.

Alison accumulated a substantial list of publications, either as sole author or jointly; from 1985 there were some 30 articles in refereed journals, 17 books and chapters, and almost 60 monographs, reports and non-refereed papers, plus 12 book reviews. She worked in several areas, including market and trade economics, financial incentives, multifunctionality, animal disease economics (including BSE and its link to CJD in humans), and policy. However, dairy modelling was one of her main topics of research, her output contributing to EU decision-making on abolishing the EU milk quota system by 2015. In addition to doing thorough research, she could also clearly communicate the results to administrators and policy-makers.

In 2008 Alison left Wageningen and in 2009 became senior research fellow in the Agrilife Unit of the European Commission's JRC-IPTS in Seville, where her writing and

Professor Paul Webster provides a couple of recollections of Alison that might amuse ...

Alison was very good with students and sometimes surprised them with a wicked sense of humour. I remember on one occasion driving a minibus full of students on an Easter tour in Europe. We had arranged to stay the night in Brussels before visiting the EU Commission. Alison had arrived in the city earlier, and we had agreed to meet at around 9pm on a particular street so that she could guide us to our hotel safely – this was well before smartphones and satnavs.

Unbeknown to either of us, the agreed street was the centre of the well-frequented Brussels red-light district. You may picture the scene as I drove gingerly down the street, with the students with their eyes on stalks looking at the scene around them. Then Alison stepped out into the road and flagged us down. She climbed into the minibus and off we went to our hotel very relieved to have found her and that no harm had come to her. Needless to say, Alison carried the whole thing off with aplomb, saying that she supposed that the other folk on the street probably thought she had hit the jackpot that night, successfully flagging down a minibus full of eager-looking young men!

Also on that trip, I remember one of the students came up with a version of the old 'Knock knock, who's there?' joke in her honour in French: 'Frappe, frappe!', 'Qui va la?'; 'Alison'; 'Alison? Alison qui?'; 'Allez enfants de la patrie ...' and singing the rest of the Marseillaise.

communication skills were again highly valued. From 2010 she acted as an independent agricultural policy consultant.

Alison was good at maintaining long-term friendships. She still kept a house in Canterbury and was back in the Wye area in June 2017 to meet former colleagues. One interesting feature is that she equipped the houses or flats she acquired over her career with good grand pianos, and at one time was owner of several instruments scattered across Europe. Near the end of her life she returned to an early passion: composing music. Two weeks before she died peacefully at home in Sydney on Tuesday 9 October 2018, she had been present during a recording of her compositions in Adelaide.

Berkeley Hill (b.hill@imperial.ac.uk) with contributions from former colleagues at Wye College, OECD, Wageningen University and Alison's family.

Professor Timothy 'Tim' E Josling (Wye 1960–63)

He was an Internationally renowned agricultural economist, one of a line of graduates from the Gerald Wibberley 'school' who all went on to leave their mark.

Researched and written by Professor Allan Buckwell (1965–68), with input from Professor David Colman (1960–63) and Stefan Tangermann.

Tim Josling was the foremost internationally renowned European agricultural economist of the post-war period. He contributed to the discipline of economics, to the analysis of agricultural and agricultural trade policy and to the development of those policies globally.

Tim came from South London. He was not from a farm background, yet chose to read agriculture at Wye College starting in 1960. He played a full part in College life playing squash



Tim Josling: developer of the PSE system (courtesy FSI, Stanford)

for the College and organising and participating enthusiastically in the dramatic society. During this period, Wye produced a succession of graduates who were encouraged and helped by Gerald Wibberley to pursue postgraduate studies in agricultural economics in North-American universities. In 1963 six out of 45 graduates that year followed such a path. Tim Josling and Jim Bicknell went to Guelph, Steve Biggs and David Colman to Illinois, and Tim Mount to Oregon State. Although not especially well prepared at Wye at that time in economic theory, their intellectual curiosity and writing skills were welcomed and developed by the rigour of North-American postgraduate training. All subsequently made their mark, none more so than Tim.

Tim followed his Guelph Masters with a PhD in Agricultural Economics from Michigan State University. He then taught at the London School of Economics and University of Reading

before joining the Food Research Institute at Stanford University in 1978. After retirement he was a senior fellow at Stanford's Freeman Spogli Institute for International Studies.

Tim made outstanding contributions to a broad variety of themes in agricultural and trade economics. He excelled in creatively devising ways to apply basic economic principles to practical policy evaluation and formulation. One of his most enduring contributions was his development in the early 1970s of the concept of the Producer Subsidy Equivalent (PSE). This was a systematic methodology to enable a practical comparative assessment and quantification of the intensity of government support to agriculture across time and across countries with quite different systems of support to farmers. This was originally developed for the Food and Agriculture Organization and it was taken up in the OECD, and subsequently

extended to become the Producer Support Equivalent which is still in use today.

International trade in agricultural and food products was at the heart of Tim's interests. He made important contributions to the analysis of the treatment of agriculture in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and later the World Trade Organization, and his suggestions as to where the trade regime should go were highly appreciated by academics and negotiators. He excelled in analysing the technical details of trade and revelled in the complexities of everything from regional trade agreements, sanitary and phytosanitary measures, geographical indications, institutional arrangements, transparency provisions, climate change legislation to biofuel subsidies.

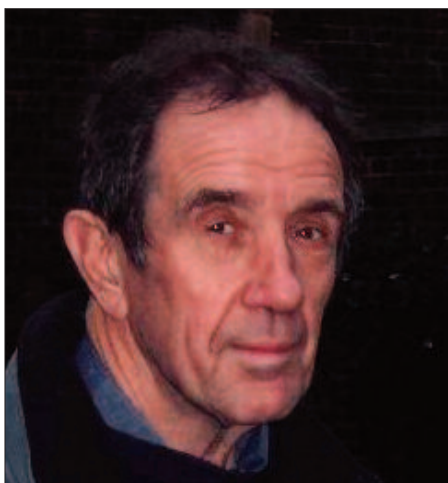
He is survived by his wife Anthea, his children Catherine and John and his two grandchildren. Tim had an encyclopaedic knowledge of facts



Wye College Squash team in the early sixties. Tim Josling is second from left, back row

and developments in the food and agricultural policy arena in global agriculture. He was a prolific writer, publishing, editing and contributing to academic journals, books, a large number of widely read and frequently cited monographs, conference papers, working papers

and newspaper articles. A full account of his work will appear in the UK *Journal of Agricultural Economics* following an unprecedented special session at the annual conference of the Agricultural Economics Society.



Hugh Christopher Harries: 'The Father of Coconut'

Hugh Christopher Harries (Wye 1959–62)

Christopher Harries, the son blessed with Hugh's curiosity and contrariness, captures the essence of the man in this moving eulogy. Meanwhile, condolences have been received from all over for the 'Father of the Coconut'.

Hugh Christopher Harries – Dad – was born in Beckenham on 21 April 1940 in the middle of World War II. The wartime spirit of 'make do and mend' left a deep impression on him. Throughout his life Dad was always coming up with cunning ways to make things better. Whether it was home-made Easter eggs for Martin and me – made with jelly and a syringe he had borrowed from work – or using roll-up cigarette papers as a mechanism to transport

coconut pollen, or just fiddling with computers around the house, Dad was never happier than when he was taking something apart and putting it back together.

Dad spent most of his youth in the county of Kent with only a brief excursion to South Wales as a child evacuee. Family legend has it that he went to primary school with Tom Jones. Unlike Tom, however, Dad was not drawn to the world of pop music and chose instead to study agriculture at Wye College. He graduated in 1962 and it was while he was working for the Glasshouse Crops Research Institute in Littlehampton that he met Mum (Jane) – the two of them drawn together by a mutual interest in musical comedy.

Dad and Mum got married the following year, on 19 February 1966, and Martin was born soon after. A year-and-a-half later the three of them set off from Southampton on a returning banana boat, arriving just in time for me to be born in Kingston, Jamaica.

Now, it is the misfortune of children to be told they are just like their parents in some way; their hair, their eyes, their smiles. Martin and I certainly resemble Mum in many ways. We also inherited very particular aspects of Dad's personality. Martin got his no-nonsense practicality – able to see immediately how to fix things and then get on with it. I got Dad's curiosity and contrariness – always taking the other side of an argument just to see where it leads.

For the next 10 years Dad worked for the Coconut Industry Board in Jamaica developing

new breeds of coconut that were both storm resistant and disease tolerant. Those were wonderful years for us, growing up as a family. It turns out that life in the tropics is just as idyllic as you might imagine (with only slightly fewer murders than *Death in Paradise* might suggest). It also proved a wonderful foundation for Dad's career as a tropical agriculturalist, culminating in his landmark publication on 'The evolution, dissemination and classification of *Cocos nucifera*'. Dad was justifiably proud of the article, and he spent the rest of his professional life championing the importance of the coconut palm to human history. We have been comforted in recent days to have received messages of condolence from his colleagues across the world. In their words, he was 'The Father of Coconut'.

Everything changed in 1978 when Dad accepted a new job in Thailand – still working on coconut but this time on behalf of the British government. Of course, Thailand is now a regular part of the tourist trail, but things were different in those days. The research station was not in the capital Bangkok or near any of the popular beach resorts but in a small village called Sawi halfway down the long Thai peninsula.

Martin and I were bundled off to Auntie Barbara's that summer while Mum and Dad took a crash course in Thai, and then it was off to boarding school in Dorset. The next five years were a great adventure for us boys – under the care of our Granny and Baba, and getting to spend two school holidays out of every three in the Far East.

After Thailand, Dad worked as chief agronomist for a big multinational on the even more remote island of New Britain in Papua New Guinea. And holidays for us boys became more exciting still: flying on tiny turboprop planes over vast jungles, learning to drive on dirt track roads, to windsurf and to scuba dive.



Jane and Hugh Harries and coconut trees

We had no idea at the time, but it turned out Dad didn't enjoy working for a faceless corporation, and so it was in 1988 that he brought Mum home.

Home by then was Weymouth and the two of them spent a couple of years here before Dad's next foreign assignment, working for the German development agency GTZ in Tanzania, first in the capital Dar-es-Salaam, later in the southern town of Mtwara.

I want to pause here and just acknowledge Mum's contribution to this great global adventure. I often reflect on how challenging life must have been for her. Every successful marriage is a partnership, with each side supporting the other. In Mum and Dad's case, for example, they both had to learn basic Thai and Swahili, but it was Mum who had to go down to the vegetable market to buy the food for supper. I know how much Dad treasured her. After all, this was the hopeless romantic who wrote to his wife on Valentine's Day: 'My love is like a cabbage, A cabbage cut in two. The leaves I give to others, the heart I give to you ...'

The final leg of the Hugh and Jane Harries 'Tour of the Tropics' was a posting to the Centre for Scientific Research of Yucatán, in the beautiful city of Mérida in Mexico – a mere 860 miles from Kingston, where it all started. It was 2002 and Linda and I were expecting Joseph. I will always remember our excitement when, in an

email exchange with Mum, she suggested that 'as Dad is getting close to retirement anyway, perhaps we could come back to London to look after the baby?' Of course, Dad had been a grandad for many years by then, but I have to say he took to his new duties with great vigour. I recall coming home from work to hear exciting tales of Joe and his grandad taking tram rides across South London.

It was four years later in 2006 that Dad was diagnosed with Parkinson's. I'd rather not say anything about that horrible disease. It has won its victory as it always does. I want instead to talk about how Dad not for one moment allowed Parkinson's to get the better of him. His characteristic contrariness and practicality conquering each new physical challenge. David and Tina captured it well in the card they sent Mum last week. They wrote: 'Our abiding memory of Hugh is from one of the last family parties when he helped clear up by going around popping balloons with a drawing pin stuck on the end of his walking stick. It epitomises the man he was – ingenious, helpful and with a keen sense of fun.'

Dad simply did not let Parkinson's define who he was. Throughout his life he had always been

Hugh's Wye College classmate **Eric Davies** (1959–62), emeritus professor, North Carolina State University, sent in a journal extract containing a resumé of his life entitled the 'Coconut Time Line'.

It explained that since 1978, when he wrote 'The evolution, dissemination and classification of *Coco nucifera*' in *Botanical Review* (vol 44, p 265), Hugh's goal was to illuminate the exceptional importance of the coconut palm since the earliest times. Not bad for a boy from Simon Langton Grammar school, Canterbury.

driven by a fierce determination (Mum would call it bloody-mindedness!), and he would not give ground without a fight. This was the man who, during his penultimate trip to Dorset County Hospital after yet another fall, was desperate to get out of bed and show the physiotherapists just what he could do on the parallel bars.

In the end, even that great determination was not enough to overcome the frailty. None of us expected things to develop the way they did: the swift, sudden decline followed by slow, endless days as he gradually slipped away from us. But even then – even in those last awful hours – Dad was still there and he was still determined. Listening to his beloved Radio 3. His face reacting as we talked about him and to him. And at the very end, with one eye open and firmly fixed on us. On his precious, beloved wife, who had stood by his side for the last 53 years. On his two boys, of whom he was so proud even though we are only a pale reflection of the man he had been. And on Matt, his grandson, there on behalf of all of the next generation of the Harries family.

Dad looked at us all. And as he passed from this world to the next, one small tear rolled down his cheek. It was a tear of love, of pride, of determination. It was a tear of memory for the life he had led and, I believe, a tear of joy for all the lives he had touched on his way.

Goodbye Dad.

John Earnest Massey (Wye 1959–62)

Provided by his eldest son, Edward Massey

Born near Leicester, John spent his early years in Grantham where his father was stationed with the RAF until being shot down and imprisoned in Germany where he was the senior British officer at the camp on which the acclaimed film *The Great Escape* was based. Despite the family having moved to North



John Earnest Massey: Wye College all-round student 1962

Devon, along with his brother David, John progressed his school years at Ampleforth College in North Yorkshire whilst his parents remained stationed overseas. In spite of its remoteness, he thrived there, both on and off the sports field, and found his rural flair, being elected chairman of the Young Farmers Club.

After completing the required pre-college practical year in Gloucestershire, John headed off to Wye College in 1959. Fellow students have since commented that John entered everything with great gusto, supported by the infamous red hair!

John grasped college life with both hands; he played rugby until injury and was a whipper-in for the college beagles, successfully graduating with his degree in 1962 and being awarded the Agricola Club Prize for all-round student contribution. Shortly thereafter, he secured the role as assistant manager on the College farm where he remained for two years. He gained the friendship and respect not just of those immediately concerned with

the farm but also of academics, particularly in the Agricultural Economics Department, local agricultural merchants, neighbouring farmers and the wider Wye community. The farm staff were soon accepting of his authority working alongside Phil Keen, partly for his ability and confidence, but also because he was never shy to roll up his sleeves and get stuck in himself.

Responsible for first Charolais trial

His discipline with maintaining the detailed farming physical records was recognised and subsequently rewarded by him being given responsibility for the country's first Charolais trial. With the approval of Professor Bill Holmes, he was promoted to farm manager in 1963 whilst Phil was away on a Nuffield Scholarship in the USA.

Personal recollections of those close to John refer to his dynamic, assertive, humorous and, from time to time, temporary impatience and bluntness, although he never harnessed blame or held grudges. John was task-orientated, always walking determinedly about at pace with Mandy his black Labrador being equally boisterous. He made his mark at Wye and is still remembered by older residents in the village who refer to his red hair, and was a favourite of Mrs Akerman, whose shop was opposite the College entrance, now the home of the Agricola Club chairman.

Leaving Wye in 1964, he secured a move to a large mixed farming estate at Gaddesden in Hertfordshire as farm manager. Shortly thereafter he married Eleanor and was blessed with four healthy children, Edward, Camilla, Simon and Ben. Leveraging the solid grounding he had learnt from his time at Wye, he set about transforming the mixed estate into one of the most well known and award-winning farms in the county, building one of the top 10 dairy herds in the country, diversifying from

traditional farming enterprises, with the BBC making a film about *Harvest at Gaddesden*.

He was awarded a Nuffield Scholarship in 1973, travelling widely throughout the UK as well as overseas to Australia, New Zealand, USA and Canada.

He was promoted to partner alongside the other Halsey family members and Gaddesden was awarded best large mixed farm in Hertfordshire in 1984. John remained an active member of many rural-based committees, including chairman of the 300 Cow Club. Forever mindful of the challenges facing the industry throughout the 1980s, John remained focused on diversifying the mix of farming enterprises, being one of the first farmers locally to open up to school visits; with a natural teaching flair, he progressed into running detailed residential training courses for agricultural financiers.

New career beckons

Following some structural changes at Gaddesden in 1988, John embarked upon a whole new career, launching Massey Agricultural Consulting, a huge leap of faith which proved defining; whilst initially UK-focused, it transitioned into an operation attractive enough for him to be invited to lead a Foreign Office agricultural project in Russia. He remained in Russia for a number of years, working on a series of World Bank-funded agricultural projects, either as project lead or as one of a number of specialists in different regions across Russia and Siberia whilst the family remained in the UK. One of the projects was presented to Prince Charles in person during his visit to St Petersburg in the early 1990s.

John's overseas work continued throughout the subsequent decade across a wide range of other projects, often away for many months at a time, with limited Western comforts, from Ukraine, Siberia, Iran, Czech Republic and

Hungary, before eventually returning to the UK in 1998 and retiring in the mid 2000s.

Having moved to Northamptonshire, John and Eleanor travelled extensively throughout the UK and expansively across Europe in their camper van named 'Myfanwe', often staying on local farms with the occasional grand tour, which always proved of interest. They both enjoyed visiting their 10 grandchildren from Scotland to Yorkshire, Berkshire to London. John's latter years remained plagued by poor health, but he was ably assisted by Eleanor forever at his side, until he sadly gave up his fight on 13 October 2018, surrounded by his family. He remains sorely missed by all that knew him, a larger than life character, who achieved so much.

Hugh Synge (Wye 1970–73)

Botanist and influential figure in the world of plant conservation

Originally appeared in The Daily Telegraph, 20 September 2018.

Hugh Synge, who has died of cancer aged 67, was a pioneering botanist, one of the first to create a global list of endangered plant species. He was also involved in the development of important plant conservation organisations. In 1995, with John Akeroyd, Synge established *Plant Talk*, a plant conservation magazine aimed not only at academics, but at amateurs who were not necessarily native English speakers.

Plant Talk was an exchange of information, opinions and ideas – not so much a scientific publication as a forum for the exchange of ideas among the worldwide community of professional and non-professional plant conservationists. An important feature was the '100 Plant Facts', a clear and concise introduction to the plant world which achieved more than a million page-views per year on the magazine's website.



Hugh Syngé: voted one of the 20 most influential British conservationists

While *Plant Talk* was greatly appreciated by the younger generation of conservationists, thanks to its popular approach it was not well-received by the academic establishment and it closed in 2006. When the Prince of Wales heard, he rang the magazine's backers, urging them to reconsider.

Arthur Hugh Millington Syngé was born on 4 August 1951 at Woking, Surrey, the elder son of Patrick Millington Syngé, editor of the journal of the Royal Horticultural Society, and Margaret (née Chenevix-Trench). One of his forebears was the playwright J M Syngé, author of *The Playboy of the Western World*.

He was educated at Rugby, which he did not enjoy, and when he left he burnt his schoolbooks.

In 1973, after graduating in horticulture from Wye College, he joined the Herbarium at Kew as a volunteer, supporting himself by working for three days a week at the Westminster tax office, while lodging in the bohemian house of John de Trafford.

Hugh helped Professor Grenville Lucas to compile 250 case histories of threatened plants for the seminal *Plant Red Data Book* (1978). Soon his work earned him a full-time place at Kew, and he remained there until

1990, when he established himself as a freelance consultant.

Syngé brought to all his projects an incisive mind and an impressive ability to convey complex concepts in readable prose. As one of the pioneers of plant conservation, he had a wide range of contacts. He drove himself hard and set exacting standards for collaborators, tempering determination with quiet charms.

Plant Talk alone would have assured his reputation, but few significant plant conservation publications or initiatives did not involve him as a key contributor or guiding influence. He was one of six founders of Plantlife, the UK's largest and most influential plant conservation NGO, launched in 1990. In 2007 he was awarded Plantlife's award for lifetime achievement in conservation, and was also voted one of the 20 most influential British conservationists by *BBC Wildlife Magazine*.

After *Plant Talk*, Syngé moved from London to a cottage in Wardour Valley in Wiltshire. He set up Soltrac, a company installing solar panels, and then sold the company and established the Nadder Community Energy project, which uses solar energy income to assist local community projects.

It was a project close to his heart, and he continued to preside over meetings during his illness, chairing his final meeting remotely by computer.

A keen gardener, he established a fine collection of native apple varieties, and specialised in growing lilies, a favourite flower that has also been a particular passion of his father.

Days before his death he was discussing the use of driverless GPS-controlled micro-tractors in farm management to reduce the environmental impact of heavy machinery.

Hugh is survived by a younger brother.

Patience 'Pay' Rosemary Grant (née Bisset, Wye, 1949–52)

A product of Roedean, daughter of a vice-admiral and one of the first females to attend the SEAC. Prepared by her son William.

Pay was born in 1929 at Farnham Royal in Buckinghamshire and was the fourth daughter of Vice Admiral Bisset, who fought in both the First and Second World Wars, and granddaughter of the longest serving governor of Nova Scotia. Rumour has it that her father had longed for a son, so needed patience when she appeared as his fourth daughter in a row!

She spent time in Malta and Canada during the war and then went to Roedean School before being one of the first females to study Agriculture at the South Eastern Agricultural College at Wye from 1949 to 1952. She was a fine sportswoman, playing lacrosse, tennis and athletics for the school and College. There she also took up beagling and played tennis at Junior Wimbledon



The 1950–51 tennis team: Pay is on the right in the front row



Pay, aged 70, on a Mongolian riding holiday in 1999

One of the best examples of her determination is how mum rode all the way from Windsor to Plynlimon in west Wales on horseback, via Oxford and Malvern High Streets and staying on farms, for a job interview; it took two weeks and cost 10

shillings – she got the job and was a shepherdess for one Captain Bennett-Evans from 1952 to 1958.

Mum met George Grant in 1958 and moved to Church Farm, near Salisbury, Wiltshire, in 1959, almost 60 years ago. She, along with George, brought up three sons, William, Tom and Joe, who now runs the 350-acre livestock hill farm.

Derek Cuddeford (1964–67)

Memories of an outdoor man provided by Wye friend John Walters, Edinburgh friend Michael Thrusfield and very special friend Meike, his wife.

Colleagues who knew **Derek Cuddeford** (1964–67) pretty well will have devoured his five-page long rumination on life during, and his 'Life after Wye' piece, that we published in the 2014/15 edition of *Wye* (Vol XVIII, No 5, p 52).

In summary, in his academic life he held the following degrees:

- BSc Hons Animal Science – Wye College, London University
- MSc Animal Nutrition – Aberdeen University
- PhD Mineral Metabolism in Sheep – Edinburgh University

Professionally, he was an honorary fellow, College of Medicine and Veterinary Medicine at the University of Edinburgh, and was formerly a lecturer, then senior lecturer, in the Department of Veterinary Clinical Sciences, Royal (Dick) School of Veterinary Studies: positions that he occupied for all of his professional career, from 1968 to 2007.

After completing his doctorate (which he undertook while lecturing at Edinburgh), he was intent on continuing his research interest in animal nutrition. But which way to go? Being quite a canny individual he was already well aware that ruminant and non-ruminant research were both highly competitive and not awash with funding.

What was apparent to him was that horse nutritional research represented a bit of a 'gap in the market', both from a funding point of view and from a sound scientific knowledge angle. So that was the direction he set for the rest of his academic career; that together with lecturing on animal nutrition generally to veterinary undergraduates, undergraduates at

Edinburgh University's School of Agriculture, and various postgraduate groups. His work culminated in a much sought-after book *Equine Nutrition* and numerous articles in the scientific literature and hundreds in the lay press, all with the aim of dispelling the many myths associated with horse-feeding and bringing good information to the horse-owning public. He was also a consultant to commercial feed companies, and to racehorse-owners in the United States and United Arab Emirates.

He is fondly remembered by colleagues at Edinburgh. He developed a clinical dimension to the teaching of animal nutrition (an aspect that had been neglected in teaching hitherto), whilst strengthening basic nutritional principles. A regular annual feature was his students' turkey nutritional trial, which conveniently terminated just before the Christmas holiday. A rare thing followed – a



Derek Cuddeford: expert in horse nutrition and lover of the great outdoors

free lunch! Edinburgh veterinary graduates regularly contacted him from general practice, requesting advice on nutritional problems (and admitting they should have paid more attention to his lectures!).

The outdoor life beckoned

But back to Wye College days. Derek was a great lover of the outdoor life. He wasn't really into ball sports, unlike many of his closer mates like the late **Ian Robinson**, **Ted Schofield**, **John Peacock** and myself; but he went crazy over field sports. He took up coursing on Romney Marsh, walked with the hounds, went horse-racing at Folkestone and Wye whenever he could; shooting also figured in his sporting portfolio, but the *pièce de résistance* was in 1966 when he 'inherited the horn' of the Wye College beagles in his new role as master of the hounds. Apart from taking him all over East Kent, it introduced him to a new and privileged way of life, which included the opportunity to hunt on horseback with the East Kent Fox Hounds, for free.

Like so many of us, Derek enjoyed a drink and nowhere more so than at the Timber Batts in Bodsham. But it was from there that, late one night, the car in which he was travelling as a passenger was involved in a rather nasty accident.

Derek received some serious and unpleasant facial and other superficial injuries that required a few weeks' recovery in Ashford Hospital.

However, as he wrote in an earlier article, he received a good insurance pay-out that enabled him to buy first a Ford Cortina GT, followed by a magnificent beast of a Daimler Dart SP250, and finally a Jaguar 3.4 automatic saloon. All these were very nice cars, but were merely par for the course at Wye where the car park was stuffed with classy marques like Marcos, Riley, Austin Healey, Bristol, Lotus and even my father's Saab (which was on loan to me), to name but a few.

Despite all his distractions, Derek was finally able to get down to some serious studying. He, like the late **Ian Robinson**, and **Charmian Stebbing** (now **Lewis-Jones**) and myself, signed up for an Agric Sciences (Animal Option) Hons degree course which, in our second year, involved us in journeys up to London for lectures at the Royal Veterinary College, Camden. This was because our physiology lecturer at Wye had met an untimely death due to an unfortunate set of circumstances.

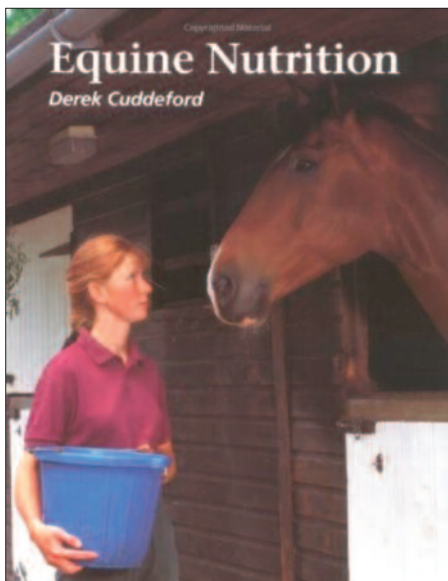
Travelling up to 'the smoke' was exciting for us, but at the same time, quite disruptive to the continuity of our studies. None of us came out the other end with startling degree grades, but, remarkably, the guys went on to complete PhDs and Charmian tagged on a veterinary degree to her list of achievements.

And so to Meika's tribute

So, time to go back to Derek's private life as it evolved when he was established in Edinburgh. Here, his wife Meike takes up the story in a very personal tribute that she delivered during a celebration of Derek's life in Saxony, Germany, close to where they had made their home. They moved there in 2009 from a house in Provence, where they had settled originally on his retirement from Edinburgh in 2007.

Welcome, dear family and friends! I'm very glad that so many of you, even from countries far away, have taken the time and trouble today to come here and remember Derek with us.

You might wonder about this location, the Hengstföhrer Mühle (in Lower Saxony, Germany). We are not in a church, but in a restaurant, generally a place to eat and drink and have a nice time. And that is exactly the reason why we are here today, because Derek loved this place. We came here many times, sometimes just the two of us on our bikes, sometimes with family



or friends. When we spoke about it a few days before Derek died, he suggested this place. He wanted us to eat and drink and have a nice time. Needless to say, how sad he was that he would not be part of it.

Now let me tell you about my life with Derek. My first impression of him was his soft voice, and the fact that he could make a huge auditorium laugh. That was in the year 2005 and he was giving a paper at a horse nutrition conference in Hanover (hosted by his good friend Prof Coenen), and I felt captivated straight away. A day later, we met again on a post-congress tour, visiting the castle of Hämelschenburg and a stud for Trakehner horses, and we got on so well, talking all the time, laughing, getting to know each other; even though we were amongst many other people, it felt to me like we were the only two people in the whole world.

Seven months later we got married in Scotland which had been Derek's home for many years. When I think about the time we spent there together, my memory is full

of happiness, walking along the Tweedside in silence or talking endlessly, exploring the beautiful countryside of the Scottish Borders and sitting by the fireside in the evening, enjoying a glass of wine and, mainly, each other's company.

A love of France

When Derek took early retirement in 2007, we decided to move to France, to a little village in Provence. His love for the South of France, for the sun, the wine and the beautiful countryside was obvious to everybody who had the pleasure to be with him during that time, and we had quite a few summer visitors; for example, his daughters Harriet and Emily, who came to visit regularly.

And yet, after a while, with only a 1000 square metres of ground and a swimming pool to look after, Derek started missing the physical work and was therefore very happy and excited when, in 2009, we found a thatched house in Northern Germany with about 3ha consisting of a wilderness mixture of woodland, ponds and grassland, and got settled. Also, the ongoing threat of the disease was hanging over us, and the high standards of medical care in Germany made him feel secure and as safe as he could be under the circumstances.

On our estate in Ihorst he found everything he had missed in France, and though we both missed the French way of life, he always claimed that one can't have everything, and that there is a time for everything. I can still see him sitting on his John Deere tractor, moving trees around or stones or crates of beer, working away happily in the garden or resting somewhere, enjoying the nature, a ray of sunshine, just being outside. He had this amazing ability to take a break and enjoy the moment. But I also remember many times when he got carried away: it was already getting dark, and I had to walk to the other end of the estate looking for him,

reminding him that it was time for his Margarita, G&T or Bloody Mary. Then he would come back to the house, full of fresh air and good ideas for dinner, as he had become quite passionate about cooking lately, hardly missed any cooking programmes on TV and liked to experiment with food, producing wonderful meals and sometimes, a chaos in the kitchen as well.

There were certain parts of his old (British) life he never gave up, like reading the *Sunday Times*, watching the Six Nations rugby and *Have I Got News for You*, having Yorkshire pudding with beef, mince pies at Christmas or hot toddies when he felt slightly under the weather. But he also adapted to some German habits and, even though he never really learnt the language,

he got on well with everybody. He appreciated to be part of a neighbourhood in which people care about each other, and he often said how much he felt at home in Northern Germany.

To me Derek was my best friend, the great love of my life and the kindest man I have ever met. I could never argue with him – even if I tried – and his favourite words in those situations were that life is too short for fighting. He was a gentleman in the truest sense of the word; he was forgiving, loving and trusting, with enormous courage and a wonderful sense of humour. Derek was determined to enjoy and make the best of his life, and I feel privileged because I was part of it. I'm going to miss him, forever, and he will always be a part of my life.'

Dorothy Coulter (1923–2018)

Many of our more recent graduates would not have been fortunate enough to have known this wonderful lady or, indeed, her father Ben Coulter. I am too young to have known Ben or to have had the pleasure of him carting me up from the station with my luggage in his horse-drawn landau carriage. But Dorothy I did know, for she was manageress of the stationery shop Geerings, opposite the college, for 40 years, which included my time as a student. – *Editor*

What follows is an extract from the eulogy presented at her memorial service in Wye Church by her friend and local resident Ed Cyster.

We are here today to celebrate the life of a remarkable lady. I am very fortunate to have known Dorothy all my life, and she was a great friend to me and many other people. It does in a way seem like the end of an era. She was probably one of the last people to have been born, educated and spent most of her life in the village.

She was born in a cottage on Church Street, which now makes up part of the Chinese restaurant. When she was three months old, the family moved to 80 Upper Bridge Street, where she would live for most of her life.

Dorothy was the youngest of five sisters and her father, Ben, was a local haulier. The Coulter family have been in the village for over 350 years and Dorothy was always proud of the fact that a Henry Coulter worked as a surveyor on the Wye Bridge in 1684.

Dorothy had a wonderful childhood, attending the Lady Joanna Thornhill School and then on to Ashford North Central. One of her teachers remarked that she had a bright and retentive mind, which she retained all of her life. She had many friends and used to play with the principal's daughter at the College, where they



Dorothy Coulter: a great lady with a unique character

would decorate the 'Ancient Briton' statues in fancy dress.

At the age of 15, Dorothy took her first paid weekend work at The Old Tea Room in Wye where she would do all the cooking and also serve the tables at the same time, with no help. Her first full-time job was working at the College, an institution with which she would have a lifelong link. She worked for Professor McQuinn who carried out research into contagious abortion in cattle.

This work started at the beginning of the war and after two years at Wye, the research was moved to Edinburgh University, and Dorothy moved with it. She was responsible for all the blood-testing and record-keeping. She lived just outside of Edinburgh and loved her time there. At weekends she would volunteer with friends to provide food and hot drinks for servicemen. By the end of the war, the research was completed and she returned to Wye.

Dorothy had a nature to explore and saw an advert in *The Lady* for a cook at a cafe in Stratford Upon Avon, called the Anne

Hathaway Tearoom. She applied and was invited up to cook for a week, alongside another cook who had also applied for the job. This was long before the Great British Bake-Off was even thought of.

Needless, to say Dorothy was much better than the older, more experienced applicant and won the job. She always told me that the time she spent in Stratford was the happiest of her life. People would queue down the street for her bread in the mornings, and she would also bake props for use in the theatre and met many famous actors. She spent three years there before returning to Wye to care for her mother who had fallen ill.

Once back in Wye Dorothy became fully involved in village life. Her father found her a job in Geerings and she worked there for 40 years. She loved early mornings and every day would be down at the station at 5am to collect the papers.

She was a genuine people person and enjoyed the interaction with all the students and kept in touch with many once they had left the College. She was a prolific letter-writer, and I am sure we all recognise Dorothy's distinctive hand-writing. She recently wrote to Boris Johnson about his book, *The Churchill Factor*, and was so pleased to get a hand-written response from him.

She was a great lover of colour and never liked anything drab or dull. She had a naturally artistic eye and this led her to start arranging flowers for the College.

She did this for nearly 40 years and her flower arrangements were on show for the many visits of the royal family. During one visit, her father took Prince Phillip around the college farm on the back of one of the hay carts; she was very proud of this.

Dorothy was a great lady, with a unique character. She will be sadly missed.

Mike Hirst (1963–66)

Richard Brown, John Killick and John Walters share their memories of Mike Hirst, a wonderful character.

Memories of a horticulturalist and thespian

Richard Brown (1963–66) *reflects on the life of the man he met as a fresher.*

I first met Mike in the autumn of 1963 as we both entered Wye College, he studying horticulture and I agriculture. We have remained firm friends ever since and I would like to share with you some of my memories of this wonderful character.

Mike was born on 19 September 1941 to Doris Robinson who was a hospital nurse in London. It was a wartime romance, but unfortunately Mike's father, a pilot in the RAF, was killed before Mike was born. There is no evidence they got married, but Doris appears to have changed her name from Robinson to Hirst, which we assume was the name of Mike's father.

After a little time in London, they moved back to Yorkshire where Doris had come from and she took a series of jobs as housekeeper for unmarried clergy. Mike gained a scholarship to attend Pocklington School but did not like it there, and soon moved to Bridlington where he got on much better. It would appear that the parson that Doris was working for paid for Mike to board at this school. He was both head-boy and head of the Combined Cadet Force, becoming an under-officer. He also became friendly with Rosamund Henley while he was there, as she went to a nearby school.

In the two years before going to Wye he worked for Challis's Nursery in York and, like the rest of us, endured the arctic winter of 1963 potting and planting with a pick axe rather than a trowel because the soil was frozen solid.

Wye College was a great influence on all those who attended, and I do not want to dwell on the detail; suffice to say Mike took full advantage of what was offered academically and particularly socially. It was while at Wye he met Viv, at a dance at Nonington College, where she was training to teach physical education. Mike was hopelessly in love, which probably kept him a little more under control than the rest of us. This sobriety made him an ideal candidate for the post of president of the Union and he was duly elected and had a very successful year in office.

The summer after he finished at Wye, he and Viv got married and I was honoured to be asked to be his best man. His stag party consisted of three people – Mike, Clive (his future brother-in-law) and myself, and we had a few pints at the Ferry Boat pub in Hayling Island. 'Epic' was Clive's comment, which I think about summed up the occasion.

After getting married, Mike took a position lecturing in horticulture at Oaklands College, St



Mike Hirst: a naturalist by heart

Albans, and the couple were given accommodation in a semi-detached cottage opposite Hill End Mental Hospital. It was the coldest house I have ever been in, but we have many happy memories of visiting Hill End Road. One of his students at Oaklands was Alan Titchmarsh, whom he must have inspired to go on to greater things.

After a year or so in St Albans, **John Killick**, who had been working in Gran Canaria, put him onto a position that was advertised to run a large estate owned by David Leacock, a long-established British grandee on the Island. He got the job and Mike and Viv waved goodbye to family and friends. The main crop there was bananas, but there were many other enterprises. At this time Mike started to develop flower-seed production to broaden the scope of the business. Times were good and Kirsten and Warren were born. Mo and I visited while Doris was there on our visit. This time together



Mike Hirst, Student Union President, sharing his gardening knowledge with the Queen Mother, London University Chancellor, during Cricket Week celebrations in 1966

cemented our friendship with her; she spent Christmases with us and also joined us on holiday while Mike and Viv were abroad.

After some years in Gran Canaria the Hirsts moved to Costa Rica where flower-seed production was the most important part of the business. Two years later, they returned to Europe and looked for somewhere to set up their own business, based on flower-seed production. They settled in Portugal and for a while ran their own farm specialising in freesia seeds.

By this time we had a family of three, and I was running the family farming business so we did not see so much of each other. Doris had sadly passed away while she was on a visit to see them in Costa Rica, but unfortunately omitted to tell Mike of any detail regarding his father. The business in Portugal then changed as the commercial production of freesias went from seed-grown to stem-culture production, thus seed was not required.

His marriage to Viv then broke up, which was blow for us, as we had such good times with the both of them. Soon after this he married Sue, and Laura was born. Unfortunately, this union did not last long either, and he was once again on his own. He rang me up one day in great excitement as he had by chance come into contact with Rosamund Henley, whom he had known while he was at Bridlington School. Everything happened very quickly, and he went to see her in Ann's Grove, near Mallow, where she was helping to maintain the gardens. Not long afterwards he upped sticks and moved in with her. However, once again this did not last, as he couldn't get on with her dog.

During this period he started to help at Kilcolman Nature Reserve and in the end he moved into the mobile home which was also the observation point for the fen he was looking after. He was now occupied with his passion, bird-watching, and he spent many years

maintaining the reserve and monitoring the birds. We now had much more contact with him and, despite gradually declining health, he visited us many times, and we would phone each other every two or three weeks.

When Kirsten and Nick returned from New Zealand, Kirsten would come and sort him out after each medical emergency of which there were many. Kirsten said that every time he returned from visiting us he had to go to hospital, but I don't think that was quite true. I told him that when he got to the airport at Cork he should phone for an ambulance just in case, but he did not take me seriously. His time at Kilcolman came to an end when Mrs Ridgeway, the benefactor of the reserve, died, which in the end precipitated his move to Mallow. We last saw him when we visited and stayed with him last September. He was in good spirits, but he moved slowly.

Mike had a great sense of humour which helped him through all his misfortunes. He could run his life on an empty tank and thought nothing of it. I recall a trip that six of us made to Morocco in 1964 in an old Bedford Dormobile. The van broke down on his birthday and we ended up in Gibraltar with the back axle smashed. Mike decided to hitchhike back to England, but he had no money, so I lent him £6 of which nearly half was for the channel crossing. In two days he had reached Estapona, 40 kilometres up the coast, so he turned round and came back in an hour. We were still there waiting for parts for the repair.

He had no regrets for how he had ended up and always greeted one with a smile. His poor health was glossed over, and he never complained except that he struggled to pick up his pint of beer. He was very grateful for the treatment he had in Ireland, particularly from his GP, and he was also awarded a disability pension which saved his financial cramp.

He was a good thespian and appeared in several productions at Wye. Cross-country running was his sport, which he excelled in, and this carried on to half marathons when he was in Portugal. He was also very well read, and I would put him down as a scholar rather than an artisan. He had a passion for the natural world which he was able to indulge in the ten years or so he was at Kilcolman. On the other hand, he was not good mechanically. On one occasion when at Wye, he had sent the car that he had bought with Viv to be repaired. He drove it back when ready, but the garage had not tightened the sump plug. When the plug fell out, the oil drained off and the warning light came on. 'What's that light?' he asked his passenger, but he didn't know so they kept going until half a mile later when the engine seized up.

To say that he was never down would not be true, but he had a masterly capacity to pick himself up from his misfortunes and get on with things. Even when his mobile home flooded after freezing up while he was with us one Christmas, we had a good laugh. Its final demise was when a tree fell on it in a gale, forcing him to move into the field centre. He lived without any modern technology: he had no computer, no smart-phone, no iPad and no television. His news came from Radio 4 long wave, except when test matches were on which exasperated him, and he purchased *The Times* on a Sunday.

I never thought of him as a great businessman, and I suspect like many he was not good at delegating. However, he was a very talented horticulturalist and what he did not know about plants was not worth knowing. Success for him was not measured in how much money he made, but in his quality of life. He was a people person and was socially very skilled and made friends quickly. He was very amusing, particularly when he had had a drink, and laughter followed him about everywhere. However, he did have a stubborn-as-a-mule

side, which I know drove Kirsten to distraction when dealing with his medical and domestic affairs. She got so worked up that she frightened me more than him, and I ended up contacting her for permission for his visits to England.

Finally, I would just like to say, to all those that knew him, we have lost a very dear and irreplaceable friend.

I would also like to add a little postscript. On one of Mike's recent trips to see us we were having a glass of Bushmills (*Irish whiskey for the uninitiated – Ed*) late one evening and he asked me if Doris had said anything about his father. She had told me about her own parents, who had both been killed in a motorbike accident, but not about his father. I went immediately to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website and within 10 minutes I had a match. Hugh Harold Hirst was killed on 7 May 1941 on Loch Erne in Northern Ireland flying a Catalinas amphibious aircraft. I have recently checked and of the 97 people with the name Hirst that were killed in World War II there are only three that fit the dates we have, Paul Sydney Hirst, Lewis Vere Hirst and Hugh Harold Hirst whom Doris had clearly named Mike after.

Hugh Harold Hirst was born on 11 June 1919, the son of Harold Hugh Hirst and Carol Idris Lindon. Harold Hugh died at the age of 25 on 24 Feb 1919 and Carol in 1966 in Folkestone, only 15 miles from Wye. He was an only boy in the family whose father was Hugo Hirst, the first and last Lord Hirst of Witton, founder of GE; he was of German-Jewish extraction and had the family name Hirsch. Since Harold Hugh was an only male and Hugh Harold was the only male in the family, the title died out.

It is an interesting thought that if my theory is correct and Doris and Hugh Harold Hirst had been married, we would be remembering today Lord Michael Hirst of Witton!

Memories from the Killick family

Delivered by John Killick (1963–66): pictured opposite with Mike.

I first met Mike in 1963. We were both freshers at Wye embarking on our BSc Hortic degree course. We were both residents of 'C' block in the College hall of residence, together with **Richard (Dick) Brown** and **Robin Lowe**.

As the prospect of our first year summer vacation dawned, discussions began about which unusual destination might be possible for an adventurous trip. After some debate it was decided we would go to Morocco. Four of us from Wye – Mike, Dick Brown, Robin Lowe and myself – were joined by two friends who were studying at Manchester University; one was an old friend from home and my best man, Brian Perkins. And so it was that the six of us set off for Morocco in August 1964 in a purchased second-hand Bedford Dormobile loaded with provisions including tinned butter and Christmas puddings.

We travelled through France and via Andorra through Spain to catch the ferry from Algeciras to Tangiers and then on down the coastal route nearly to Agadir. From there we turned inland and up through the Atlas Mountains, visiting Marrakech, Fez, Ifran and Tetuan on the way. On nearing the Mediterranean coast again we suffered a broken back axle and just managed to reach the ferry for Algeciras. On arrival at Algeciras we had to push the minibus all the way to Gibraltar in order to get the vehicle repaired. We even had some help to get up the hills from the local police.

In those days foreign car spares were not available in Spain but we had AA insurance to cover spares to be flown to Gibraltar from the UK. A week was spent camping in Gibraltar and repairing the vehicle. In the meantime, our two Manchester University colleagues departed by train for the UK.



Mike decided to attempt to hitchhike alone across Spain. He returned to Gibraltar having lacked any success and slept rough. One night was spent sleeping in the bath of an empty apartment. He joined us on the 48-hour non-stop journey home, each one of us taking turns driving. We finally arrived back after six weeks away – quite an adventure, especially in those days when Morocco was little known as a tourist destination and Spain was still very backward under Franco and only just beginning to develop its tourist industry.

Our three years in Wye provided us with many happy memories. Mike was elected president of the Junior Common room and dedicated much time in his last year representing the College at London University. He was also a keen member of the drama society.

Mike left Wye and took up a position as a lecturer at Oakland's Agricultural College, St Albans. Vera and I had moved to Gran Canaria to work for an English company based there. During a family vacation visit to UK we went to see Mike and Viv. I told him of a job I had seen advertised to work in Gran Canaria for David Leacock, an Englishman whose family

originated from Madeira. The Leacock enterprise has a long and interesting history and they were looking for someone to develop strawberry growing on their extensive farms in Gáldar. Mike was offered the job and he and Viv moved there in 1969. They lived in what was then a very isolated corner of the island; Kirsten and Warren were both born in Gran Canaria.

Almost as soon as Mike and Viv arrived in Gran Canaria, our family was destined to return to UK to take up a new job back in England. However, we returned in 1974 and our two families resumed their close contact. Mike had overseen the strawberry project and also developed a commercial seed production for export. One important crop was of freesia seeds for the Van Staaveren Company of Aalsmeer, Holland, and it was through this contact that Mike and his family developed a close relationship with the Verboom family. Han is with us here today.

After some ten years in Gran Canaria, I was once again the bearer of a job offer for Mike. It was an opportunity to work in Costa Rica with Claude Hope who had an important seed-production operation, supplying the Ball

Company with seeds for the market in the states and elsewhere. And so it was that Mike and family, with dog Paddy, upped sticks and set off for a new life in Central America.

After several years in Costa Rica, the family moved to Portugal setting up their own seed business. During his time in there, I frequently passed by on business and often called in to see him, sometimes staying overnight. Unfortunately, he was having increasing problems with arthritis resulting in a major incident which very nearly cost him his life. However, in spite of his health problems he always maintained his customary sense of humour and cheerful, ironic outlook on life.

Mike's final move was here to Ireland where he seemed to be in his element, surrounded by birds and nature in general.

Over the many years of our friendship we have always shared a common sense of humour and an ironic view of life. It is difficult to convey in a few words the sentiments of a lifetime but Mike the man was:

A naturalist by heart ... Observant ... Non-materialistic, content with the simple things of life... Always with an impish sense of fun ... Self-dependent and independent ... Stoical in adversity ... Sociable ... A great correspondent ... A great Donleavy fan ... 'A Singular Man'.

The Killick family has had a long and close relationship with the Hirst family over many years. Our lives have crossed and recrossed many times. Mike and I both married ex-Nonington PE College girls. Our children grew up together in Gran Canaria. To us he was Mike, to our children Uncle Mike and godfather to our youngest daughter Sally, now living in South Africa. The contact was extended to the third generation when our daughter Julia with her husband and their youngest son of nine years, Pablo, visited Mike in Ireland. Pablo was

entranced by Mike's enthusiasm for nature and the fascinating stories he told. This contact developed into a regular correspondence between them and has given Pablo a wonderful gift of memories he will carry for a lifetime.

The anecdotes are too numerous to mention them all but here are a few:

- the male Cockatoo that laid the ping-pong ball egg;
- the tobogganing on plastic sheeting in the pine forest;
- the days at the Leacock swimming pool among the banana fields;
- the carol singing;
- the owl in the kitchen; and
- the hole in the wall to get to the bedroom.

So many pleasurable memories for so many of us. He enriched our lives.

'Descansa en paz querido, amigo.'

And finally ...

I started as an undergrad at Wye a year later than Mike, in 1964. In my second year, when he took over as president of the Student Union, I became the honorary secretary, so got to see quite a bit of him, both socially and more formally in meetings and other events. His calm yet commanding style was very effective in keeping control of those boisterous undergraduates and his professionalism was an example to us all. I don't wish to suggest for one moment that he did not also have a lot of fun – just look at some of the friends he accumulated whilst there! – but he was both gentle and generous of spirit. In fact, I remember him as a thoroughly decent guy.

John Walters (1964–70)

Ralte ('Kappa' or Kap) Kapthuama (1965–68)

John Meadley (1965–68) wrote:

I have received a response from to my Christmas email to Ralte Kapthuama who was a postgraduate contemporary of mine at Wye and variously known as Kappa or Kap. For some time he had been treated for pancreatic cancer and his daughter, Sangi, has recently written: 'Replying your message on behalf of my father, who has passed on, on 26th November 2018, after a month's illness in Aizawl, Mizoram. Today marks a month since he left us. We miss him very much. I would very much appreciate if you could share your experience with my father, as we his children intend to honour his memory by compiling a book on his life.'

Wye was clearly a very important time for him

and a few years ago he brought his wife and daughter over to the UK specifically for the Wye reunion dinner. We met together and caught up on old times. I had hoped to visit him in Aizawl when I was working in northern India but time did not permit. I had always understood that he came from Assam, but Assam is actually the neighbouring state.

I would like to respond to Sangi's request for memories of her father and am contacting a number of our contemporaries at Wye. I have had warm feedback from **Sue Hunter** (née **Cook**, 1965–68) and **David Leaver**.



Former Wye postgraduate Ralte 'Kappa' Kapthuama with his wife and daughter Sangi

Tribute from David Leaver, Agricola Club President, on being informed about Kappa's death

I am really sorry to hear about the death of Kap (as we knew him when we were fellow postgrad students in the 1960s). It was very good to meet him, his wife and daughter at the reunion dinner at Wye a couple of years ago and sad that this has now occurred.

His PhD was in quantitative genetics, working with Dr Mike Curran, and his experimental work was, I think, with mice (because of their short generation interval). I remember him as a very happy and cheerful postgrad, very able and keen to learn, not only in his own studies, but also he took a strong and helpful interest in the work of the other postgrads.

He was a very popular member of the postgraduate community. He joined in the social activities and I remember that after I finished at Wye and moved to work at the NIRD in Reading, and Sally had moved to Blewbury in Berkshire to work on an estate there, a small group of Wye postgrads, including Kap, came for a weekend to see us and stayed in her cottage. I still remember that most enjoyable weekend.

Sue Hunter (1965–68) wrote:

I remember 'Kappa' quite well as he used to pop into our lab frequently.

He was a friend of Mohsin who was Pakistani, I think, and who worked on the bench adjacent to mine; I believe they lived together. I also thought he came from Assam. What I remember about Kappa was that he was always smiling and cheerful.

I may have got this wrong, but I believe he came to analyse samples from the fistulated cow Angela's stomach. I suppose his project was to do with herbivore digestive systems and the value of different types of food. Anyway Kappa was a good laugh and easy to get on with. I wish I could remember some anecdotes, but it is a very long time ago! Mid-afternoon we used to boil up some water in a beaker on a Bunsen burner and make tea or coffee with the aid of 'coffeemate', and Kappa would often join us. I expect there were some biscuits too! It was quite a social occasion - not allowed today I'm sure!

I'm so sorry he has died. I'm so glad he has a loving family who are missing him. Please pass on my condolences.

Professor John S Nix (1927–2018; Wye 1961–99)

This eulogy, presented at John's remembrance service held in Wye in November 2018, was prepared and delivered by family friend Sir Mark Hudson, KCVO, recently retired Chair of the Duchy of Lancaster Council, and contained inputs from fellow staff members.

'There are,' said the lecturer, a young-looking 40-year-old with heavily rimmed spectacles and red hair, who appeared to own neither belt nor braces, as he was forever tugging at his trousers whilst moving restlessly about the room, 'there are three ways to lose money.' We all paid rapt attention, awaiting a pearl of wisdom. 'Fast women, slow horses and summer fattening of beef.'

The place was Wye College, the time 50 years ago and the lecturer ... John Nix. What a man and what a legacy!

John arrived at Wye in 1961 to take on the role of farm liaison officer and lecturer in the Economics Department, having spent the previous 10 years as a senior research officer at Cambridge's School of Agriculture. John's time at Cambridge started his lifelong passion for agriculture and agricultural economics. Part of his job was visiting farms in East Anglia to collect data and, through this work, he developed an understanding and a fondness for the industry, which never left him. He also realised that farming techniques were outstripping the quality and quantity of data available and began to understand the need for the extension of research results to individual farmer clients.

This work gave John a unique insight into the practical data needs of those planning farm businesses and was the stimulus behind the *Farm Management Pocketbook*, first produced at Wye in 1966. The *Pocketbook* started life as

a MAFF committee project. John was tasked with the arable section, but became impatient with the sluggish pace of the other contributors and so, typically, decided to complete the task himself. Through this work John pioneered benchmarking in British agriculture and the *Pocketbook*, or simply 'Nix', is his legacy, still regularly used by farmers, managers, advisors, students, bank managers, land agents, journalists, Defra and tax inspectors. This 'bible' now contains not only enterprise data on crops (including vineyards), grazing livestock (including wild boar and camelids) and housed livestock (including rabbit and trout), but also details of government support, rural development, fixed costs, financial tables and taxation. By the time John retired from actively updating each annual edition, over a quarter of a million copies had been sold and always at as low a price as possible. For John this was not a money-making enterprise but for the public good. This year it is in its 48th edition, the work being carried on by Graham Redman who stays loyal to John's concept.

Early life

John was born almost 91 years ago, adopted by foster parents living on a council estate in Brockley in south-east London. He was exceptionally bright from a young age. He won a scholarship to read economics at what was then the University of the South West in Exeter. After graduating in 1948, he was keen

to see the world and was commissioned into the Royal Navy as an instructor lieutenant – only to find himself in dry dock on HMS Ganges in Harwich for three years!

John married Mavis in 1950. They had three children, Alison, Robert and Jenny, and from them six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. Mavis sadly died in 2004, but the following year John married Sue at St Bride's church in Fleet Street, a service that many here will remember.

Shared memories

I am grateful to a number of you who have added their memories of John to mine, to help build a picture of an extraordinary man.

John had an incredible store of jokes (apparently kept on a much-folded sheet of A4 paper to be found in his jacket pocket. Whenever he heard something of note he would pull out this paper, unfold it and refold it, until he found a blank space the size of a business card to write out the joke in minute handwriting). Never a lecture went by without one or two jokes coming out. The modern Norfolk four-course rotation ... barley, barley, barley, Barbados. The highlander, who on asking what the word '*manyana*' meant, opined that in his language he could think of no word 'denoting such urgency'.

John was a man of principle; he abhorred prejudice and was never slow to speak his mind even if it might have disadvantaged him to do so.

He loved his sport, particularly cricket and rugby, and was a ready supporter of the student teams and his beloved Kent when playing cricket at Canterbury. He once took son Robert to Lord's, watched a couple of overs, then the rain came. Ate the sandwiches, drank the wine, still it rained. Decided to go to the Farmers Club, turned on the telly, cricket



Professor John Sydney Nix: the brains behind the Farm Management Pocketbook – photo courtesy of Farmers Weekly

back on ... rushed back to Lord's just in time for more rain to finally wash out the day. We've all been there!

John had huge energy, thought quickly and drove faster. He owned a pale blue Opel Manta with rather outsize wheels, bit of a boy racer really. One day with two colleagues on board, he was heading up to the Midlands to speak at some conference or farmers' meeting and got badly delayed in traffic. However, once on the M1 he moved into the fast lane, put his foot down, moved up behind a Porsche, tailgated it and flashed his lights until the Porsche moved across doing over 90mph. They weren't late! John enjoyed driving his car; he also enjoyed dissecting decisions of the senior management of the College. The two did not always combine well. One winter's night driving back from Harrogate (M1 again) with two colleagues on board, John was being particularly scathing of an ill-considered decision at Wye when he was interrupted by flashing blue lights behind. No one had

noticed that the car's speed was closely correlated to the level of John's exasperation. College politics was off the agenda for the rest of that journey.

After Wye and Kent, John's three other great loves were the Farmers Club in Whitehall Court, the now lamented Royal Show at Stoneleigh and, of course, Sue. He and Sue often stayed at the Club which became a second home for them both. The Club also provided the venue for the famous *Pocketbook* parties. As publication was an annual event, so were the parties. One year, for reasons I cannot remember, there were two *Pocketbook* editions published – a grand excuse for two parties!

John and Sue were regular attenders at the Royal Show and treated the week as part of their holidays. Sue, of course, had worked in agricultural costings and advisory work (which is how they met), so enjoyed visits to Stoneleigh as much as John. On one memorable occasion on a visit to one of the banks' stands, a lady overheard John being introduced. 'Good heavens', she said, 'I thought Nix was an acronym'. Quick as a flash John responded 'and what, pray madam, did you think the "x" stood for'!

John was the master of the instant repartee. One day Sue had somehow managed to get herself elected onto the local Conservative committee – not her natural home – all because she took an elderly neighbour to the AGM and was persuaded to stay, during which she somehow got hoodwinked and found herself on the committee. The next day the phone rang, John answered. A voice came down the phone – 'Fraser Bird, Conservative' it said. 'John Nix, Labour' came the response.

Those of you who were on the staff, or were students, at Wye will remember the student review at the end of the year. There was always

an understanding that lecturers should be willing to join in if asked. Needless to say, John was willing. One year they dressed him up in a short skirt, fishnet tights, clinging top complete with boobs, a blond wig, much lipstick and plentiful rouge. John said that, when he looked in the mirror, he couldn't recognise himself. He was then stood on a table and had to sing that song from Oklahoma 'I cain't say no'. Everyone was open-mouthed – who was this? You remember the lyrics – 'I'm just a girl who cain't say no; I'm in a terrible fix; I always say come on, let's go; just when I oughta say NIX' – at that the audience recognised the singer and erupted.

John was not an early adaptor of new technology. He was still on his slide rule when others were embracing electronic calculators and never really took to computers. But he barely needed to do so, such was his prodigious ability at mental arithmetic. When the heads of department met in the old Latin School to collate the marks awarded to students by external examiners, a manual grid system was set up to record those marks by student and subject. As soon as a student's column was completed (perhaps seven or eight figures in total) John would say – 'total 476, average 59.5' – whilst everyone else was going 'er, 69 and 47 makes ...'!

John was always succinct in comment and insisted on accuracy from others with numbers, grammar and punctuation. He believed in doing the right thing and doing the thing right. He was admired, indeed loved, by literally thousands of his students, fellow academics, farmers and their advisors and fellow journalists. He always tried to accept all invitations to speak at farmers' discussion groups, societies and conferences, where he invariably starred because of his great communication skills, wit and clarity.

However, some of his overhead projector slides, crammed with figures and data, bamboozled many an audience – but his self-deprecating, jokey style ensured the message got across clearly. John had an exceptionally sharp analytical mind and an extraordinary grasp of detail and maths. He was also very supportive of his staff, regularly entertained them and was a meticulous editor of anything his colleagues wrote for public consumption.

Achievements and honours

John's achievements in the field of agricultural economics and farm business management are legion. His aim was, quite simply, to improve the management skills of the agricultural industry. He truly made a difference. As well as the annual *Pocketbook*, John co-authored three books, one of which *Farm Planning and Control* has been used throughout the world and was translated into Spanish. He was a prolific writer in the press, supremely articulate and, at one stage, a television presenter of farming programmes. In 1982 John's outstanding qualities resulted in his appointment to a personal chair in Farm Business Management at Wye – the first such chair in the UK. In 1984 he oversaw the introduction of the degree in Agricultural Business Management, another first for Wye. Shortly after John retired in 1989 he was made Emeritus Professor, University of London, and in 1995 a Fellow of Wye College, an honour accorded to few. He sat on numerous government and quasi-government committees and was, for a time, a specialist advisor to the Select Committee on Agriculture.

His honours from outside his academic achievements were many. He was the first recipient of the Institute of Agricultural Management's National Award and later a Fellow, Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts,

Fellow of the Royal Agricultural Societies, the first recipient of the Agricultural Communicators Award, presented with the Farmers Club Cup, given an NFU Lifetime Achievement Award, the Agricultural Economics Society Award for Excellence and, in 2014, the *Farmers Weekly* Lifetime Achievement award, collected by Sue on behalf of John to a standing ovation. From a humble background John has had a fundamental and lasting impact on the farming industry.

Final years

In 2005, at the age of 77, John married Sue. They had known each other for many years and that day at St Bride's, and then the Farmers Club, was one of uncontained happiness. Sadly, John's health deteriorated steadily and the past years have been increasingly difficult for them both. Sue has been the rock on whom John had to rely, and she has given of her love for him unstintingly, always there with great patience and the greatest care.

I last saw John in October. By then he was permanently in bed in the dining room at Rhode Farm from where he could see into the kitchen and keep an eye on Sue. The three of us ate around his bed using a clever assortment of tables to help make a circle. A beautifully cooked dinner, champagne and candlelight – a moment I will never forget. But what I want to tell you is that John looked no different then to when I first met him in 1969, except perhaps the red hair had paled to sandy grey. His face was unlined, his eyes bright, looking at me during every conversation, and I am certain he was following all I said. Occasionally his right hand would move slightly in acknowledgement. I even retold some of his old jokes – but not as well as when he told them. I thought then of a passage from

Tennyson's *Ulysses* which to me encapsulates John's character, his strengths and his achievements.

*Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order to smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,*

*And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now the strength which in the old
days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are,
we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.
Farewell, John and thank you.*

Bernard Pevensey Tuppen (1909–12)

This short life story of one of Wye's earliest students was sent in by Sue Johnston (1954–57) who discovered that Bernard Tuppen was a first cousin once removed of hers and had been at Wye in 1909. Bernard and Sue's father were first cousins.

Bernard Tuppen was born in January 1892 and things started going awry from the start. His father, John Pevensey Tuppen, died in October 1894, when Bernard was only two-and-a-half years old. He was, and remained, an only child.

Bernard went to Tonbridge School in January 1906 and was a member of Park House. By the time he left there in July 1908, having completed fifth form, his health was so poor that he spent the next six months in Switzerland recovering. This would not have been helped by the death of his stepfather, George John Sealy, who died in September 1908. Twelve months later, Bernard's mother became re-married to a very well-known English landscape painter, Sir Earnest Albert Waterlow, and thus assumed the title Lady Waterlow.

Wye College (then known as the South Eastern Agricultural College) was the next

stage of Bernard's journey, starting in 1909 when he was 17. The UK 1911 Census shows him as a boarder in the household of George Percy Rains, a cow-keeper and dairyman in Bridge Street, Wye. His three years at Wye resulted in him graduating in 1912 with a diploma and five first prizes, an excellent result. He received an offer of a government appointment, but he declined it, choosing instead to venture off to New Zealand where he wanted to gain practical experience in the field.

On 9 October 1912, Bernard left London on the Shaw, Savill & Albion line's *SS Ionic* headed for a new life in New Zealand. As a 21-year-old with a profession listed as 'Gent', he travelled first class and the passenger list indicated he intended to reside permanently in New Zealand.

After his arrival, Bernard found work at several places, especially on the east coast of the



Bernard Pevensey Tuppen – adventurous Wye graduate who died tragically young

North Island, where he was employed by G Beatson of Hastings (evidenced by the New Zealand Electoral Roll of 1914). Subsequently, he was also employed by Mr Chambers of Cape Runaway, as shown in his military record.

According to his military service file, following the outbreak of World War I, he twice tried to join up but was rejected on medical grounds on both occasions. Perhaps standard requirements were relaxed as the war dragged

on as because on 2 April 1917 he again volunteered for service and was finally accepted. His only medical issue noted was a previous hernia! He became Private Bernard Pevensey Tuppen, Number 60232 of the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces, A Company, 30th Reinforcements. After basic training in New Zealand, he and his fellow servicemen headed off for war, departing Wellington on HMNZT 93 *Corinthic* on 13 October 1917.

The long voyage to the UK finally ended on 8 December 1917 when the troops disembarked at Liverpool. Some days later, they were marched into the Sling training camp in Tidbury, Wiltshire, and Bernard was posted to the Auckland Infantry Regiment. Unfortunately, on 14 December, he was admitted to the Tidworth Military Hospital and placed on the 'dangerously ill' list the next day due to 'suspect CSM'. His mother, Lady Waterlow, who had not seen him since he left for New Zealand five years earlier, was advised of his serious condition.

Private Bernard Pevensey Tuppen died the next day from cerebro-spinal meningitis, just before his mother arrived to see him. He was just 25 years old and had arrived in England only eight days before. He now lies in Plot C, grave number 234 of the Tidworth Military Cemetery in Wiltshire. He is also remembered in the Auckland Role of Honour.

Wye College Agricola Club AGM 2018

Minutes of the 66th Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 29 September 2018, at 5.30pm in Wye School, Kempe Centre, Wye

Present

David Leaver (President and Chair), Francis Huntington (Secretary), John Walters (Chairman), Paul Webster (Treasurer), Jane Reynolds, Berkeley Hill, Sue Atkinson, Chris Waters and 30 members.

The Chairman welcomed members to the meeting.

1 Apologies for absence

The Secretary had received apologies from Anne Morley, Chris Whitmey, Buster Humphrey, Andrew Patterson, John Allan, Charles Course, Andrew Simpson, Henry Holdstock, Stephen Carr and George Paul.

2 Minutes – confirm the Minutes of the 65th AGM published in the Journal

It was resolved that the Minutes of the 65th AGM were a true record; proposed by Jane Reynolds, seconded by John Fraser and signed by the Chairman.

3 Matters arising

There were no matters arising.

4 Chairman's report

The Club Chairman, John Walters, reported that the Committee had prepared and sent out a survey to members and that the responses would inform the Committee's decision-making on the future of the Club. He also drew the members' attention to the Club's GDPR policy statement which was included in the Journal. He reported that sadly the Journal production editor, Gill Bond, and database administrator, Vinny Mclean, had both decided to retire and that they would both be hard acts to follow. Those

members present joined with John to show their appreciation. John indicated that the search was now on for replacements.

John concluded by saying that he felt that the Club was in very good heart and that there was a strong sense of the Club being well placed for the future.

5 Secretary's report

The Secretary, Francis Huntington, said that his report in the 2018 Journal covers the current work of the Secretary, including dealing with an increasing number of enquiries from members via email. He indicated that he would continue to keep members of the Club informed via the e-newsletter as well as the Journal. Club member visits to Wye are now including visits to the Heritage Centre, which can be opened by arrangement, outside the normal Saturday openings.

6 Treasurer's report and to receive the Club accounts for 2016–2017

Agricola Club accounts: the Treasurer, Paul Webster, presented the Club accounts for the year ending 31 July 2018. The Journal had cost £9,219 to print and mail; the cost was offset by a transfer of £10,000 from the Club's funds within the Memorial Fund. A grant of £330 had been made to the Rustics Cricket team to cover the cost of new cricket caps. There was a small surplus for the year of £267.

The adoption of the accounts was proposed by Paul and seconded by Geoff Dixon and unanimously approved.

7 Memorial Fund – trustees report and Accounts 2016–2017

Memorial Fund: the Memorial Fund had made four awards during the year totalling £4,550. The list of those supported in the previous year was printed in the current Journal.

The accounts for the year ending 31 July 2018 were presented. The funds had been increased by £1,000, following a legacy from the late Betty Matson, and there had also been a net increase in the value of the investments in both portfolios, totalling £11,271, giving a total value of £510,227 at the year end.

The Memorial Fund accounts had been approved by the trustees earlier in the day.

The Treasurer repeated the trustees' annual request that any member who is in need of support, or is aware of any other member who is in need should contact the trustees via him.

8 Appointment of Independent Examiners of the Accounts for 2017–2018

The Treasurer reported that Chavereys had continued to serve the Club well with a swift turnaround of the accounts and that they had continued to discount their charges as a contribution to the charity. He recommended that Chavereys be appointed independent examiner for 2018–2019. Chris Gibbs proposed and Richard Longhurst seconded their reappointment which was unanimously approved.

9 Journal Editor's report

The Editor, John Walters, said that there had been a very positive response to the 2018 Journal which had been a bumper issue with an increased and very varied content. He indicated that he had already received material for 2019 but asked

members to encourage their contemporaries to contribute.

Several members commented that it had been an excellent Journal and there was warm appreciation for John, by those present.

10 Elections

Committee: the Secretary explained that David Leaver, Francis Huntington, Jane Reynolds, Geoff Dixon and Gary Saunders were due to stand down and had indicated that they were prepared to serve on the Committee for a further three years. The president asked if there were any nominations from the floor; there were none forthcoming. It was resolved to accept these nominations; proposed by Chris Duncan and seconded by John Hosking, their election was unanimously approved.

Vice Presidents: there were no nominations for Vice President.

Honorary membership: there were no nominations for honorary membership.

11 Future plans for Club events

The 2019 summer event is planned to be held in June. Jane Reynolds asked for a volunteer to come forward to host this event. It is anticipated that the biannual dinner will return the Wye in 2020.

12 Report on Wye Heritage Centre

Francis Huntington explained that the situation remains as reported in the last Journal. Wye Heritage awaits the completion of the negotiations between Telereal Trillium and the Ashford Borough Council to agree the planning conditions.

Once the planning matters are resolved and the details of the lease for the new Heritage Centre are agreed, the renovation and fitting-out will be started. It is

anticipated that Club members will be approached for financial support for the 'fitting-out'. It is planned that the facilities, fixtures and fittings will be of high quality, to ensure that the Centre meets the expectations of being a focus for the history, heritage and legacy of the College.

John Hosking asked for an update on the status of the Wye Historical Society within the plans for Wye Heritage. Francis was able to reassure the meeting that Wye Heritage was working closely with Wye Historical Society which had been one of the founding Corporate members of Wye Heritage, along with the Agricola Club. Wye Historical Society's archives are to be housed in the new Archive store.

13 Update on Telereal Trillium's current plans for the Wye Campus

Francis Huntington indicated that there was nothing further to report beyond the

details contained within the current Journal.

14 Any other business

i) Concern was expressed about the plight of some members living in Zimbabwe. Paul Webster indicated that the Memorial Fund trustees were always open to requests for hardship funding.

ii) The digitisation of the Journal was raised and the secretary reassured members that the last four Journals can be accessed 'on line' and that it was hoped that back numbers could eventually be scanned.

There being no further business the meeting closed at 18.40 hours.

Wye College Agricola Club AGM 2019

Please note that the 67th Annual General Meeting will be held on Friday 20 September 2019 in the Latin School, Wye College, starting promptly at 7pm.

This is a departure from our normal arrangement of holding the AGM to coincide with the Annual Reunion Dinner. Our 2019 reunion is taking the form of a Summer Event and not an autumn AGM and dinner. This timing is not compatible with holding the AGM concurrently since the annual accounts will not have been wrapped up by then. We have, therefore, postponed the AGM to coincide with the September Club Committee meeting.

Agenda

- 1 Apologies for absence
- 2 Minutes – confirm the minutes of the 66th AGM published in the Journal.
- 3 Matters arising
- 4 Chairman's report
- 5 Secretary's report
- 6 Treasurer's report and to receive the Club accounts for 2018–2019
- 7 Memorial Fund – trustees report and accounts 2018–2019
- 8 Appointment of independent examiners of the accounts for 2019–2020
- 9 Journal Editor's report
- 10 Elections
 - Committee – there is one vacancy
 - Vice Presidents – nominations to be received by the secretary at least 14 days before the meeting
 - Honorary membership – to receive and vote on the Committee's recommendations
- 12 Future plans for Club events
- 13 Report on the Wye Heritage Centre
- 14 Update on the redevelopment of the College campus
- 15 Any other business

Have I gone bananas?

Roger Crudge (1992–95) describes his unlikely journey from a small village near Bath, to becoming a globe-trotting champion of the 'super power' of the fruit world.

How it all started

Back in 1992, the news that I had decided upon a future in the agricultural industry received a mixed reaction at King Edward's School, Bath.

Many of my contemporaries and teachers alike thought that, after such a privileged education, I should have stretched myself further and considered a more ambitious career; perhaps medicine, dentistry, veterinary science or even law. Few that knew me would have ever thought of me as a farmer, and even fewer still could have pictured me driving a tractor, milking cows or lambing sheep.

My time at senior school was challenging. I came from a small primary school in a village over 10 miles from Bath and only knew the city for its old buildings and stunning countryside. At the tender age of 11, I could never have imagined what a life and career in food and farming would be like, especially coming from an all-boys school with a strong emphasis on Oxbridge and sporting achievements.

After completing my GCSEs, I had a long summer holiday with little to do to occupy myself. I started working on a nearby dairy farm – Ivy House Farm, owned by Geoff and Kim Bowles. The farm is a supplier of handmade, organic Jersey milk and milk products from the heart of Somerset. It was at this point in my life that I began to take an interest in agriculture.

My first summer at Ivy House Farm was a dream come true. At the age of 15, for me nothing was better than days outside in the countryside; big machinery, cows, pigs, hens and geese, fields of growing crops, harvest time and, of course, lots of cups of tea and fish

'n' chips. What started as a short-term holiday job led to weekend work and eventually encouraged me to study for a BSc in Agriculture and the Environment at Wye College, London University.

Wye College (1992–95)

My three years at Wye were very special, not just for academic reasons, but also for my own personal development.

I made several life-long friends at university, as well as over the bar at the beloved local pubs; the King's Head and the New Flying Horse. I developed a taste for foreign cuisine at the Joshan of Wye, the only Indian restaurant for miles around. I found time to perfect my dance moves at the college Student Union bar and the clubs of nearby Ashford (Flatfoot Sam's and Cales) and Canterbury. To this day they have served me well at many a Latin Salsa Club on my travels to Central and South America!

I graduated from Wye in 1995 and then spent a short spell on a sheep farm in Aberdeenshire. Under the guidance and encouragement of my friend and Director of Studies, Dr David



Eating snails in Paris 1993



Learning the trade: selecting bananas on a farm, Costa Rica, 2002

Scarbrick, I went to Africa where I stayed five months working on a tobacco plantation in Zimbabwe. On my return to England I joined a management trainee scheme in fresh produce and for the next two years worked with various types of fruit and vegetables, including cauliflowers, carrots, potatoes, strawberries and rhubarb. I finally completed my training with a large company specialising in importing, shipping, ripening and distributing tropical fruit – bananas and pineapples – and it quickly became very clear to me that it was here I was destined to stay.

Why bananas?

When it comes to fruit, we all have our favourite; the strawberry (from Kent, of course), raspberry, apple, orange or even the avocado (yes, the avocado is technically a fruit and even more specifically, a single-seeded berry).

However, there is one fruit that deserves recognition more than any other – the banana. It's my favourite fruit and one that I eat every day. It's the world's most-consumed fruit and spans the generations as a food for both toothless babies and toothless geriatrics. It's soft, sweet and easy to digest. It crosses historical eras, has been responsible for entire

governments rising and falling, and has propped up beleaguered economies. If fruits were countries, the banana would be the world's superpower.

Over the past decade, almost every year has brought a record-breaking amount of banana imports to the UK, which consumes the most bananas in the European Union. Per year, every man, woman and child consumes the equivalent of a 18.14kg (40lb) box and total import volumes have more than doubled in two decades, from 478,000 metric tonnes (MT) in 1995 to 1,160,000 MT in 2015.

The importance of, and threat to, bananas

The journey of bananas is a story of immigration, from obscure jungle species in South-East Asia to the largest fruit crop and the fourth-most valuable food crop in the world, behind only wheat, rice and milk. Dan Koeppel, author of *Banana: The Fate of the Fruit that Changed the World*, explains how the banana found this unlikely stardom. He calls the fruit 'one of the most intriguing organisms on Earth' for a host of reasons. In fact, the banana's parent plant isn't a tree but a herb, and the fruit itself is a berry.

In a globalised way, there is only one banana, although there are thousands of varieties, red ones, striped ones, even ones that taste like strawberries.



Transporting bananas to the local market in Mao, Dominican Republic



A fine bunch of Gros Michel bananas (Bogoya), Ntongano, Ghana

The story of the banana is the story of how humans maximised food production. It is grown in the tropics where it thrives in the hot humid climates of countries such as Costa Rica, Colombia and Ecuador, as well as the Caribbean, North Africa and the Philippines. More than any other industrialised food, such as beef, eggs, or bread, the modern banana is a miracle of biology and, because of this, an incredible biological risk.

Of the thousands of bananas that have grown on Earth, the only one with truly global reach is called the Cavendish. To most of the world it is simply the banana, cloned so many times that a banana you buy in Basingstoke is identical to one in Barcelona. Very few of you would be aware that the banana we all know, love and eat today originally came from the gardens of Chatsworth House, the home of the Cavendish family in Derbyshire. This would be exciting news to Duke William George Spencer Cavendish and his gardener Joseph Paxton, who first propagated the plant in 1834 and gave it his name.

Global dominance, combined with a strong consumer market, masks the fact that despite all the above, bananas are at risk, and not just in the sense of long-in-the-future climate change. 'There's a global banana crisis,' the BBC declared, and the Cavendish is at risk of 'imminent death'. That's because of Panama Disease (*Fusarium wilt*) a suffocating root fungus (*Fusarium oxysporum f. sp. cubense* (Foc) from Taiwan). Since all Cavendishes are clones, if the fungus can kill one banana plant, it can kill them all.

And yet, Panama Disease isn't new. It's been around since the 1950s, when it wiped out the Cavendish's predecessor, known as the Gros Michel, or Big Mike. When the Gros Michel banana succumbed to the fungus, the Cavendish was found to be immune, at least until the fungus mutated and started its attack all over again (now known as Tropical Race 4 or TR4). Starting in the 1990s, the fungus began to work its way across Asia and Africa again, this time taking aim at the Cavendish. The only thing protecting South-American growers from the fungus are the two oceans surrounding it. But when someone with the fungus on their shoe can cross an ocean in a few hours, oceans provide little protection. After half a century, some banana growers are



Inspecting a bunch of bananas, Finca El Cortijo, Columbia



Plantain (matoke) banana sellers in Ghana 2013

hoping the industry can nimbly transition to a third-generation banana.

In spite of everything conspiring against them, and, in some ways, because of it, bananas are a miracle. There's hardiness in their pedigree, a stubbornness that shouldn't be eclipsed by something as measly as a fungus. The irony is that the bananas we eat today need humans to multiply. They couldn't exist on their own. Although considering how central they've been to so many people through history, the question is often asked: which species needs the other more?

So, am I still going bananas?

I have now spent over 20 years working with bananas, starting on the warehouse floor at a small ripening centre in Leicestershire and steadily working my way up to my current position of UK Quality Control Manager. In 2002 I was posted to Central America and I spent five years living in Costa Rica and Belize, learning the local language (Spanish) along with all aspects of banana farming, exporting and shipping, as well the other associated responsibilities assumed by a British expat representing a large multinational company whilst living and working overseas.

In January 2007 I was home once again in the UK and I began trying to settle down to life in the South-West of England, but within a very short period I was back out to the tropics. For

the next two years I travelled extensively throughout Colombia, furthering my knowledge and understanding of the banana business, discovering and getting to know what has now become my second most-favourite country (after England). I found myself heavily involved in both Fairtrade and organic bananas, and countries such as the Dominican Republic and Peru (large producers of organic and Fairtrade organic bananas) came under my remit.

Over the past few years I have had several assignments, not only to Central and South America, but also Africa, namely Cote d'Ivoire, Mozambique, Ghana and Uganda, but always with one clear aim – to go bananas!

My role now is largely based around quality control, although I am also involved in auditing and customer relations, as well as product development. My work takes me from plant nurseries, plantations and pack houses throughout the banana-producing world, to ships, container terminals and ports. I also follow the bananas through their ripening cycle and packing process to the final customer and consumer. It is a fascinating product and luckily extremely popular with all ages. It is said to be the best-selling fruit in the UK, and long may that continue!

How much do we know about bananas?

We are all so unappreciative of the hard work involved in producing the food we eat. The banana's story is incredible; from planting to harvesting and packing all the way to shipping, ripening and distributing to the retailers. How many of you when you buy bananas at your local supermarket would know that it has taken around nine months for the plant to grow and produce a bunch ready for harvest?

Many of us are also completely unaware of the correct terminology to use when referring to our favourite fruit. Today, we generally buy

bananas either as a single finger or a cluster of between three and seven fingers; loose or pre-packed in bags. Hands and even bunches are no longer shipped, and yet almost every day I deal with people claiming they have just bought a lovely bunch of bananas from their local shop. A bunch is the entire stem of around 100–150 fingers (between 8–10 hands) and can weigh anything up to 40kg; even our most loyal customers don't eat that many in a week!

And what next for bananas?

So, what will tomorrow's bananas look like? It depends who you ask. One strategy is to create a somaclonal variation of the Cavendish, a hybridised sibling that's like the Cavendish but not identical. It wouldn't be entirely immune to Fusarium wilt, but it could keep the industry afloat.

Another option is a genetically modified banana using emerging CRISPR (Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short Palindromic Repeats) gene-editing technology to rewrite the Cavendish's genetic code to resist specific diseases and pests. Researchers at UC Davis, USA, and in the Netherlands are trying the opposite and are studying the genetic code of the fungus to learn how to stop it. And then there's the third option, the wild card of stumbling upon an entirely new banana. In South-East Asia, where bananas were first domesticated, this isn't entirely far-fetched; there are hundreds of banana varieties, one of which could follow the Cavendish in the way the Cavendish followed the Gros Michel.

And what next for the banana-man?

I am now halfway through my working life (assuming I retire at 65) and I am very much looking forward to my 25-year milestone in the industry, as well as being able to say I have been to 50 countries; both of which are goals I hope to achieve before I am 50 (which I should add is still a long way off!). As to my

sporting achievements, whilst in Belize I twice took part in the famous 'La Ruta Maya', a 175-mile canoe race on the Belize River over the course of four days. I recently took up running and have now completed my 50th park run, not bad for someone who shied away from the games field all those years ago.

Looking back over the past 25 years since I left Wye College, I am so glad I decided to choose a career based on a subject and a fruit I am passionate about, as opposed to perhaps selecting a more traditional profession.

Sad as it is that Wye has closed its doors, there are still many enthusiastic knowledgeable graduates from this unique institution driving the food and farming industry forward, both in the UK and abroad. With my background in agriculture, the love for my job and career, and the journey I have taken to get to where I am today, I am keen to help in some way with the succession of the banana, a fascinating fruit under threat with a global industry behind it.

Indeed, when people ask me what I do for work, I am proud to tell them that I am a banana-man.



In Costa Rica: eating a typical dish in 2017 ... 24 years later!

A laconic lifetime odyssey

Nick Boustead (1976–77) describes a pretty colourful life that followed his one year stint as a postgrad on the FBA course.

Having spent three years at Seale-Hayne in Devon doing an HND Agriculture and no first degree, I wondered in trepidation whether I would be accepted into Wye to do the late John Nix's Farm Business Administration postgraduate course. I knew I wanted to do farm consultancy, but how to avoid applying to RAC Cirencester and facing the 'wrong type' of my old school contemporaries? Fortunately, John gave me a very kindly interview and I scraped in.

My postgraduate year

I had arrived back from an NFU exchange, which had involved six months in central France, with a good dose of jaundice after shifting 26,000 bales by hand and swimming in their lake in order to flight duck on the opening of the French duck-shooting season on 31 July 31! My first term was spent partying too much on the back of copious amounts of ginger beer, being off alcohol for half a year. After six months and one day, I held a huge party in **Paul Draycott's** barn and mixed the punch all wrong, so I was the only one managing lectures the next day thanks to a completely clear head and clean liver! Somehow, I managed to play number one for the Wye squash team and also Beagle twice a week (I didn't think to join the Britannia Naval College Beagles when at Seale-Hayne). Great friends at this time were **Robin Hobson** (who has worked for Laurence Gould in Sussex for the past 40 years) and **Tim Culham** on my course who worked for MLC and then Bidwells before hitting the Allied Crowbar scene in Edinburgh.

I was always astounded how **Paul Draycott** could do his finals without taking a single note

all year and still manage to challenge the views of one PhD lecturer from the back of the room, regularly. Naturally, he got a distinction; a double-first from Cambridge might have had something to do with it. Moreover, when I asked my Wye girlfriend at the time **Sarah Hardy** (RIP) what she was doing in Soil Science I was amazed how academic it was compared with soil chemistry at Seale Hayne. The next two terms were less eventful as doing some work seemed prudent.

A stint in the USA

After Wye, I enjoyed a large chunk of the Wye Rustics tour through Hampshire and Dorset courtesy of a **Julian Nicholson** invitation. Regular car breakdowns, alcoholic hazes and somehow playing on grounds next to rivers leading to a number of lost balls, or running seven due to local rules, were memorable features. The rest of the summer was a mix of cricket tours and harvest work.

With no farm consultancy job offers and a red line through my Fountain farming application (I never got Antony Rosen to apologise for



Nick Boustead: 20 years on Dartmoor

that, even at the Farmer's Club) another NFU Exchange looked very appetising and so off to a University of Minnesota programme for 18 months in USA. It was a real eye-opener working on mid-west farms and then doing degree credits with 56,000 other students.

Crops were sown late April and harvested by mid-August – a 90-day growth period as there were at least five months of snow a year. This led many of us to enter American Legion Clubs and not emerge for three days. On one occasion, I stated to one 5000-acre farmer that American beer was sheer catswiddle, so he asked the barman to serve up two soup bowls of Everclair – 100% proof! He grinned at me and then proceeded to get his lighter out and ignite it like Christmas pudding. I said no problem, drank it all and, of course, was driven home horizontally by my farmer host. The next morning his brother – a state senator no less – came round and said 'Jerry, where's your boy? Is he dead?' A mild groan emanated from the bunkhouse.

The opposite seemed to happen when my second farmer host called down to see me in Minneapolis with my then Swedish girlfriend, and we took him to an 'English pub'. We ordered two pints of Newcastle Brown; the barman proudly drew out a handled pint glass from the deep freeze, smoking like an AI straw in liquid Nitrogen, and poured the beer. Two pints later my farmer was carted back to his hotel, oblivious. I never did get to explain that normally a red hot poker in the pint was the tradition.

Back in the UK

After touring Florida and California, I thought some attention to my career might come in handy, so I wrote to an old contact and, on returning to the UK, tried to get sales going for Agricultural Computing Ltd of Exeter and Essex. Those were the days of post-in and

post-out, central bureau number-crunching on mainframes, converting data from normal book-keeping into enterprise costings. In 1979, the main problems were large land agents being intransigent, MMB FMS doing similar things and many still over-delighted with weekly secretaries. It was around 10 years ahead of its time in that microcomputers had not been developed (until the late 1980s) and the system really suited large, owner-occupied farms with 10–12 enterprises. The computing business was sold off.

My next challenge was becoming a sales rep in west Essex for the agricultural merchanting family firm, the Pertwee group of Colchester. I could buy grain as well as selling seeds, fertiliser, agrochemicals and lime. Lovely job as Pertwee's did their own grain shipping out of Colchester to Rotterdam and had their own lime quarries. I was at my best technical-selling, coupled with field-walking crops for agrochemical recommendations and lime reports, as well as oil seed rape and pea and bean contracts; but I was hopeless at fertiliser sales which was all about price. My area had me competing with RHM, Spillers, Harlow Ag Merchants and Dalgety, all of whom had reps on the ground slashing prices. By the early 1980s, medium-sized merchants were getting hammered by the big boys, so I forsook the white-socks-and-rural-cockney land and left to help run 3500 acres near Salisbury.

My new boss had been on my course at Seale-Hayne and had taken over his father's estate in 1975, along with £1m-worth of death duties to pay. The farm was totally run down with little cash flow, 17 employees roaming around and an old sheep/stubble turnips/spring barley regime. There was little fencing and loads of docks and thistles around. Most of the fields had cereal cyst eelworm, so we had to grow rye and oats for several years to get rid of it.

The overdraft exceeded £400k – about 50% of turnover – which was huge at the time. There was a tradition of Cleveland Bay horses (the Royal warrant was hanging on a bent nail in the farm Office), Hampshire Down ewes and Sainfoin (*Onobrychis vicifolia*) hay. To this day, the estate is virtually the last source of Sainfoin seed; I remember the wet summer of 1985 trying to clean damp Sainfoin seed through the seed cleaner and going to bed at two-thirty in the morning. If it got too hot the germination would drop drastically. The family had always been financially tight: on one occasion, apparently, my friend's father had gone into the shepherds tent at the Wilton Sheep Fair, where he was selling pedigree rams, for a cup of tea; on being told it was a shilling he asked if could he have it for sixpence without the saucer!

How I managed to handle about 4000 tons of grain off the 1700 acres of cereals in 1985 (wet year) I do not know. A lot of it was poor quality initially and had to go to RHM at Poole who still had loads of separate tower bins at the port, so they could use it for animal feed, before the regulations got too tight. On one occasion, I learnt later, one shipment of about 500 rather wet tons from us was loaded on to a ship bound for the Baltic from Southampton; apparently, the entire ship caught fire at sea! On another occasion, some beans were loaded with about 20% dock in them – the Dukes rep was in the yard when the lorry came back rejected at the same time as the Kenneth Wilson trader from Andover. The Kenneth Wilson grain trader **John Simmonds** (1971–74) took one look at it and sent it off to Andover without reloading, saying he had bought it off Dukes. The Dukes rep was highly embarrassed.

1986 was a year of some irreversible industry change. Grain prices had dropped and have taken nearly 30 years to come back to similar levels. Milk quotas were a real problem with

much of the farm's two herds' milk being fed to calves producing the inevitable attendant scours. On top of that, CAP regulations were changing, interest rates going up, and so on. Cutbacks meant I had worked my way out of a job, so I bought a cottage near Shaftesbury as a first-time buy, moved and changed career, as the supply trade was no longer really was recruiting.

Moving into finance ...

I changed to financial services with Canada Life, trained in Southampton and bought 6.5 acres nearby. Canada Life was a reputable company with good training in an otherwise unregulated industry. To go from employment in a fairly ethical industry as a team player to self-employment, commission-only, 'winner takes all' was indeed a leap of faith. Financial services tried hard to emulate other professions like accountancy and law, but was never likely to succeed compared with five years of exams. I enjoyed the work but always struggled to get enough reliable clients. Interesting employment followed with a company in Poole specialising in large national charity finances and then Johnson Fry dealing with wealthy clients. During most of this time I kept a small flock of sheep and tried to establish a small vineyard on my acreage. Over the 14 years that I did this, loads of insurance companies merged and more exams were necessary; commission-only was heavily reduced to a more fee-based occupation. In essence, many clients were still getting advice on a commission-based system but would refuse to pay fees. All industries seem to have Achilles' heels – agrochemicals being accused of destroying ecological habitats and financial services of overcharging and mis-selling.

An example of a client challenge that I like the most was an elderly lady of 80 who owed her daughter £14k, had an overdraft of £1000

and still owed £1000 to the electricity company, which she disputed. She was on the basic state pension and 40% of it was taken paying the electricity company for usage and arrears. She owned her own house but also owed her trustees for previous advances of £10k. The trust was now empty and the main Trustee a QC!

Her daughter was desperate for the money back to pay school fees. The QC was pushing for the house to be sold, but the remaining capital would not even pay the rent elsewhere, let alone living costs. I devised a home reversion plan with Johnson Fry which would advance 50% of the valuation and the future rent would roll up. I told the rather pompous QC that a single premium whole-of-life plan (they don't exist anymore) would pay the trustees back on her demise. But she was diagnosed with bad diabetes before the medical, so the increased premium scotched the whole plan. Everybody got paid in the end, but few independent financial advisers would have had the patience; this saga was shortlisted by the Daily Mail for an 'article inclusion'.

... and then to property

When my mother died in 1997 and Sarah and I got married, my work life changed again, thanks to an inheritance, into lettings and property management. I got a one-off chance to buy 75 acres, inexpensively, in the middle of the foot-and-mouth outbreak on the edge of Dartmoor and have farmed South and North Devon cattle along with Texel ewes since then. Somehow, I also obtained a Dartmoor pub near the farm which I used to drink in as a Seale-Hayne student; 20 years later I still have it (the Palk Arms at Hennock).

A saviour for the farm was the availability of conservation grants for fencing, hedges and ponds. A grant to fence fallow deer out of the

woods seemed to do a better job at keeping my sheep in! Ponds have been created for water conservation, and some buildings put up for livestock housing and handling. The ponds were a godsend one winter when the local water board decided to stop the mains supply in the snow at minus 5°C in early January for two weeks for repairs; water had to be pumped from the ponds.

In addition, a small one-for-the-pot shoot is put on with friends, and we run a small campsite. Under development is the clay shooting and some glamping in the 'entertainment barn' at the bottom of the farm for the short break, destressing market for which it is very suitable (horizontalleisureclub.com).

The future of the farm (separate from the home), as my son doesn't wish to run it, will depend on improving the leisure side, including woodland management, and hopefully finding a young share-farmer. One such organisation (firstlandpartnership.com) appears to have gone under and the local YFCs are still mostly farmer's sons rather than new entrants, so finding the right people is an ongoing challenge.

Old acquaintances

In the West Country, I occasionally bump into Henrietta and **Peter Grieg** (1976–79) and quite a few at the Farmer's Club London such as Caroline and **William Alexander** (1971–'74) and **Dorothy Fairburn** (1970–73), when we were in the under-30s section quite a few years ago. Bruce Parker (1971–74?) had an office next to mine in Shaftesbury doing landscape design and also helped us between projects when we moved to Devon and, I bumped into **Ralph Day** (1973–76) at the NEC Farm Innovations show last year. I used to see a lot of **Malcolm** and **Lizzie Hughes** (1974–77) when he worked for Bidwells.

From Sainsbury's meat counter to Malvinas bean counter

Ian Cox (1960–63) followed his instincts and rose through the food industry ranks, travelled the world, in the process rubbing shoulders with Alan Sugar, until his unexpected diplomatic role in post-conflict Falkland Islands helping to construct a sturdy economy.

After three very happy years at Wye I decided that, having no direct entry into farming, as I knew how to grow food, I would learn how to sell it. So, in September 1963, I was fortunate enough to join Sainsbury's as a graduate trainee. Following my six months' introduction, which gave me a thorough grounding in the supermarket industry, I was, inevitably I suppose, appointed to the Fresh Meat Department. Here, I was a junior official responsible for ensuring seamless supplies of meat from Argentina, the UK and New Zealand to the national chain of supermarkets. After three years of this (and having no 'S' in my surname), I concluded that my upward progression was not, and would never be, at the rate I considered appropriate; having harboured a wish to work abroad, I applied to Unilever for a marketing position based in London with frequent trips abroad.

To my astonishment, I learnt that a subsidiary, United Africa Company, had a chain of departmental stores and supermarkets across West Africa, from the Cameroons to Sierra Leone. However, the main business was in Nigeria with its HQ in Lagos. As I could carry out meat costings to two decimal places on a slide-rule, I was offered a job in store management and found myself flying to Lagos on the first plane back after the Gowon coup of August 1966. This was the start of an enjoyable career over the next 20 years, during which I rose from store management, through heading various buying departments to head

buyer, which enabled me to spend six weeks a year on worldwide buying trips around the Far East and America. (In the 1970s I gave the then young, plain Alan Sugar his first export order of music centres from which we both earned respectable profits for our businesses.)

In 1977 I moved from our retail business to run our electronics company, closely allied to Panasonic products, which got me trips to Japan for a couple of years. I then moved to become MD of our Electrical Materials company, selling anything from light bulbs to power stations. In 1981 I switched back to the retail business as MD and in 1983 relocated to HQ as head of corporate planning for the multimillion pound group. This got me back



Ian's passion: fly fishing – May 2016

into agriculture since, politically (and to ensure our supplies of raw materials to our Wall's and brewing businesses), we needed to buy livestock farms and develop a huge maize-growing project in northern Nigeria. Guess who was the only executive with any relevant, at least theoretically, experience?! At this time I also saw several Wye alumni coming through including the late **Richard Constanduros**, **Mick Slater** (1965–67), **'Titch' Beresford** (1965–68) and **Tim Johnson**.

Africanisation caught up with me in January 1986 and I left Unilever to manage a group of retail and wholesale food businesses in the Sultanate of Oman, a fascinating country. This was only ever going to be short-term, so in 1987 I moved back to the UK where I took the job of chief exec of a continental bakery concern to try and resuscitate the ailing business; alas, it was to no avail, and we had to sell on to a major competitor.

The Falklands beckoned

This experience of working in the UK was an eye-opener and not to my liking; so in early 1989 an advert in The Telegraph caught my eye regarding a position with the Falkland

Islands Development Corporation (FIDC); this had been established in 1984 on the advice of Lord Shackleton to exploit natural resources and develop the Islands' economy after the 1982 conflict with Argentina. I was appointed and flew to the Falklands in June 1989. My responsibilities included all operational aspects and performance of FIDC subsidiary companies. I was also responsible for the initiation and encouragement of new and existing projects by individuals and companies and developing trade links, negotiating with South-American businesses. Initially, funding for FIDC post-1982 was provided from a redevelopment grant of £35m from the UK government; later it was funded by the Falkland Islands government if we needed finance above that which we generated from our businesses.

With such a wide brief the opportunities were enormous. We gave direct grants for small-scale projects and set up limited companies taking a major or minor equity stake as a means to providing working capital and issuing mortgages on assets. We developed the tourism industry, building lodges and encouraging cruise vessel visitors. We bought



Ian and his wife Jenny at Port Stanley Hydroponic enterprise in 1990

farms off absentee landlords – few farms were owned by locals – and sold them on to local shepherds-general, who had actually run the farms, in economic land and sheep packages able to be ranched by a husband-and-wife team. Prior to my arrival, a woollen yarn mill had been established on West Falkland, and we designed and made knitwear as a cottage industry. We hosted a complete episode of 'The Clothes Show', whose team travelled down and filmed in 1996. Fresh vegetables were always in short supply, so we established a hydroponic market garden supplying salad crops and vegetables year round. Likewise, we imported a flock of hens to produce eggs. (I did not see a fresh egg until after six months in residence). We could not supply the large resident military market with meat as it was not slaughtered in an European Community (EC) standard abattoir, so we built one and concurrently brought the entire Islands to organic status.

Squid ... the major earner

The major earner was the squid fishery, but we wanted to get a bigger slice of a £900m world market, instead of just £25m in licence fees.

So, licensing strategies were developed for overseas fishing companies that enabled locals to become involved with the catching, processing and marketing of squid. The Spanish, with their voracious demands for fish, were only too keen to give a majority equity to local businesses in return for long-term licences. There are now a number of local millionaires. Then, of course, came oil exploration with all its complexities. There were many other initiatives, including developing more retail outlets, importing the National Sheep Stud flock from New Zealand to improve wool and meat quality, and establishing a small industry complex from an old military camp. An interesting exercise was reviewing all government departments to determine savings and through that I became involved with the Islands' governance.

My wife was PA to the attorney general which kept her busy and brought her close to many aspects of Island life and government. I was so involved with all the small businesses we had set up that in 1992 I renewed my contract for a further two years. It also gave me further opportunity for developing my fly-fishing skills and, in season, I supplied quite a few sea



FIDC Board of Directors 1994!



*Port Howard
Farm, West
Falkland: one
million acres
and 90,000
sheep!*

trout to friends and colleagues. I travelled the Islands on a bimonthly basis, and had the best chance to see the wonderful wildlife and enjoy the company of remarkable and resilient people. 1992 was the 10th anniversary of the Argentine conflict and I recall having a pub lunch with Margaret Thatcher during her visit. She was the 'Queen' down there, as a consequence of her rescuing the Islands in 1982. It was a small pond!

After five years, I transferred to the London office of the Falkland Islands government, spending my first six months as the interim Falklands government representative on the diplomatic front – quite an honour considering I was not an Islander. That tested my diplomatic skills: like do I shake hands with the Argentine ambassador at a drinks party or not? Imagine the message that would have sent! Happily I was not, in the event, put into that dilemma; I steered clear of him!

After that spell I happily reverted to commercial aspects which were still

developing, and I was involved in expanding tourism, developing inward investment for the fishing industry, establishing the organic status of the Islands' farming industry, building the EC abattoir, so we could sell to the military and export organic mutton to Europe, plus oil development and a myriad of other ventures. I also spent time in various negotiations with the EC in Brussels, quite an eye-opener. The whole experience was fascinating! So after 11 years of a totally unexpected new career, I retired to the wilds of Suffolk.

It was a most rewarding experience assisting the development of a country with a GDP in 1982 of £5m to £50m in 2001, with £120m in the bank. With 2400 inhabitants it is one of the richer countries per capita in the world, and all because of the 1982 conflict.

Wye College wins again!

Career Reflections 50 years on

Mike Walker (1966-69) specialised in crop husbandry research before firstly being employed as a working-farm manager at Eastwell, near Wye, then inheriting his own acres in Essex.

It was clear... with no farming background, I needed an agricultural degree to progress in the industry of my choice. I was delighted to be greeted by Principal Dunstan Skilbeck with such warmth in the autumn of 1966. I was less delighted to receive my cold bath on my first night from fellow inmates!

Having satisfied the examiners at the end of year one, we were awarded three course units – the new course unit degree starting in the autumn of 1967. For the next two years, we worked and played hard. The highlights were the friends for life I made on the hockey field and the squash and tennis courts. The members of the 1968/69 hockey team still meet today to reminisce about those great times – we lost very few matches and scored 101 goals over the season – what fun!

Major companies in the industry looking for new graduates came to Wye to interview prospective candidates. I was offered a crop husbandry job with RHM (Rank, Hovis, McDougal) based on the company's research farm in Essex. RHM was buying new varieties from UK and continental seed houses, multiplying the stocks for two generations, before selling 70,000 plus tons to farmers. We trained our own crop inspectors in varietal identification. Samples of all the stocks were grown in plots. I would be sent to check crops anywhere in the UK – a thoroughly enjoyable experience mainly due to the people I met. My starting salary was a very adequate £1000 pa plus a car.

But I wanted to get closer to farming and, in 1972, I joined the National Seed Development



Hockey Team: (1968–69): back row – Turney, Tinsley, Miles, Fletcher, Hodge, Gill; front row – Thomson, Whidbourne, Macauley, Major, Walker, Cobbald and Youngs

Organisation (NSDO) located just outside Cambridge. NSDO multiplied the new 'Maris' varieties bred by the Plant Breeding Institute (PBI); for example, Huntsman, Ranger, Nimrod and Templar (which broke down to yellow rust). These semi-dwarf varieties were a big step forward, and it was here that I saw my first 4ton/acre crop. Unfortunately, I found myself working in the warehouse cleaning seed and not outside as I anticipated, so left in the spring of 1973.

I moved with my new wife to Eastling in Kent to take a job as a working-farm manager on a 250-acre farm growing cereals, potatoes, Brussel sprouts and cherries. Since I was earning less than a craftsman's wage (but with a share of the profits), I was 'kept' by my wife, a UCL physiology graduate working for Shell, Sittingbourne, in the toxicology department. The drought of 1976 resulted in profit at last, but the definition of the word can mean different things to different people.



Squash Team: (1967–68): back row – Johnson, Beresford and Roberts; front row: Whidborne, Hardingham and Walker

My late godfather had left me a 64th share in a farm in South Lincolnshire – a farm on the best light silt and ideal for intensive vegetable production. I was never going to get the tenancy on my own, so I put in a joint bid with an established local farmer who was also a beneficiary. We failed with our bid, the land going for a rent of £84/acre – a substantial sum in 1977. I thought that was my only chance to farm gone – one heck of a blow.

But out of the blue I was offered the well-paid job of estate manager at Eastwell Park, close to Wye at Boughton Aluph. The estate had never recovered from being taken over by the army in World War II. The new owners – Thomas Bates & Sons from Essex – invested a million pounds over the next four years in buildings, roads, fencing etc. The 2500-acre estate was transformed: woodland was turned into parkland and parkland converted to arable. At one time, there were 40 people working on the estate, with bulldozers and JCBs. The manor house was converted to a hotel and the lake restored to its former glory. It was an interesting job, but I hardly saw my wife and new son; something had to give.

While on a skiing holiday in Italy, we received a call informing us that Brenda's great uncle had died and left us his 235-acre farm in Essex. We could not return immediately as the village was cut off by a bad avalanche. Eventually, we did get out by helicopter and other modes of transport, arriving in the UK in time for the funeral, in borrowed clothes.

We took over the farm in the spring of 1980 and have been there ever since. Again, we have been lucky to have had some good potato crops in the first eight years when the farm had to generate £90/acre to pay the death duties. It could be done in those days; we did not have a four-wheel drive tractor, but with small machinery and two very good men with

95 years' experience on the farm, we got by. After 10 years, the men had retired and we formed a labour and marketing pool with my brother-in-law. That was followed by a

contract farming arrangement for 17 years with two younger Wye graduates – our nephew **Peter Frost** and **Robert Gemmill** (1993–96).

A life well-travelled

Sue (née Webb 1954–57) and Joe Johnston (1953–56) sent the following potted 'life after Wye' resumé from 'The house that Joe built' in Canberra, Australia

We are both in our 84th year and still live in the house that Joe built in the 1960s. The horses have gone and none of our family is horticultural or agricultural. We have tried to pass on possessions to friends, as our children and their wives have different interests, and I definitely would not like to believe that an overflowing skip would take our treasures to the nearest garbage dump. We look forward to the Journal's arrival, but are saddened by the list of deaths. Rather than funerals, we hope to keep in touch by phone/mail/visits with everyone we care about. As our house is four-bedroomed, there is generally space for visitors.

A resumé of their married life

Joe and Sue were married in 1957 at Battle Registry Office. Joe then did National Service with the REME at Osnabruck with the 3rd Welsh Dragoon Guards, looking after a tank regiment as a 2nd Lieutenant. He then did a year's farming and recovering vehicles for hire in Sussex, UK. In May 1959, he sailed with Land Rover on the *Queen Mary* to New York and worked all over the USA and Canada, as well as through Central America. In 1960, Joe sailed from San Francisco to Auckland and finally on to Sydney, Australia. There Phil Judd (died, 2018) helped him get employment with the Department of Agriculture, South Australia, at an irrigation station at Milang, Lake Alexandrina, on the mouth of the Murray river.

From April 1961 to 1968, Joe was employed by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in Canberra. Over the same period, Sue was teaching Horticulture, Economic Entomology and Plant Pathology at Canberra Technical College and running a Landscape business. Their three sons, Carl, Luke and Grant, were born in 1961, 1965 and 1971, respectively. The boys' elder sister Kirsten, who had been born in the UK in 1958, sadly died in 2006.

In 1968 Joe joined World Bank and was posted to Bolivia where the family joined him. They then moved back to Australia where he took a job with the Bureau of Animal Health, mainly focusing on brucellosis and TB eradication.

Meanwhile, Sue worked as a nursery and technical college teacher, then switched to the Department of Interior, Parks and Gardens Development, including City Parks Research. When Joe retired in 1989, he continued with consulting and voluntary work at the Equestrian Park Development. Sue joined him there in 1997.

Sue continues: I recently had an enforced 'holiday' after a fall that broke my left leg *again!* I had three weeks in the Canberra Hospital which I have 'visited' several times before to repair breakages on my right ankle and right wrist and another time for a knee fracture. This time there was no plaster of Paris; instead a metal pin was inserted between hip and knee. Luckily, we no longer

travel so the metal in both legs will only be of interest to students, as we have both offered our bodies to the University of Canberra's Medical School. After my stay in hospital, I was transferred to the very newly built Rehabilitation Hospital of the University of Canberra for another three weeks where excellent and kind staff prepared me for an active life again even though I was in the Geriatric Ward with other patients over the age of 65.

One of my best decisions in life was to get involved with teaching horticultural apprentices and other plants people in the Canberra Technical College when we arrived in Canberra in 1961. Many of these students have kept in touch over the years, and the really keen plants people are still friendly. One particular 16-year old, Russell John - now in his 70s - can still be relied upon to visit and keep us informed of Canberra's events. At one time he was in charge of the Prime Minister's Lodge Gardens and knew Paul Keating, his wife Anita and family. His brother also happened to be Keating's financial adviser at the same time.

Sadly, the Prime Ministers nowadays do not

live at the Lodge and the maintenance of this garden and that of the Governor General (Sir Peter Cosgrove) at Yarralumla are maintained by contractors, and many areas are not adequately irrigated or cared for.

The years 1974–77 were occupied by the ACT Government Parks Department looking at landscape plans, supervising the planting and maintenance of the new suburbs and then trial plantings of species of native and exotic trees and shrubs for use in this different climate. Unfortunately, the current list of useful plants is very limited as there are very few knowledgeable people making the important decisions; and as gardens have shrunk, the nurseries, both government and private, have changed considerably.

When we first arrived in Australia the 1960s, most people lived in small houses with lots of space outside for children to play. Many people kept chickens and had vegetable gardens. On our own block of land, purchased in 1965, Joe actually designed and built our house and stables for his horses. His hobby on return from South America in 1969 was building a Pazmany, a two-seater light aeroplane which he flew for many years, until he was declared medically unfit due to high blood pressure.

So, in addition to our family of children, horses, dogs, cats and chickens, we both had very full lives. Joe finished the house in 1968 and accepted work with the World Bank in Bolivia, in the Amazon region, for a year. Meanwhile, I had been



Canberra: where Sue and Joe Johnstone made their home

teaching part-time and also had contacts landscaping new schools in new suburbs. However, I sold my business and left Canberra in 1968 with three children. After visiting friends and family in Asia and Europe, we also went to live in the Beni region of Bolivia. There were no mod cons and life was very different. Our two eldest children had to catch their ponies to ride to school daily until the teachers went on strike for non-payment of salaries. Joe's daily transport to work was a small motorbike, and he had the use of a small plane to visit the 'estancias', to make loans to cattle producers. I also had a small motorbike or horses, but mostly stayed on a small research station.

We returned to Australia in 1969, after a short visit to the UK and Austria visiting friends and family, and once again we took up 'normal life' in Canberra. Our fourth child was born in 1971, and then our eight grandchildren arrived between 1982 and 2011, and our great grandson in 2015.

In 1989, Joe left the Public Service and, as well as accepting assignments in South-East Asia and South America, he bought equipment to harvest grain in New South Wales. He and his older sons did this for some seasons over the late summer months. Joe then sold his plane and bought a tractor and volunteered to develop and maintain the nearby Equestrian Park for competitions, and this park is now regularly used for international competitions of eventing, dressage, and endurance riding, as well as Pony Club Breed Events throughout the year. Sadly, we no longer have horses or are involved with the Equestrian Park after about 10 years of volunteering our time, equipment, labour and knowledge.

Now as octogenarians, we have three sons leading very busy lives in Canberra and on the New South Wales Central Coast. Our only

daughter, Kirsten, had breast cancer and died in Queensland in 2006. Her two daughters visit us annually. We now only have our youngest son's 18-year-old cat as a co-resident. However, we have mature plants and lots of birds that enjoy the trees and shrubs.

Recently, our sons wanted us to sell up and become nursing home residents at the coast, but we have steadfastly refused to move to their area. Luckily for us, the ACT Government is assisting people to remain in their own homes as long as possible. Today we were assisted with 1.5 hours of housework by Bodin, a Nepalese man from Polxhara, who is employed for 25 hours a week to assist 'old people' and we pay \$18 per session which is subsidised by the government. We will also get taxi subsidies and other assistance, and now rely on friends as family are not available.

So, life changes. Our advice: 'Travel as much as you want to when you are young, take up all the opportunities life offers you and don't rely on your children in your old age.'

Finally, 'Thank you, Wye College of the 1950s, for giving us such a great start in life.' Nowadays the students of 'online' degrees miss out on friendships. We keep in touch with **Ian Gordon, Sheila Thompson and Dave Bennett**, all from the 1950s and all in Australia, plus a few others in the UK.

Traveller, teacher, jewellery designer, landlady, author

Angela Buck (née Hancock, Wye 1962–66) charts her fascinating life journey across continents, from Wye, via the USA, Australia and Africa, with a walk along the Great Wall of China, before settling in London.

After my slightly extended stay at Wye (due to not working like a good girl my first year), I decided I wanted to see the world, and then, after my degree, go to Africa and check out food production (if you don't get enough to eat you don't live). I wanted to see what Africa was like after hearing so much from fellow students who came from farms in Kenya and what was then Rhodesia. I decided that teaching might be a good way to familiarise myself with everyday life and problems there – so I did a year in education at Exeter University before going to work on a UN project in Malawi.

Prior to this, I had spent one summer working on an experimental station in Oregon and also checked out east and central Australia, firstly working on a Wye guy's family sheep station near Ballarat and then as a skivvy in northern Queensland. I followed this with a trip out to the Barrier Reef and a journey by bus from Alice Springs down to Adelaide, back to Sydney and home to Wye; Oz was great, but too far away from everything else at that time – in 1966.

So in 1967, at the ripe old age of 23, I went out to Malawi (previously known as Nyasaland), about two-thirds of which is a huge lake, on a UN project as assistant lecturer in crop-husbandry at Bunda College of Agriculture, 16 miles outside Lilongwe, about half-way up country; there was no university facility then. This was all to change in 2011.

My duties included teaching students plant theory and then out to the field for basic

principles using the local *kasu*, or hoe, with furrow irrigation, trips to local farms for tobacco – mainly sun/air-dried. I was then instructed by the resident prof – a short, opinionated Texan with a large hat and a cigar – to grow vegetables to supply the college kitchens on 20 acres down at the farm, on land equipped with a sprinkler irrigation plant.

How many men?

How many men did I want? – frankly I hadn't got a clue – but we agreed on four workman and a foreman to organise – and to grow – cabbage, tomatoes and onions, of course. Most guys in the field wore shorts, but these were not allowed for me so I had safari suits made by the tailor at Kandodo supermarket and the smallest-size men's desert boots. I was quite amused to be called *bwana* in the field; my team were fantastic, especially the foreman who was a great support. I altered the working hours from the existing colonial regime to 6.30–12 am and 2–4pm, thus avoiding the hottest part of the day.

I soon realised that because, apparently, I looked young and sometimes wore makeup, people did not take me seriously. So, I thought it might be useful to get a doctorate at the same time doing something immediately applicable for the area. I settled on attempting to find out which variety of tomato produced the best crops throughout the wet and dry seasons – sprayed and unsprayed. I registered with London University and had Prof Selman as a mentor/director.

One slight problem, we had half the annual rainfall in one month – so there was no tractor access and grass 10-foot high. With the help of 15 guys from local penal institution, we managed to clear and prepare the area and plant out 88 different variety blocks – top performer was the plum tomato *Roma*.

I was intending to stay on for a few years and build up a fruit orchard as well, but for family reasons decided to return home where I worked for a couple of years for an ex-Wye guy, **Nick Craze** (1960–63) in London, helping north-African governments deal with bird control on seed crops. I then went into business in hotel sales (nearest thing to travel, I thought), got married, had kids, made various other attempts to set up businesses, printed T-shirts in the East End, and in 1985 got into wind surfing as well, and then started writing kids books. In the 1990s, I worked on pearl jewellery in Hatton Garden and got my jewellery on the front cover of *Vogue Bride*.

Unfortunately, I was never very good at making money; in 2005 I did a Red Cross charity walk on a broken-down part of Great Wall of China; pretty scary as in some parts there very steep, narrow climbs and drops

either side for thousands of feet. But at the highest point, we stopped for a sandwich and could speak on mobiles with guys in London, with amazing reception; like we were just next door – wow!

Prior to all this, as I did not have any pension, in 2002 I decided to create a retirement pot for myself. Using some cash I had from a divorce settlement, and buying at the bottom of the market –unfortunately with absolutely no knowledge or experience at all (I never even had a mortgage) – I started to build a property portfolio. I have been a landlady ever since. As you might imagine I made quite a few costly, financial mistakes, but I am currently setting up plans for retiring this year; 75 seems about time

I can't wait to get back to my kids' projects which I have been working on since the mid 1980s. A major one is empowerment for primary age kids – *The Magic Sunglasses.com* – under my pseudonym Auriel Blanche.

Angela has also provided a fascinating account of her grandfather's magnificently designed roof gardens that grace the skylines of New York and in London on top of the old BIBA building. See pages 133–137.



Angela spent time lecturing in Malawi. Here, some of the students are learning to use the kasu, a kind of hoe

Reminiscences of a small country college, and what came after

Tim Threadgold (1954–57) reflects on the halcyon days of Wye in the 1950s before taking a whistle-stop tour of the years, the work and the life that followed.

Those were the days

First I'll indulge in some reminiscences. How lucky we were in the late fifties. A small college in the middle of nowhere required everyone to join in if anything was to happen, even with things that weren't their scene. And boy did people join in! There was a full range of sports teams, a sports day, tug-of-war, ploughing match, beagles pack, second-year revue, car rally, bonfire-building (a work of art), regular Scottish dancing sessions, dances, and the like. In later years I gathered that, as many students had cars and returned home at weekends, social activities collapsed.

As men outnumbered women at Wye, I remember a coachload of girls being invited to dances from either Nonington (East Kent) or Eastbourne Ladies PE Colleges. It was almost mandatory to take them for a walk in Withersdane gardens at the end of the evening. One year, the Monte Carlo Rally started in London and quite a few of us went to Dover to see the cars. On the way back everyone collected an RAC direction sign as a souvenir for their room. It wasn't too difficult for the police to work out that no signs north of Ashford were missing. We were duly hauled into Ashford Police Station for a dressing-down by an inspector.

Into the real world

After college, I opted to be called up for National Service rather than take avoidance action via the Colonial Service. A rather pointless two years, primarily spent at Crownhill Fort in Plymouth, was over more or

less as conscription finished. I never got abroad apart from a mock invasion of Guernsey – Operation Rock 'n Roll.

My first job was as an assistant area supervisor at £550pa. Within 18 months I had got a move to the Maidstone Office. This made it much easier to organise the Agricola Club tennis team to take on the students in Commemoration Week. In 1967, I joined NAAS as a district agricultural adviser working from the Preston Office. Distance then became a major deterrent to visiting Wye and Agricola Club members in Lancashire were few and far between. Within six months, I was on a one-year diploma course in Agricultural Extension at Reading University. There were sizeable chunks of psychology and sociology in addition to extension methods with a week-long trip to the Lucca area in Italy to study a project there. I didn't get any tennis, but I did play regularly for the university squash team.

Back in Preston, my area to the south and east comprised mainly small dairy farms on Grade 3 land. Income was often supplemented by small egg production units and retail milk rounds. Advice centred on encouraging the adoption of new ideas, particularly the use of management records, via visits, meetings and demonstrations. Individual advice involved fertiliser planning and development of farm buildings to facilitate the introduction of cubicles, parlour-milking and silage-feeding in addition to the usual crop fire-brigade work. A couple of instances of small failure areas in potatoes were found to be result of a lightning strike and a leak from an underground gas pipeline. Looking back now,

there are very few of the small farms left. The farmhouse and stone buildings are upmarket residences with the land taken by the remaining farms. Even some of the larger holdings have diversified into farm shops, commercial dairies, ice-cream production, contracting, leisure destinations, and so on.

Over the years NAAS became ADAS and gradually moved to a charging model prior to final privatisation. I became involved in a greater range of duties over a wider area. With the introduction of the Control of Substances Hazardous to Health Regulations (COSHH), I was given responsibility for dealing with all requests for a report in the county. There were some horror situations with dangerous chemicals just lying around and scant attention to airborne dust and spores. This work took me onto holdings of all types – veg growers, glasshouses, egg-production units, mushroom farms, etc. Then there was MAFF-funded work on diversification and conservation. This took me further afield into Cheshire and Cumbria. Contract work included agricultural impact studies on proposed new dual carriageways, feasibility studies for farm cafes and so on. This period was very varied and generally more interesting.

On the environmental side, I was seconded for three consecutive summers to the Lake District to help with the introduction of an Environmentally Sensitive Area (ESA). My patch was centred on Ullswater and involved the recording of significant features on each applicant's farm – intact walls, walls capable of reinstatement, woodland, scrub, hedges, areas of heather, juniper, rush, etc. Determining how much of a wall was intact meant that many walls, which always seemed to go up the mountain side, had to be walked and this was quite hard physically. By the end I knew every inch of the Ullswater area as nearly all the non-dairy farms joined the

scheme. Effort was put into getting the upland common into the scheme and part of the job was to visit the top of Helvellyn.

I married Isobel in 1962 and we lived just outside Maidstone. One of our daughters is a Kentish Maid (born in Pembury Hospital) and the other a Maid of Kent (born in East Farleigh Hospital). One obtained a degree in Economics and the other in Aeronautical Engineering – at Imperial Both then qualified as chartered accountants. One is married to a Lieutenant General in the Army and the other to the Vice-Chairman of the Westmorland Family company. This company is owned by the Dunning family who opened Tebay motorway services when the M6 was constructed through their farm. They have recently developed Gloucester Services (M5), and I highly recommend both as excellent stopping points. A farm shop features many local producers and there are no branded outlets or slot machines. Last year all five grandchildren were at university.

And finally

When I retired, we moved from our small, three-bed house and allotment to a four bed-house with a two-acre garden in Broughton, near Preston. Much of it is trees and rough grass, with a small orchard and a large area for soft fruit and vegetables. The main reason for the move was the house's position, opposite Broughton and District Sports and Social Club which has 600 members, covering badminton, crown green bowls, bridge, drama, petanque, snooker and tennis. I was tennis secretary for 21 years followed by 20 years as General Club Secretary. During this time we have moved from three summer-only, shale courts to seven all-weather courts, five with floodlights. I still play a bit of tennis but mainly concentrate on bowls and bridge, having just retired from running bridge lessons after 20 years.

A wasted education?

A question raised by Rosemary Atkins (née Hinge, 1964–68), mainly because there was very little agriculture involved in her 'life after Wye'.

Once more, I have fallen victim to the persuasive powers of our Editor, **John W!**

The first time was when I was poring over a microscope one Saturday morning in the geology lab at Wye in late 1964. He, together with the late **Ian Robinson**, had come to persuade me to enter the Carnival Queen competition for 1965. Not that they were so straightforward in their request! They knew better than that; they knew that I would say a resounding 'No'. So they skirted round the subject saying all they wanted was for me to join others in a photograph for the *Target '65* magazine – no strings attached! I did eventually agree, not realising that there were strings in the form of swimwear and that the dreaded judging competition was to follow!

This time, it is for the writing of this article. I have read everyone else's articles over the

years and found them not only interesting and inspiring but always connected to agriculture or associated subjects. I cannot provide such an appropriate story following my Wye education and have never considered putting pen to paper – till John asked nicely !

My Life after Wye

First came an expedition in 1968 to the High Atlas of Morocco with **Quentin Farmar-Bowers** (1965–68), **Chris Mathias** (1964–68), **Judith Oakes** (1967–70) and **Peter Goodchild** (1965–68), collecting wild plants for the Natural History Museum, a plan Quentin and I dreamt up while revising for our finals in the Northbourne Room.

Gainful employment started off OK. A after a brief spell on the family farm I spent a year back at Wye in 1969–70 as a research assistant



Rosemary and her collies at a cairn on the summit of Carn Eighe

in poultry nutrition for **Cliff Martindale**; but after that all offers of work involved vivisection, the one thing I refused to do and have campaigned against ever since. I spent a year in the lab of a mushroom farm before returning home to the family farm at the request of my father. As I had completed an honours degree in Animal Science, the fact that the family farm was fruit and veg was inappropriate for me, to say the least.

The family farm ...

Much of the land was down to spring greens and calabrese, a very new crop at that time – we were among the first to grow it. We had 25 acres of strawberries and 12 acres of raspberries which we marketed both through supermarkets, utilising our own packhouse, and Pick Your Own.

There were apple and pear orchards, cucumber and tomatoes in poly tunnels, plus Ogen melons, aubergines and okra. There was a year when apples made no money at all in Spitalfields (where my grandfather had a wholesale market stand, still in our family at that time) – one lorryload returned one shilling for a 30lb carton (the carton cost us more than that), so we made frequent journeys to Cumbria with lorryloads of apples to sell in 30lb cartons to the employees of Sellafield nuclear power plant, where my father-in-law worked. He had pre-orders for them and we came away with a profit. Supermarket pressures and seven-day weeks were commonplace and accepted as part of the job.

One hiccup was when we ordered enough sweet pepper plants to fill the large poly tunnel, only for *chilli* pepper plants to be delivered! At that time there was a minimal market for chillis!

I did satisfy my need for some animals around me, by becoming the go-to contact for the local RSPCA which needed someone to take in



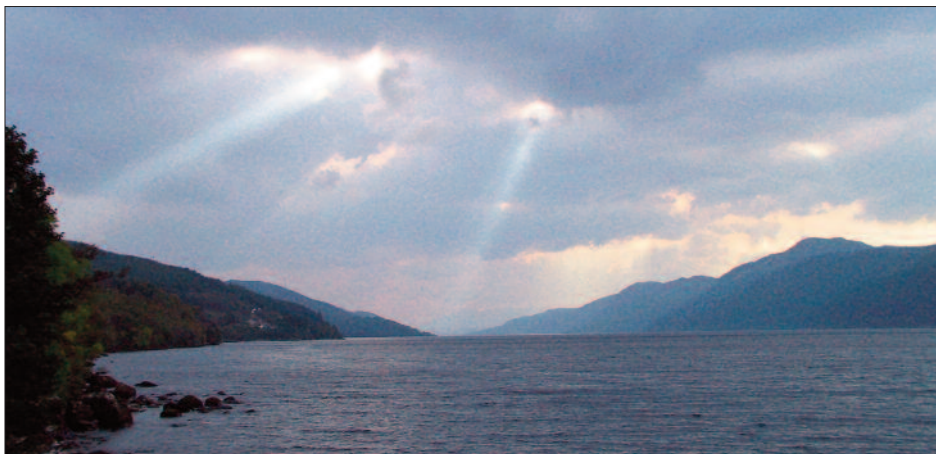
Rosemary at work on Lianachan cottage

its unwanted geese, ducks, hens and donkeys. All were welcomed! I became the local sanctuary and loved it. The eggs were sold in our farm shop – the very first thing we opened on returning to the farm – as well as produce from the fields, polytunnels and honey from our 10 hives.

One notable day out from the farm was a parachute jump for the RNLI at Port Lympne in Kent with a bunch of guys from our local pub. I loved it and wanted to repeat it, but time ran out and all drops were postponed until the following spring, when I would have had to do another training day. I guess it was not to be my chosen sport.

... and then Scotland

After 20 years on the farm came a move to Scotland in 1990 in search of wide-open spaces, mountains and snow. We camped a while in Glen Affric, a beautiful ancient Caledonian pine forest, before starting work on an arable farm which also grew seed potatoes, plus swede and beetroot for Baxters pickles. The farmer wanted to branch out into more veg and Andy, my partner, helped him become part of the Moray Firth Growers over



Sunbeams on Loch Ness: this photo was used for the cover of Katherine Stewart's book The Story of Loch Ness

the course of a year. We had never expected to need irrigation in Scotland, but the east is much dryer than one would imagine.

Then, in 1991, we found a very old cottage in a dream location and settled on the shores of Loch Ness, on the quiet eastern side. At first, we joined Animal Aunts, looking after dogs and other animals in their own homes while the owners were away on holiday. This took us all over Britain while, at the same time, we let out our own new-to-us, old cottage for self-catering holidays.

A number of jobs were on farms – a rare breeds farm, a Trakehner stud (the oldest warmblood breed in the world, with a history spanning almost 300 years – as featured in Lloyds bank adverts) and a dairy farm that also raised future race horses. It was on this farm that, after watching the late-night film, we took our two collies and the farm dogs out for a last brief walk at 1am and found a cow suffering from milk fever. We called the vet and she was saved. Thank goodness for late films! To our credit, we were asked to return to a number of homes that had appreciated the unexpected

extra maintenance projects we had done, while in their home.

Pet friendly tourism

By 1992, we had settled in our old cottage and set about renovating it, adding two extensions – including a major one for my elderly mother to join us. Farming was out of the question by Loch Ness – too forested – so we decided to join the tourist industry for real. It started with mountain bike hire for a year or so. We had 36 bikes of all sizes from toddlers to large adult! We purchased a ruin of a cottage, still with its peat thatched roof – the peat resting on raw timber branches – restored it to modern standards and let it out for self-catering holidays. Then, over the years, came five other cottages - we did the same, upgrading kitchens and bathrooms ourselves and making them look and feel like home from home. One, *Lianachan* – Gaelic for 'little meadow' – we built from scratch.

As we had two collies of our own, we knew that pet owners had great difficulty finding places that would accept their dogs, so we decided to fill the gap. We were very popular!

We made no limit to the number of dogs they could bring (10 was the maximum that holidayed with us in one cottage, for one week – luckily, all little ones!) and most owners were so grateful to find somewhere welcoming, that they respected our property and left it as they found it – perfectly clean (cleanliness is the most important factor in this business).

At that time, most holidays in Scotland were only in the summer, so we set out to expand the season by targeted marketing and succeeded in filling the 'shoulder months' and into winter. A consequence of this, apart from being beneficial to our pocket, was that other self-caterers in the area noticed our occupied cottages in the winter and asked us to market theirs. So, we became an agency, marketing cottages as far afield as the Moray Firth, south to Loch Rannoch and in the west, from the Isle of Arran and Skye to Sutherland. For some of the cottages, local to us, we took over the management as well as the marketing and eventually had to accept help for the changeovers every Saturday – yes – we had been scrubbers for quite a time! Each cottage had a garden which also had to be maintained and six had wood-burning stoves to supply, as well as our own wood stove (more of that later) – we were kept very busy!

Wilderness Cottages

From 1993, we marketed ourselves under the name of 'Wilderness Cottages' with a policy of inspecting and photographing every property ourselves, writing the copy and designing the printed brochure. We encouraged all cottage-owners to use environmentally friendly cleaning products in their cottages, as we did in ours, and to provide recycling containers for visitors' use. The wild birds were catered for too, with feeders in the gardens and visitors encouraged to keep them filled throughout their stay. The visitor books we left for them

to write the stories of their holiday were filled with tales of what they had seen – from pine martens to red squirrels from their cottage windows and eagles and dolphins to osprey fishing on their day trips out.

Photography has been a hobby of mine since childhood with my Brownie 127! I have advanced since then and, as well as filling our brochures and websites with photos of our Highland surroundings and its wildlife, some of my photos were chosen to illustrate the cover and content of a book, published in 2005, *The Story of Loch Ness* by Katherine Stewart, author of *A Croft in the Hills*.

One of our own cottages that we purchased and upgraded came with 90 acres of grassland, mature woodland and some moorland with a Bronze Age settlement and the lazy beds, added later, are still visible. I had long wanted to be able to create a native woodland and, with help from a Woodland Grant, and risking tut-tuts from you beef and dairy folk, we were able to achieve my dream, though there was no planting on the Bronze Age site! There was an acre of non-native conifer with the pasture, which had to be felled over a period, to qualify for the grant. This neatly provided the source of logs for the six wood-burning stoves we supplied in the cottages. After felling, the trees were logged by axe – we only bought a log splitter a couple of years ago. That saved a lot of sweat! Our happiest days were either spent in the quiet of the woodland, tending the 20,000 planted native trees or felling conifers in the forest with the Monadhliath mountains as a backdrop.

By the end of 1999, we had joined the worldwide web, purchasing our first PC on the eve of the supposed Millennium Bug, the scare that all computers would stop as the date changed overnight to 2000! We took that risk. The scare was unfounded. Our website,

designed by Andy, won an award from 'Winners on the Web, 2003' for Best Tourism e-Business in Scotland, as it incorporated a cutting-edge (for the time) online booking system. The new owners of the business may have since changed the design of the website, but I'm pleased to say they have kept our environmental and pet-friendly policies.

Wilderness Cottages was superseded by our 'Loch Ness Holiday' website, for our one remaining cottage, which was achieving up to 50% return visitors. In one memorable year, all 52 weeks were fully booked. We greatly enjoyed welcoming visitors to the properties over many years and have kept in contact with many of them and regard them as friends.

In 2006, we sold our last cottage and purchased an apartment in Fort Augustus Abbey which was newly restored (no more gardening other than at home!). Thus came into being our 'Highland Club' website, designed originally for our own apartment, but, like Wilderness Cottages, soon to become an agency for many of the other 100 apartments in the abbey. This ran until December 2017 when we retired from self-catering and sold the property.

During the year 2003 until we retired, finally, in 2018, Andy was also webmaster for the local Loch Ness Tourist Group – a Business Improvement District. He specialised in search engine optimisation which significantly

benefitted the performance of all his websites, both our own and those he designed and managed for others.

The cottage on the loch

I have barely mentioned our own home. As a child, I had a mental picture of where I wanted to live – in a log cabin on a wooded hillside by a tumbling stream. If you substitute timber cottage for log cabin, then that is where we have lived for the past 28 years.

Our cottage is one of about 30 in a widely scattered community. It is at the end of a quarter-mile unadopted lane, just as you reach the river that curves around the cottage and flows on into Loch Ness. The sounds of the river are constant, sometimes babbling, sometimes a deafening torrent with rocks being swept noisily downriver. We have no fences. Badgers, roe and sika deer wander through the garden at will. One doe had her fawn annually just outside the garden and brought it onto the lawn for us to see. Red squirrels come daily, pine marten from time to time and otters occasionally. Melancholy was the day we found a dead otter, quite literally on our doorstep. The grey herons fish the river pools below our window and the dippers feed their young on the rocks there.

There is a well-established bat colony in the roof and walls of the cottage - even a honey-bee colony established itself in our gable for

several years running - and swallows nested on the trusses above the garage. A pair of spotted flycatchers nested on the top of the pillar supporting our broadband satellite dish (no other broadband supply) and raised four young. Hundreds of birds fed at our

Island Cottage on Loch Ness



tables in winter. Incidentally, Island Cottage had no TV reception other than satellite TV and no mobile reception – we walked to the far end of the lane to get a signal.

There is a legend associated with this area – Deirdre, according to the legend, fled from Ireland with her lover, Noisi, and his brothers to escape the wrath of King Conchobar. They took refuge in Alba (Scotland) and, although they were more associated with Loch Etive, it is said they spent a happy time by Loch Ness where 'they settled and made a dwelling house for themselves . . . and they could catch the salmon of the stream from out their own door and the deer of the grey hills from out their window'. These activities are very possible from Island Cottage, if we had so wished, and we have always imagined that Deirdre and Noisi were one of the first inhabitants of our corner of heaven. Their escape from pursuers sent by the King would have been to take to the high precipice of Dun Dearduil, named after Deirdre, which dominates our cottage and which is topped by a Bronze Age vitrified stone fort.

When digging the foundations for the first extension to our original cottage, we found a medieval ring – possibly treasure trove, according to the local museum.

We have grown much of our own fruit and vegetables in the garden and populated the flower beds with pollinator friendly plants with the help of **Chris Baines'** (1966–69) book *How to Make a Wildlife Garden*. In my spare time, I have monitored the surrounding wildlife, entering all my observations into national databases. Birds, bats, badgers and other mammals, butterflies, moths, bumblebees and wild plants have all been documented for many years. My inclination to survey continued in the evenings where I could visit remote places online, observing and counting,



Sika doe and fawn

for example, penguin or Stellar sea-lion colonies in places too remote for regular routine scientific study, and going as far afield as the surface of Mars, mapping carbon dioxide geysers, the results of which have been accepted for publication in the journal, *Icarus* (80,000 of us submitted these observations to produce the largest Martian surface map to date). One particularly survey was searching satellite images of remote areas devastated by an earthquake in order to direct humanitarian aid to the areas where most people were affected and needed help.

And then there was Norfolk

But - Island Cottage is now, sadly, in the past. It is one of life's mysteries as to how we decided to move south to East Anglia in 2018, just a few short months ago. We had visited Norfolk several times in the past and liked it, so now we dwell on the very edge of a small town in north Norfolk, next to conservation woodland, but within walking distance of the modern necessities of living (a big difference from the 16 miles we have been used to for so long). We have nature reserves, close to us, all around the coast and inland and are enjoying good times in our overdue retirement.

A wasted education? That's for you to decide.

Random Recollections from a travelling life

Ridley Nelson (1961–65) paints a colourful canvas of a career that took him through many of the colonies, including the USA, mostly with the World Bank.

I'm not sure why anyone should give a damn about my story but, for what it's worth, here are some pieces of another roving Wye graduate's life – Precambrian era, of course.

Jackarooing and Wye

Like all of us, my first Wye activity, back in the early 1960s, was the required year working on farms. I got a job as a jackaroo in Australia – a country which happened to be the land of my birth, having been an RAF brat. The largest of the three properties I worked on was 35,000 acres up near Moree. Castrating lambs with my teeth was not a skill that I have found much use for in a career mostly with the World Bank. I was once about to demonstrate the technique to a Maasai herder in Kenya but, reminding myself of their inclination for ceremonial life passages involving sharp implements, I thought the better of it.

During my first encounter with Dunstan Skilbeck at a welcoming party in Withersdane, with shameless sycophancy, I said what an excellent idea I thought it was to require the year of practical farming. He responded over his sherry with a harrumph, 'Oh, bugger the farming. I'm just not prepared to take a bunch of immature school children into my university.' He had a point. Although I was soon to realise that the maturity level of our extra-curricular activities demonstrated that a year was entirely insufficient to achieve his goal!

California

The first summer from Wye, I crossed the pond with **Colin Myram (1961–65)** and **Ursula Hartley (1961–64, now Thompson)** to work on

a prune farm in California for a wonderful American family, Al and Alyce Cadd. Colin and I have both visited in recent years. They shifted enterprises from relieving the world's constipated to nourishing the world's more discerning alcoholics – switching from prunes, via a brief tryst with apples, to grapes for wine. A glove of mine used in the oil-fired dryer, a sandal of Ursula's, and a working boot left behind by Colin – hopefully now well sterilised by over half a century of desiccation – still hang nailed to the old prune shed wall in our memory.

Wagga Wagga

Soon after Wye, I went to Wagga Wagga in Australia for five years on an R&D team doing the first work there on zero tillage. There was much scepticism. Some farmers thought we must have 'roos loose in the top paddock' as the Aussies say. One farmer, slowly rolling a cigarette, responded to a suggestion that he try out this new technique with, 'I reckon in these dry areas yer can learn enough in one year to make a fool of yerself the next.' This was an aphorism that stood me in good stead through the years, especially during my later focus with the World Bank on dryland issues. Despite a slow start in Australia with zero tillage, today well over half the wheat is put in with either minimum or zero tillage, so it seems we left something behind.

Wye again (briefly)

After Australia, in 1970, I was back at Wye doing Eric Clayton's Agrarian Development Overseas Masters course. **George Gwyer**

(1959–62) and **Ian Carruthers** were lecturing. Then to Kenya on an ODA contract with the Ministry of Agriculture supporting research and extension staff, trying to inject a farm management slant into the work of the Ministry, designing a small farm record book, and doing a bit of linear programming on the Ministry of Finance's computer to examine farm systems and labour constraints. Their IBM mainframe at that time would have just about filled the Wye dining hall. Now my little laptop that can handle similar LP analysis is so thin it almost cuts me!

Tanzania then Kenya again

By 1974, I was on a World Bank contract as a rural development specialist at the Prime Minister's Office in Dodoma. Since most of the senior Tanzanian staff were unhappy about being moved to this planned new capital, they spent much of their time in Dar, so I found few staff to interact with in Dodoma. I wrote a paper trying to show that the ujamaa villagisation programme was a bad idea for agriculture. Being contrary to government policy, my paper was perused with alarm and locked away in a drawer.

Dodoma was a very small town, but we were delighted to find a Greek bakery. I remarked to the New Zealander pharmacist in town that I had just bought two nice fresh loaves of their brown bread. He said reproachfully, 'Oh dear, you didn't buy the brown bread did you?' I hung my head. He said, 'You might want to examine why it's brown.' He paused to let it sink in. 'I'm afraid the brown bread is just the dirty flour!' Back at the bungalow, dissection revealed that what I had thought were wheat husks and other good wholesome roughage were actually minced insect parts and floor sweepings. We switched to the whitish bread which, while by no means pristine, provided less camouflage.

Later, after a short spell in Mwanza, I moved to



Ridley Nelson: a career with the World Bank enabled a travelling life

Nairobi working out of the Bank office for five years, much of that time overlapping with **Stephen Carr** (1948–51). Both Stephen and **Anne** – known to many of us – were Wye graduates who made unparalleled contributions to African rural development and still do. More broadly, Wye graduates have made a huge impact on agriculture in developing countries. I can think of no university that contributed more.

Sudan

While working in Africa, I used to visit Sudan quite often. I was on a mission in Khartoum when President Nimeiry was deposed. We were stuck in the hotel for about eight days, cut off from local expats around town with their grog allowances. By then Sudan had gone dry. The local hibiscus flower drink *karkadeh* is fine for an occasional thirst-quencher, but after six in the evening a Wye man yearns for something with at least a brief flirtation with fermentation.

World Bank HQ, India and Pakistan

I was at the Bank HQ in Washington from 1980. For the first couple of years I found America oppressive after the relative chaos of Africa. At first, America didn't feel free at all. I

felt that big brother was watching me. The police had enough gas in their cars to actually catch you speeding. The lifeguard at the pool told your children to stop running because they were afraid a child might break a leg and you would sue the pool. In Africa, that was *your* problem. But gradually I got used to America – except for the gun lunacy – and I got used to the relative efficiency.

At the World Bank, over the years, I worked in the Eastern Africa Region, the South Asia Region (overlapping with **Dick Grimshaw**), the central Agriculture Department and the then newly formed Environment Department. In the latter I was handling dryland management issues. From 1992 to 1996 I was in the Bank agriculture office in Delhi where, like a rugby 'hospital pass', I was handed the Narmada Dam project at the peak of its controversial history. **Mike Macklin** (1959–62) was with me in Delhi, a great asset. Finally, I joined what is now the World Bank's Independent Evaluation Group.

Over the later years, evaluating projects in South Asia, I suppose the two best rural development programmes I encountered were the Pakistan Aga Khan Rural Support Programme (in which **Chris Gibbs** (1963–66) had been involved) and, somewhat later, the India women's groups livelihoods projects in a number of states, on which many donors participated. The women's groups in India have achieved extraordinary progress in recent years, less so men's groups. At one interview, with a sampled women's group in Andhra Pradesh, I asked why the men hadn't sustained their groups. My question was apparently a huge joke, they doubled up laughing. 'Men?' they shrieked incredulously, 'Men can't work in groups; they're too lazy and they can't agree on anything.' As I took my leave and headed for my next group, feeling almost foolish for having asked the question, they were still chuckling about the notion of men's groups.



Ridley Nelson with a women's group in Andhra Pradesh, India, about 2013

Retirement

Now retired, I continue as a part-time consultant with the Bank's Evaluation Group doing project evaluations. I suppose I should by now understand more about rural development than I did when I started. But I sometimes have doubts. One sees so many failures or partial flops that, in retrospect, are still quite hard to unravel for causes, and one sees successes that one would probably not have bet on up front. Yes, I suppose there are a few rules of thumb that seem to work more often than not, but I find that age brings with it increasing reservations – about anything really. I suppose this is reflected in T S Eliot's lines: 'And the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time.'

In the end – as Wye first helped me to understand – there is no substitute for the facts. But facts nowadays seem to have become increasingly malleable in the hands of those with agendas.

There you are. I have managed to avoid saying anything about the current American leadership scenario. But really, what can one say without maligning roos!

From chrysanthemums to golf greens

Emeritus Professor Eric Davies (1959–62) recalls his varied career after leaving Wye – starting in chrysanthemum greenhouses in Nova Scotia

When I graduated in from Wye in 1962, I felt I deserved a rest and so I made no job applications as I intended to hitch-hike around Europe for a year or two and practice my Dutch, German and French. Imagine my surprise when, while on a horticulture trip to the Channel Islands, I received a phone call from Nova Scotia offering me the job as assistant manager of a Chrysanthemum nursery. The money was so good, I accepted and started in September. (There are advantages in procrastination.)

Few aspects of the job benefitted from my education. The problems were: too much water, too little water, too much food, and too little food. However, by the December, I was able to contribute. The owners were about to spend huge sums to buy stock plants from California and Florida. I asked why and they said there was insufficient sunlight in the Nova Scotia winter. I disagreed and said they grow in England which has far less sunlight. I asked myself what it could be, and realised they were growing in tightly sealed plastic greenhouses and that it may be a CO₂ problem; so I got a measuring device and found that after about an hour of daylight, the CO₂ level was down to the compensation point. I took a cylinder of CO₂ and fed the gas into the plastic tubes carrying the heated air throughout the greenhouse. This saved them about \$1m and they offered to double my salary. Instead, I opted for a 50% pay cut to escape commerce and retreat to academia and started a graduate degree at McGill University in the bustling city of Montreal!

The five years at McGill was a wonderful learning experience and I worked on the mode

of action of IAA (auxin), the plant growth hormone on induction of the enzyme cellulase. My thesis was the first report of a plant hormone increasing the mRNA level of a specific enzyme. Somewhat later, the famous Joe Varner showed the same with GA and amylase mRNA in germinating barley.

I presented data at an international conference in Ottawa where **Professor Louis Wayne** was in attendance. He was sufficiently impressed with the work that he offered me a position as assistant professor at Wye. Unfortunately, the salary was less than I was getting as a graduate student and I would have had to pay fares for me, my wife and son, to get back to the UK, so I had to decline.

I then accepted a position as assistant professor in the Botany Department at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln (UNL). This set



Eric Davies on the beach at Mismaloya, near Puerto Vallarta, on Mexico's Pacific coast, where he has a condominium

my career back quite dramatically. Even though I had designed my new lab (converted from a regular classroom), and had spent over US\$30,000 on new equipment, including an ultracentrifuge, the lab conversion did not take place for over two years. Eventually, I found out this was because there was not enough electricity in the building to power my

equipment and I had to wait for them to lay underground power cables.

Once I had a lab, I embarked on a project to isolate the mRNA encoding cellulase and decided to do this by isolating intact polyribosomes (polyribosomes are many ribosomes traversing the same mRNA making identical copies of the same protein); if the

My academic life – brief version

1959–62: Wye College, BSc Horticulture, Upper Second

1962–63: Assistant Manager, Avon Valley Greenhouses, Falmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada – adjusted CO₂ levels in plastic greenhouses to enable chrysanthemums to grow luxuriantly during winter. Saved company CAN\$1m.

1963–64: MSc Program, Horticulture, McDonald College, Canada – analysed data on rootstock-scion interactions in apple, research on IAA metabolism in apple. Took a course in Plant Physiology in Botany at downtown McGill campus

1964–68: PhD Program, Botany, McGill University, Montreal, Canada – thesis: 'Generation of cellulase activity in vivo and in vitro in response to IAA' under the direction of Professor Gordon A MacLachlan.

1968–73: Assistant Professor, Botany Department, UNL

1974–80 Associate Professor, School of Biological Sciences, UNL

1980–95: Professor and Director of Cell and Molecular Biology – awarded two science education grants from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute (HHMI), of over \$1m each. The main goal of the first year was to promote Lincoln's University Research Experience (LURE) which attracted numerous top quality Nebraska high-school students to do research with UNL faculty. The second year developed 'hands-on' courses in Biology, Chemistry, Physics and Earth Sciences for elementary education majors. This was so successful I was invited to the HHMI headquarters to explain how it had been achieved. For these and other related activities, I received the top award for citizens of Nebraska (Vice Admiral of the Navy) for contributions to education.

1995–99: Professor and Head, Botany Department, NCSU, and Director NCSORT in Gravitational Biology, NCSU – I led reorganisation of the undergraduate and graduate programs such that the department won the Provost's award for the outstanding academic department in the entire university.

1999–2009: Professor, Plant and Microbial Biology (PMB), NCSU

2009–present: Emeritus Professor, PMB, NCSE

polyribosomes were intact then the mRNA would be also. This led to my goal of isolating free polyribosomes (FP), membrane-bound polyribosome (MBP) and cytoskeleton-bound polyribosomes (CBP). In the interim, my PhD advisor, using our MBP isolation methods, succeeded in isolating cellulase mRNA. Accordingly, I focused on the role of IAA on polyribosome metabolism, but to do this we had to excise the IAA-responding tissue and found to our horror that the act of excising (wounding) caused greater and faster polyribosome accumulation than IAA did.

Our first publication on the topic had such a grandiose title it just had to be published in PNAS – 'Evidence for a rapidly-generated, bi-directionally-transmitted wound signal'. I finally got a grant from USDA to fund the work.

I was receiving little recognition at Nebraska and, when offered a job as head of the Botany Department at North Carolina State University (NCSU), I accepted readily. Before I started at NCSU, I was asked to coordinate the writing of a major training grant from NASA. This involved faculty from Botany, Forestry, and Agricultural Biochemistry at NCSU, from Wake Forest University, Baruch College in New York and Kennedy Space Center, most of whom I had never met. The grant was funded to the tune of \$5,000,000, so I became a department head for the first time, as well as the Director of the NASA Specialized Center of Research and Training (NSCORT) in Gravitational Biology.

As Director of NSCORT I was made 'unofficial ambassador for plant biology' for NASA in Europe, visiting the German and European Space Agencies on several occasions. It was fun and it was exhausting.

In addition to gravity-related research for NASA, I was also involved in my own research on electrical signals, EMF and wound-induced

responses and had two outstanding post-doctoral associates, one of whom is now full Professor at the University of Angers in France whilst the other is a senior patent examiner at the USPTO.

ResearchGate, a Germany-based organisation that provides ratings for research-based scientific accomplishments, has me ranked in the top 2.5% on a global basis. In addition, I was awarded an Honorary Doctorate (DSc) from Blaise Pascal University in France for my work on EMF and electrical signals in plants, and a similar award (Honorary Professorship) from the University of Warmia and Mazury in Poland for my work on the molecular and cell biology of storage proteins in corn.

My most recent activity has been to submit (and be awarded) a patent for a totally biological system for controlling fungal diseases on turf grasses, especially on golf greens, which is proving to be very successful. It is based on ecophysiology, not toxic chemicals, and employs an array of bacteria to change the soil ecology to aid the plant and hinder the fungi. Some Wye graduates might be interested in this product.

In summary, I am extremely grateful to Wye College, its faculty, facilities, staff and students for providing me with such a rich educational experience. Thank you.

The 1960 Morocco expedition

Here David Gooday (1957–61) offers his recollections of an eventful trip – with inputs from the rest of the team.

Preparations

In 1959, the Exploration Society decided on an expedition to the High Atlas Mountains of Morocco the following year. The leader was **Rob Savory** and members were the late **Vernon Brooks**, **Noel (Joe) Clifton-Brown** (1957–61), **Tim Derouet** (1958–61), **Dick Fuller** (1958–61), **David Norman** (1959–62) and **David Gooday** (1957–61). Rob consulted an acknowledged specialist on the sociology of the High Atlas, one Ernest Gellner, and also met Ferdinand (Ferre) de Hen, a socio-musicologist, who was delighted with the idea of joining the expedition. Ferre was the only member who spoke French.

The ensuing months were used to raise support. Fifteen organisations contributed, notably Cullen's, the grocers, who lent us a mobile shop as our transport. This solid vehicle carried the eight of us to Zawiya Ahansal, on the way having a broken spring, various other small problems and nearly falling off a cliff on the last few miles, but returning in more or less the same condition as it left England!

We made many other valuable contacts, in particular, the Moroccan Embassy in London, the British Foreign Office, who put us in touch with the British Ambassador in Morocco, and the Moroccan Ministries of Agriculture and the Interior.



Let the adventure begin: Gooday, Savory, Clifton-Brown, the late Vernon Brooks. In the front: Fuller, Norman and Derouet, all ready for the off

Departure from Wye

On Thursday 5 July 1960, we spent the morning packing the lorry and, at 3pm, gathered outside college to say goodbye to many old friends including **John Usher**, Martin Hooper, **Gordon Rae**, **Eric Fenton**, **Liz Walker** and others, as well as the Prin and VP who wished us good luck.

We stayed the night at Dick's farm and the next day drove to Dover where Customs officials opened just one box of toilet rolls, which satisfied them that we were not spies or worse!

France and Spain

We set off on the long journey across France and Spain, camping each night a little way from the main road to avoid the din of lorries; however, noise was provided instead by a chorus of crickets and birds! At one stop, a man offered to paint the name of the expedition on the side of the lorry – this he did in green! In one village, children watched us prepare our meal and then played football with us. Afterwards they sang us some songs and we sang some for them!

Gibraltar and across to Rabat, Morocco

The ship for Tangier was captained by an image of James Robertson Justice, but we nevertheless arrived safely and set off for Rabat, where we met the British ambassador, Sir Charles Duke, a friend of the Prin's, who told us that the King hoped to establish a democratic constitution by 1962. Morocco became independent from France in 1956, but the French legacy was still apparent. So, Morocco has three main influences: Berbers, who were there many centuries ago; Arabs who arrived around 600 AD; and the French who came much later. On arrival, we contacted the Ministry of Agriculture, who gave us information about the area we were going to, and the Interior Ministry, who authorised the use of the Youth and Sport Ministry hostels.

Beni Mellal

The following day, we drove to Beni Mellal. Dick had already gone ahead and made contact with our interpreters, Hamdoun, Youssef and Said Bilali. That evening we had our first Arabic meal and our first mint tea. The



Gaining the trust of locals was considered essential to the success of the project



Difficult to imagine a more tranquil place for note-taking

drinking of mint tea is customary among the Berbers and while in Morocco we sometimes drank more than 12 cups in a day! This region boasted commercial farms with irrigation and what appeared to be a high level of agriculture.

The following day we set out for our final destination, Zawiya Ahansal, the area recommended by Ernest Gellner. He was well known, and the fact that we were associated with him was a key to our acceptance. The journey up the last few thousand feet was a struggle for our wonderful lorry. We made it – but only just, as on one occasion a nasty slide near a formidable cliff could easily have finished the expedition! En route, we noticed that some of the farms had small irrigated fields with wheat, lucerne and potatoes.

Eventually, we climbed up to 8900 feet before descending to Zawiya Ahansal where we planned to spend the next five weeks.

Objective of the expedition

The primary objective was to investigate and report on the agriculture of the Berbers living in

the area of Zawiya Ahansal, about 40 miles south of Beni Mellal, while Ferre de Hen would study the music. These studies would complement those of Dr Gellner. As a result of the support from the government and our visits to the ministries in Rabat, we were given the use of a house, which became our base. From there we set out to visit other centres in the area.

Zawiya Ahansal is the principal village of the Ait Ahansali, a holy tribe descended from a Muslim saint, Sidi Said Ahansal, a descendant of the Prophet himself. Sidi Said settled in the area in the sixteenth century. Zawiya Ahansal, the site of the saint's tomb, is at 5500 feet in the bottom of a river valley, located further down from the neighbouring villages of Taria, Tirranimin and Amzrai. All the villages are inhabited by Ait Ahansali, who, because of their holy status, act as arbitrators to the surrounding tribes. The village of Talmest is situated on the plateau to the north-west.

Another tribe, the Ait Atta, whose members practise transhumance (a type of pastoralism),



Viewing Morocco from a great height in the Atlas Mountains

arrives in the area in the summer months to benefit from the pastures revealed when the snow melts.

Because of limited time, it was decided to concentrate on Taria and Talmest, and the first week was used for reconnaissance to these two villages. A total of five tours of ten-days' duration were made for data collection in these two villages, as well as one tour each to Zawiya Ahansal, Tirranimin and Amzrai. The local people were extremely cooperative once they knew that this was nothing to do with taxation! And our three interpreters proved highly competent at establishing good relations. What follows is an attempt to summarise the findings.

Sociological background

This topic was dealt with in the final report by Dr Gellner, who was not part of the expedition. The Central High Atlas is one of the least known parts of Morocco – partly because the area was not under any outside authority until

1933 when the French subdued the region, and little had changed since they withdrew in 1956. Gellner has said that it is useful to him to have accurate background information on the agriculture of the villages. Hopefully, that is what is now available in the report which was not completed until 2011 when I was astonished to receive a message from Vernon, followed later that year by my copy of the document. Sadly, Vernon is the one member of the expedition no longer with us.

Brief outline of findings

Soil samples were collected at Taria. There was an important distinction between irrigated and dryland cultivation, but in both cases there was a very low nutrient status. Deforestation has been a major problem largely due to the cutting of trees for winter fodder for the goats and for firewood. Other parts of the Atlas have been reforested, but not this area.

The main crops were barley, hard and soft wheat, rye and millet, turnips and lucerne. Potatoes, onions, marrows and a few types of fruit trees, including figs, apples, peaches and pears, were found occasionally. There was a marked lack of vegetables such as cabbages, carrots, lettuce, beans and peas. Where topography allowed and springs were located, fields had been irrigated and crop protection was carried out by women and boys throwing stones at birds! However, the nature of the landscape severely restricts the possibility of arable production which was estimated to occupy only about 3% of the total surface area.

Livestock was chiefly sheep and goats, with cattle, mules and donkeys (and more rarely horses and camels) being used for draught. Cows and ewes were milked and both goats and sheep were sold to bring an income to families who had insufficient land to produce a subsistence level of crops. There were a few



No surprise that mixed herds of sheep and goats dominate the landscape

chickens which scratched a living for themselves, and one flock of turkeys.

To provide an outlet for produce when farmers needed to sell stock, mainly sheep and goats, to buy domestic items, there was a market at Zawiya Ahansal each Monday in summer. There were also two small shops selling mainly small household goods.

Wealth was related to the number of sheep and goats a family possessed, and this was recognised by the fact that taxes were based on stock numbers.

Domestic industries included two blacksmiths, two millers operating water-powered mills, a builder and a potter. The whole process of weaving was carried out by women. These activities brought an important income for those concerned with supplementing their agricultural activities.

The end of the expedition

Towards the end of September, the expedition left Morocco and returned to England without any mishaps. We were all very grateful for the

amazing reception we had experienced, both from the government and from the people we met.

One particular point left a deep impression: we became doctors to the people in the villages! Almost every day, men and women came to see us with nasty scratches and evidence of more serious diseases for which our help was very limited.

In retrospect, we forget the frequent discomfort and the fear that our sturdy little truck would not hold out. Now we can look back on a wonderful experience and remember the highlights and the team spirit which developed among us. When we got back to Wye, the only thing on our minds was the *finals*, only a few months away. According to Vernon, I prepared quite a lot of the sections of the expedition report, as did Joe, but I remember little about that. I was amazed when over 50 years later he sent me the result of our – and particularly his – hard work.

What happened to the team? Life after Wye: in their own words

Noel Clifton-Brown (Joe)

After an indifferent degree, influenced no doubt by being left with the responsibility of collating the final report of the expedition in the last months of the final year, I got assigned to a British Far-Eastern plantation company and had the luxury of travelling out to Singapore via Suez.

I gained experience with rubber and oil palms, but also some cocoa and coconuts. The generous paid leave (five months after three-and-a-half years in the field) permitted a lot of exploring on the way back in Cambodia, Thailand, India and the Near East. I met my wife, Najat (from Baghdad) in Rome and we now have two daughters: Jo works in a jewellers in central London, and Carla lives and works in Toronto with our two grandsons. We see them from time to time, such as recently when they all came home to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary.

In my later career, when Asian commercial concerns expressed interest in taking over the



We're back! All in one piece, with some extra pieces. The mobile grocer's shop donated by Cullen's food store made it back too!

firm I was working for in Malaysia, I was able to jump to a similar concern in Ecuador run by a French research institute which had acquired concessions to land in the headwaters of the Amazon. There I travelled through the Avenue of the Volcanoes in Quito at 9500 feet to the new plantation at 1000 feet – a journey best experienced by bus.

When the children needed serious education, I decided to take early retirement and we came back to our house on the Essex Coast.

Ferdinand de Hen (Ferre)

After 1960 I worked in the Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren (near Brussels) and then the Museum of Musical Instruments (Brussels). I collected instruments for the museum in south and south-east Asia. Later I did fieldwork in Bolivia. In 1972 I became lecturer at Ghent University and, later, full professor in organology and ethnomusicology. I retired officially in 1998 but continued to teach for four more years. In 1989 I was elected member of the Royal Academy for Overseas Sciences, and a few years later became its president.

I have written hundreds of articles and several books, two of which were translated into six languages (Dutch, French, English, Italian, German and Spanish). In 1964 my article on the Ihansalen was published in *Jahrbuch des Museums für Völkerkunde* in Leipzig. I was European exchange professor at Keele University and Peter Paul Rubens professor at the University of California, Berkeley. My collection of exotic musical instruments is on display at Duke University, North Carolina, in my parents' names (the Frans and Willemina de Hen-Bijl Collection). I was married in 1974 and divorced in 1994. I remarried in 1997 and have one daughter and two grandchildren. In 1964 I went back to Ahansal with Youssef for a short visit, but I could not find any of our former informants. Fatma 1 and Fatma 2 had vanished!

Tim Derouet

After Wye I went, with **Martin Tapp** (1959–61), by ship, to New Zealand for two years where I worked in a freezing works, Ruakura research station, and on various farms. I even played squash for Lincoln Agricultural College where John Askew, who taught us geology at Wye, was then teaching.

I returned in August 1963 (after the famous winter) and went to the college farm to help with the late harvest – Phil Keene was still in charge. He introduced me to **Robert Montgomery** (1968–69) for whom I ended up working as a manager for 23 years on the Isle of Thanet growing cauliflower, early potatoes, spring cabbage and grass for seed.

I married in 1969, but did not follow the late John Nix's advice: 'If you haven't got a farm, marry one!' Hilary was a BOAC stewardess! We had two children, Camilla and William, who went to Cirencester and also ignored John Nix's advice! In 1986 we bought a derelict five-bay oast house, converted it and ended up with a lovely home, three rooms for bed and breakfast, and a picture-framing studio – quite a change from Wye and cauliflowers! – and that was 32 years ago.

Richard Fuller (Dick)

The expedition was based on the experience and foresight of our fellow undergraduate, **Rob Savory** (1957–61).

After graduating, I married **Billie-Dawn Brewster** (1959–62) in September 1962. At Wye, student life was exciting and we still aim to flourish at the same pace. By 1972 we had four daughters and a formal partnership between us on a 600ha farm. We now have four married daughters (one a Wye graduate), ten grandchildren and a diversified farming and property business (see www.cornilo.com). Opportunities and risks continue to beckon.

The Wye College experience, under the principal Dunstan Skilbeck, had opened our

eyes to limitless possibilities. Attempting to repeat that university experience, in 1989 I became an undergraduate for the second time reading theology at the University of Kent; it had a similar lasting effect. Breaks are frequent, holidays rarer. We have travelled overland in Australia, North America, North and East Africa, New Zealand and many times in Europe. I have realised that thinking is the most productive activity for a farmer. I am wary of institutional authority and have learned to postpone decisions until my own heart and mind lead to the same conclusion, and I believe the majority of people in the world try to be honest and neighbourly.

David Gooday

I joined the Colonial Development Corporation in Swaziland, but this was not the right career for me, so I returned to Exeter University for a teaching qualification. I worked in Tanzania, Zambia and Swaziland and after 12 years in the latter, I joined the World Bank in Washington DC as an agricultural education specialist for West Africa. After five years, I returned to Swaziland to keep 80 dairy cows for about eight years, then vegetables for export, broilers, etc. Shortly after returning to Swaziland, I married Thabile and we have four boys and four grandchildren! Along the way, I was ordained as an Anglican priest at the Cathedral in Mbabane. In retirement, I am writing books, mostly on Christian topics.

David Norman (Spro)

After leaving Wye, I went to Canada and the USA for an MSc and PhD in agricultural economics. In 1965, I moved to Ahmadu Bello University, northern Nigeria. Eleven years later – Professor Harry Darling being my initial boss! – after experiencing a massacre, a civil war and four military coups, plus having three children born in a local mission hospital, I joined the faculty at Kansas State University (KSU).

Because of a certain notoriety achieved in helping design the farming systems research (FSR) approach on a bed sheet, compliments of the Hotel de l'Amitie in Bamako, Mali, many opportunities arose for short-term consultancies.

Being a minority in the university (ie British!) the university agreed to exploit such opportunities with monies accruing to KSU! From 1982, nine years were spent in Botswana running a USAID-funded FSR project. On returning to KSU, I taught one semester/year, with remaining time devoted to supervising graduate students and engaging in developmental activities. Short-term consultancies continued – in about 80 countries, financed by various international agencies. It has been a very fulfilling career capped by being appointed as a distinguished fellow of the African Association of Agricultural Economics and an adjunct professor at Gansu Agricultural University, China. This would have been impossible without family support, although there has been sadness – losing a son through a hang-gliding accident and my wife divorcing me. However, I now am happily remarried.

Robert Savory (Rob)

The Moroccan expedition was born out of the Icelandic expedition (reported in Wye, Vol XVII, 2017-2018),* of which I was a member. While I may have shown some initiative and leadership skills in planning and organising the former, I failed miserably when it came to the writing the report. *Mea culpa*. In those days, university expeditions were organised mainly for the benefit of the team members.

After leaving Wye I went to Rhodesia and on to Australia. For about 30 years I worked in various agricultural fields around the world, then moved sideways into mining and petroleum as an environmental/rehabilitation professional. Along the way I picked up a PhD (Prof Holmes being my supervisor), got sacked by BHP ('Incompatible with company objectives') and survived the Christchurch earthquakes (terrifying). I now live in South Australia and keep my professional skills honed running a soil erosion control project on cattle stations in far south-west Queensland, two days' drive away (see following feature on page 114).

** In the same edition of Wye, Rob provided some amusing accounts of exploits in Africa, gleaned from old friends who had worked with him there, most of them alumni and Agricola members.*

The late Vernon Brooks

After graduating, Vernon spent all his working life in farm management. Starting in Shropshire, he moved on to work in Monmouthshire where he met and married Pam. They later moved to a farm in Leominster before settling down in Shepshed, Leicestershire, where Vernon worked as a farm manager for the Garendon Estate. Their two children, Kate and Robert, were born there and Vernon was heavily involved in the NFU, becoming local branch chairman.

The family moved to Metherringham, Lincolnshire, in 1976 where Vernon worked as a farm manager on the Blankney Estate until his retirement in 2000. He was an active member of the local NFU and was a founding member of the Rotary Club in Sleaford. Later, he and Pam relocated to Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire, where he spent his retirement involved in many local community activities centred on the Church, local farming life and Rotary, where he was the proud recipient of the Paul Harris Fellow Award. He enjoyed cultivating his large garden and allotment, walking, swimming, bowling and holidays, as well as spending time with his five grandchildren. Sadly, Vernon passed away in November 2015.

Erosion control in semi-arid Australia

Rob Savory (1957–61) is now semi-retired and living with his wife Antoinette in Victor Harbor, South Australia. For the past 15 years he has worked as an environmental consultant in far South West Queensland (sometimes paid, sometimes *pro bono*).

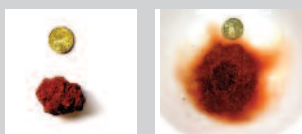


Eromanga, Queensland (population 35) – the 'Town Furthest from the Sea'



The economy of the district is based on extensive grazing and crude oil production. With a mean annual rainfall of 190mm, the country suffers frequent crippling droughts and occasional major floods. Despite the semi-arid climate, erosion of prime rangeland country is an issue for graziers. I have been involved in erosion control in the Eromanga District since 2004. I drive up from Adelaide two or three times a year via Broken Hill, a 2600km round trip.

The fundamental erosion issue: sodic clay soils slake rapidly when wetted even by a light shower.



A dry soil aggregate (left) and (right) after 30 seconds immersion in water.



Successive light rain events have caused the subsoil to slake. Insufficient rainfall to carry away the soil particles.

A man-made erosion problem dating back to the mid-1980s

Petroleum exploration seismic lines were bulldozed across the landscape. In many places, the protective mantle of ferricrete pebbles (gibbers) was pushed aside into windrows. These windrows have diverted and concentrated run-off thereby triggering gully erosion down the unprotected seismic line.



Belombre Stn



Above and right: Zoe's Gully: Monler Stn (see below)



Quartpot Stn

Prime pasture-land destroyed by active dendritic gully erosion



Monler Stn (see below)



Tallyabra Stn



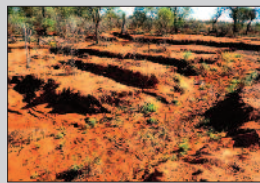
Cranstoun Stn



Belombre Stn

Where will all these gully heads be in 100 years' time if no remedial action is undertaken?

Serious downstream gully erosion



The infamous Thousand Pound Gully on Tallyabra Stn

October 2014: The Eromanga Community Erosion Control Group is convened



Above: Adam Murray (Belombre Station), Scott Pegler (Monler Station), Ralph Walker (Eromanga Contractors). Also providing support is the Eromanga Royal Hotel (office space) and Costello Carriers (freight)

January 2016: Erosion control trials



Cranstoun Station: gullyhead stabilisation trial using GeoSpray.

October 2017: Erosion control contract



Rock-chute installed in Zoe's Gully and stabilised with GeoSpray (see above)

April 2018: erosion control trials – testing Bon-Matt Stonewall soil stabiliser



A battered-back and Stonewall treated gully head was subjected to 10,00l of simulated runoff.

January 2019: an erosion control contract – construction of key rock-chute using Bon-Matt Stonewall



A Stonewall-treated rock chute installed to stabilise the erosion gullyhead on the Monler/Mount Margaret boundary

January 2019: the journey back home from Eromanga to Adelaide



During the 5.5-hour drive from Eromanga to Tibooburra (NSW), I passed only two other vehicles. This was one of my better trips ... no mud, no punctures, no road kill and no dust storms. With summer temperatures in excess of 40C, this journey is not for the faint-hearted.

Damson wine and cider and the WCWC

A boozy tale from the 1960s, fermented by one Bernard Sparkes
(ex-Horticulture Department and staff member extraordinaire)

In 1968 I was appointed executive manager of the Commercial Horticulture Department. This was a mixed horticultural enterprise with heated and cold greenhouses, field vegetable production and a large acreage of top and soft fruit. With great foresight, my predecessors had planted several acres of damson trees as windbreaks around several of the orchards.

One of the great advantages of having the damson trees as windbreaks was that it was almost impossible to pick the fruit at the very top of the trees. Despite tall ladders and a very committed and loyal workforce, it was not in my nature to insist that they risk life or limb to get the last few tonnes of fruit. But it could not be wasted.

As everyone knows, the fruit of the damson tree is one of the finest fruits available. This was one of the earliest facts imparted to me by Allan Jackson, slapping his thighs and saying words to the effect of, 'Good God, Sparkes, what wonderful fruit the Shropshire pin damson is!' and then he and his wonderful wife, Jean, gave Linda and I the recipe for pickled Damsons. 'Superb when eaten with cold game.' I can't remember which came first, the damson wine or the homemade cider.

The first meeting of the Wye College Wine Club (WCWC) was held in the Senior Common Room at 10.45am on Tuesday 6 October 1970. Members present were the late **Eric Maddison**, later to become principal at Writtle College, **Cliff Martindale**, Ted Pilkington, **Mike Boddington** (I believe a distant relation of the northern brewing family) and myself. It was agreed to keep the membership exclusive until negotiations with Charles Garland were

complete regarding renting suitable cellar accommodation from the College – Eric Maddison agreed to liaise on this issue. It was agreed to have a capital account to purchase barrels etc and a current account to purchase sugar and yeast.

It was noted that 40 gallons of damson must was prepared on 4 October 1970 and that members should meet at the Commercial Horticulture Department's new packing shed on 6 October to strain the must and add sugar and yeast. So we were underway. My records show the following expenditure:

1970	one 40-gallon barrel	£6.00
	one barrel tap	£0.22
1971	one 40-gallon barrel ex-Jonnie Cook-Hurle (1967–71)	£2.00
	one 20-gallon dustbin	£1.20
	one 40-gallon barrel	£5.55
	six large corks	£0.30
	six 18-gallon barrels	
	ex-Whitbread Brewery Maidstone	£8.00
	one kg sodium, metabisulphite	£0.48
	two cwt sugar ex-College (Ron Timms)	£15.68

The group went from strength to strength. We never did get round to obtaining cellar space in the College. In fact, we never had enough surplus to lay down! We made it in 40-gallon barrels, buying extra stock over the years from Whicclair Wines Ltd at Bridge. On 1 October 1976 I purchased four 40-gallon barrels for £32.

The damson harvest for wine started by putting polythene sheets under the trees and then climbing the trees and giving them a good

shake – laborious, and we got a lot of twigs with the fruit. I had a bright idea and borrowed a tree shaker from Brogdale Research Station. This was a wondrous machine that fixed on the three-point linkage of an MF135 and had a jaw that clamped round the bole of the tree. You then engaged the power take-off, the tree shook and down came the fruit.

After separating the fruit from the twigs etc, it had to be crushed. There was no easy way to do this. We had lumps of wood on the ends of handles and pummelled the fruit a few kilos at a time in buckets. The pulp was then put into 40-gallon plastic barrels and covered with boiling water from a Burco boiler. This was then left for a few days before being pressed on the cider press and yeast and sugar added. We then decanted into five-gallon barrels and divided it as it became 'fit' to drink!!

Membership changed with Eric and Mike moving on and Mike Alcock, Bob Wyatt and



The restored Wealden cider-press

Bill Cammegh joining the group. **Mike Alcock** worked from the MAFF offices at ADAS on the plant health inspectorate. We used to send down apple samples to be tested for storage potential, particularly for susceptibility to bitter pit caused by lack of calcium. The laboratory would 'mince' the apples to sample them and over the autumn period a large volume of shredded apples became available. Mike Alcock recognised the value of this material so offered to take it off of their hands to save them disposing of it! Back at Crundale Mike would squeeze the juice from this pulp using a car jack and pieces of wood. Each evening's work would yield about one gallon. The process of crushing and squeezing the apples, of which I had an endless supply, was worthy of attention.

I was made aware that the Agricultural Museum at Brook had a rotten Wealden cider-press. On inspection the thing was clearly totally rotten, but the metal screw and 'nut' were obviously reusable. Rumour had it that they were hand cast in the 1800s! We decided to rebuild this wondrous machine. Ted Pilkington had good connections at Chilham sawmills and obtained the timber: two pieces of oak (7 foot x 11 inches x 5 inches); one top piece to hold the 'nut' (29 inches x 15 inches thick x 11 inches wide); and another piece (29 inches x 11 inches x 6 inches) for the base.

Dick Mortley, the local police constable, was very keen to help and had carpentry experience. He was allowed to mark out the joints which I then cut with a chain-saw.

The Wealden cider-press was thus rebuilt. Now we had to crush the fruit before pressing.

Easy. Take one Pnuelec Royer sand-crusher, previously used for compost mixing. Wash; douse with sodium metabisulphide water to sterilise; lift with forklift onto upturned bulk bin covered with large piece of walk-in poly

tunnel polythene; wrap poly over machine; position bulk bin lined with polythene in front of machine; switch on; put apples in chute and stand back!

In 1971 the records state that 42 x 30-pound boxes of apples when shredded and then pressed with our new machine, yielding 40 gallons of juice. After crushing/shredding, the pulp was left for a few days – if one mixed pectolase with the pulp one got a higher yield of juice. We then made 'cheeses' on the press using green windbreak netting. In the real old days, they made the cheeses using log straw. The juice was then put into barrels with yeast and sugar 'to taste' as they say.

I was told that on the Weald/Romney Marsh they did not use sugar but fed the yeast in the cider by putting in lumps of sheep meat. The barrel I bought from Johnnie Cook-Hurle had reputedly been purchased from a Wealden farm and had been fed with a half sheep. At his leaving party at The Bolthole at Crundale, to which Linda and I were invited, this barrel was served up. I took one sip and refused to drink any more!

Our best year must have been 1976 when over 200 gallons of damson wine and 200 gallons of homemade cider were produced!

Of course, we had great fun making and drinking the wine and cider. We were able to get away without a cellar because we had two corridors between the greenhouse blocks that were heated and temperature-controlled – ideal environments for fermentation.

However, in December 1971 we had several barrels 'working' away in the corridors when it was announced that the King and Queen of Afghanistan were paying a visit to Wye College as part of their state visit to England. As the Commercial Horticulture Department was on the route for the tour, the barrels had to be moved out of sight. Then, just before it was

due on 10 December the visit was called off. The barrels were swiftly moved back to the corridor and fermentation continued.

Packing shed parties

There were, of course, enormous advantages to this hobby. Firstly, it started out as just that, a hobby. One must always have a project and preferably one that is enjoyable, saves you money and has an end result. Fortunately, the wine-making hit target on all three. One of the end results was that Linda and I were able to hold packing-shed parties. These were initially scheduled for the summer term just before exams and after the Easter study tour. On these tours I always took my 35mm slide camera and a cine camera.

The packing-shed party consisted of us inviting all of the students sitting the horticultural options and certain members of staff. The invitation said bring a bottle and a pie. Linda would buy a couple of large dishes of pâté, 10-pound slabs of cheddar cheese and a couple of dozen French sticks. I would make a punch using damson wine and homemade cider. After the effects of this mixture became apparent at the first party, I decided to add lemonade to the punch next time round. We also took our record player into the packhouse and played old-time dance records – the evenings were, surprisingly, a great success, particularly when I set up the projectors and showed the slides and films of the tour!

I vividly remember, at the end of one such party, when all 'guests' had departed and I was clearing up, finding one student lying under a table moaning that he wished he could die! No wonder – the silly chap had found the stock of homemade cider which was being 'diluted' with damson wine and lemonade to make a punch and had consumed several glasses neat! Not advisable.

Brexit's impact on the social contributions made by agriculture

Berkeley Hill, Emeritus Professor of Policy Analysis, highlights some possible impacts that Brexit could have on rural life, based on a case study conducted by Agra Europe CEAS Consultants.

Everyone today knows that the agricultural industry (taken in the broad sense) is not only a producer of crops, livestock and livestock products. It also shapes ecosystems and the appearance of the countryside. In addition, anyone familiar with village communities will be aware that farmers and their households influence the ways in which they function, including how the economy operates. The social contributions made by agriculture are just one more facet of an industry that has, with justification, been labelled multi-functional. The prospect of Brexit has heightened interest in these agricultural social contributions, how they might be impacted by the changes expected to take place in the farming industry, and the subsequent implications for the rural economy and rural society. If Brexit brings great change to agriculture, as some scenarios suggest it may, then these could lead to the degeneration of rural society and, perhaps, calls for government intervention to restore the damage caused.

This interest has been particularly keen in Wales, a part of the UK where agriculture is perceived as still relatively important both to employment and income-generation and to the social fabric there. In the most rural counties of Wales the share of the population employed in agriculture in 2016 was typically about 6%, though 11% in Powys. In contrast, the figure for the UK as a whole was 1.4%. This article is based on research commissioned by the Welsh Government (WG) that reviewed

evidence on social contributions in literature and gathered through discussions with stakeholders in the farming and rural communities (Bradley and Hill, 2018).

What are the social contributions of agriculture?

The social contributions of agriculture relate to a set of closely linked attributes that overlap, but which can be considered within the term *social capital*, a concept studied by both sociologists and economists. According to the European Commission (2017), social capital is generally defined as the trinity of 'networks, norms of reciprocity and trust'; it refers to anything that facilitates individual or collective action, generated by networks of relationships, reciprocity, trust and social norms. As well as being essential to the provision of cooperation within communities, without an element of trust commerce would grind to a halt. Private benefits are also encountered, for example, as higher incomes and improved personal wellbeing.

Within social capital there are various elements; social networks (resulting from the interaction between individuals and between groups, and which can bond, bridge and link them) and *community cohesion* (encouraged by factors such as shared values and interests) are examples. Others include *social capacity*, *resilience* and *culture*, in particular, in the context of Wales, the use of the Welsh language.

The emphasis is usually on the benefits that social networks and social capacity can bring.



Professor Berkeley Hill

However, in some situations, negative attributes can be strengthened, such as divisions between groups, prejudice and resistance to necessary change. Communities can exist within communities, such as the farming community within rural society, or residents who are either 'incomers' or 'indigenous', and conflicts between them can be exacerbated. The use of the Welsh language can both strengthen the bonds between those who use it and act as a source of division from those who do not.

The origins of social contributions

The agricultural industry creates incomes and employment both in the sector itself and in related upstream and downstream businesses, implying benefits to society that are critical to its sustainability. This is especially so where, as seems the case with smaller farms, spending takes place predominantly within the local community. However, this is not what is usually implied by contributions to social capital. Rather, these come from externalities from production activity that are unintentional on the part of the operator, much in the same way as environmental externalities, both positive and negative, can be generated by farming.

Social networks can arise from activities that are undertaken for mutual benefit, such as

informal labour or machinery sharing often found among farmers. For Wales, there is historical material that suggests that Welsh farming systems and land ownership, which reflect inheritance legislation and social conventions, formerly had a particular impact on local rural society. The development of a farming structure largely consisting of small family farms, many in hill areas and concerned with sheep, promoted a practical need for mutual co-operation in carrying out tasks (co-agration) and support within branches of extended families and within the farming community more generally. This tradition also spread to cottagers and tradesmen supplying farming and taking its outputs.

Discussions with both agricultural representatives and local government suggest that, despite many changes in farming technology, the practice of 'neighbouring' in sharing of labour and machinery within the farming community is still common in Wales, especially in hill farming. Beyond these practical needs, social networks and a sense of community will have developed where there are shared interests and values. Some of these are linked to agriculture, such as farmers' unions, Young Farmers' Clubs and village shows that are (or were) predominantly based on farming (classes of animals for judging, etc). Other networks are not specifically agricultural, such as political and religious groups, sports clubs, and users of the Welsh language.

A case can be made that the influence of networks that started in agriculture spread to the broader community and still endures, affecting the way village society in rural Wales operates. But how is it that the farming community, which in numerical terms is quite small, seems to be so influential? Discussions with stakeholders indicate that the occupiers



Some sheep farmers in Wales are already exploring making a switch in enterprise

of family farms seem to possess a combination of characteristics and access to resources that allows them to play important roles in civil society. They often have a long association with particular locations (often extending over generations) and family traditions of public service. They have business and technical skills and a degree of flexibility in how they use their time. As a consequence, farmers and their spouses are often found as local government councillors, school governors, and in other forms of community leadership, including in churches and village hall committees. One example where farm families are particularly important is the annual Welsh village show, which is often a major social event and attracts not only the farming community but many others. While there are cases where the main organisers today are not farmers, support by farmers would seem to be necessary for the show to be viable, if only to make a site available.

The impact of Brexit

Several studies have looked at the potential impact of Brexit on agriculture, including some specific to Wales, using scenarios that mix alternative trade relationships between the UK and EU, revisions to domestic policy (including dismantling of the Basic Payment Scheme),

restrictions on migrant labour, and revisions of regulations. Depending on the options chosen, some types of farming, such as upland sheep producers, could be severely impacted, others such as dairying might be less affected or might benefit. Following on from initial impacts, some farms could switch enterprises, change their size, shed labour, take on diversified enterprises or, perhaps, disappear altogether as independent businesses.

Whatever happens, assessing the implications for Welsh rural society requires critical information on the link between farm characteristics and the social contributions they currently supply. This involves asking questions such as, which types of farming household currently make the most significant contributions? Do these come from livestock producers or dairy farms, and what happens if sheep farmers decide to switch (as some are apparently already exploring)? Is it the small family farm or the larger commercially orientated unit that does more for social capital in its local area? What about the farms run as hobby activities where most of the income comes from outside agriculture, and there might be time to spare to serve on committees? What about those agricultural households where the spouse, who in former times might have been able to contribute to village societies, may after Brexit be required to take an off-farm job to keep the farm as a viable economic unit? Unfortunately, there is very little recent hard evidence, particularly of a quantified nature, that links anticipated farming changes with subsequent shifts in social contributions. This greatly hampers the task of assessing the social impact of Brexit.

Filling the information gap

In such circumstances, attention has to shift to ways of filling this crucial information gap. The first focuses on making use of information

that is already available, though not yet harnessed, or could be at low cost. For example, participation in voluntary organisations is often used as an indicator when assessing social capital, and mention has been made above of the perceived role of farmers and their families as community and county councillors or as school governors. As yet, there is very little evidence to back this up. However, such positions typically require business interests to be declared, though these declarations are likely to be held only at local level. An early step might be to collate this existing information. Similarly, data from the National Survey for Wales already used to assess the relative wellbeing of residents in rural and urban areas have not so far identified farmers and their households separately in published results. The issue becomes one of exploring the possibility of doing so in upcoming rounds.

The second is to use bespoke research. In Cumbria (England) local case-studies have used questions and variables directly concerned with various aspects of social capital (Burton et al, 2004). This suggests that a similar approach in Wales, using communities chosen to represent a range of circumstances (remote, less remote, different levels of community use of the Welsh language, etc), would be a useful next step in pursuit of the social contribution of Welsh agriculture. These could explore the detailed relationships between farm households and their respective broader communities, focusing on how farm households help build and maintain social networks, social capacity, community cohesion and resilience, and use of the Welsh language. To assist with providing context, the variables used should, where possible, match those in the National Survey for Wales that covers all areas.

Final observation

It seems that concern with social contributions of agriculture and what might be lost because of Brexit has moved up the policy agenda, at least in Wales. To provide the evidence to shape policy, it will be necessary to fill the current information gap. Only with further research will it be possible to judge the seriousness of the threat to rural communities and the need to take mitigating policy action. However, more generally there seems to be an exciting opportunity for social scientists to explore what has hitherto been a neglected but potentially important topic. Though perhaps less recognised currently than environmental externalities, social contributions from agriculture can be viewed similarly, and the tools developed for environmental purposes can be refined and applied to the identification, analysis and valuation of forms of social capital. This is an exciting and useful way of adding to knowledge.

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The Venezuelan exodus continues apace

A further contribution from Hugo O Ramirez Guerrero (1998–2001) in which he offers up some suggestions for ways to rebuild a country and a population that is in a desperate situation and crying out for help.

It was a sunny November afternoon in 2018 and I was waiting for a local public transport unit to go to a job interview in a new city and a new country. During my short wait of 10 or 15 minutes, I witnessed the transit of about 30 walkers who already at this point had travelled more than 200km with little food, little money, inappropriate luggage, shoes, clothing or protection in extreme environments from very hot to very cold and without identity passports. This very sad and worrying image of these 'Rafters' or 'Balseros on foot' – that included children, women, teenagers, adults, disabled and elderly – will forever remain in my memory because both they and many more, including me, come from a wonderful country that is currently experiencing a mass migration. for diverse and ambiguous reasons.

Ironically, 200 years ago those same paths of the Andean Cordillera were walked and ridden by a man trying to reach the Freedom and Union of his Great Homeland.

To migrate or not migrate? This is a question, idea or plan that has recently become very common among the vast majority of inhabitants of tropical and subtropical corners of this planet. In fact, all organisms take part in emigration in order to perpetuate their existence. Every year whales, turtles, birds, insects, and humans take part. Even the plants migrate.

A good example of the latter is a coconut fruit, or any other palm or coastal plant, that falls on the shore of a beach and then starts to travel via numerous coasts, islands, seas and ocean currents to reach its final destination to

settle, adapt, multiply and enjoy its particular dance, blowing in the wind in its new environment. There are many types of migrations, but all individuals have the same goal or objective of multiplying and strengthening their own species. Throughout history we have seen those great explorers, who originally used trails, new roads, rivers, seas and oceans to discover new lands. And it's all so much easier today thanks to rapid and efficient communication,



enabling a progressive exploration or eventual migration, whether for tourism or recreation, training, work and globalisation.

But there is also another type of forced or involuntary human migration that is becoming more and more worrisome, severe and growing. This migration is usually induced by internal (local problems) and external factors (climate). Internally, we have to face a great diversity of political, social, economic, religious and other events, while the external factors include repetitive climatic events like storms, cyclones and earthquakes. This type of migration generally occurs from tropical countries to regions of subtropical and temperate climate, with their four defined seasons: summer, autumn, winter and spring.

Most of these countries – with high and growing migrating populations – are those developing nations and tropical regions of the continents of America, Africa, Asia and Oceania. But there are a few, very special, exceptions. One of them is my homeland that, even though it is a tropical country, had never before been included in the statistics of this continuous, high and vulnerable population of immigrants and refugees. On the contrary, it was one of the main nations that invited, received, hosted and splendidly nationalised and supported thousands of immigrants who were fleeing their own countries because of internal conflicts and world wars.

In my own experience, when living outside of my motherland (at Wye 1997–2001), I was surprised to learn that our country was not as well known as I thought it was. Very few people had heard of this tropical paradise and only then because of our gorgeous women and valuable mineral resources (oil, gold). When someone asked me why I didn't want to emigrate like the great majority; I simply replied that Venezuelans did not really do so



Hugo Ramirez: a lament for Venezuelan refugees

because we were busy enjoying this great, free, happy, rich, beautiful, diverse, fertile and prosperous land. Only a few of us emigrated in very specific and occasional instances, for tourism and entrepreneurship and social, academic or business development.

The current reality tells us a very different story; our country, this country, my country as a whole, is in a drifting state of flux, featuring in the statistics as one of the most severe and massive walking diasporas in the history of this planet. Sadly and deeply worrying, this escape is not only external; there is also a very marked but hidden or silent internal flight, either via locality, or socially and professionally. In other words, we listen again and hear how the rural or peasant exodus has increased, while values are gradually lost (honesty, responsibility, solidarity) which is ironic, or perhaps strategically justified by the current famine and the high degree of survival. Additionally, there is an important and crucial outflow of labour, where we see a large number of professionals practising or focusing on other, more lucrative jobs and thereby diluting or minimising the crucial value, quality and

productivity of their real vocations, passions and professions.

An entire runaway country is inviting us to rethink the situation and explore the many diverse alternatives to alleviate, mitigate, develop and overcome this great challenge that I know very well is not only happening in my marvellous homeland. This situation, unfortunately, occurs and will continue to occur in any region of this globe where the freedom, dignity and diversity of thinking of each of its inhabitants is not respected, acknowledged or valued, including health, quality of life and the preservation of its biodiversity-rich environment.

I started writing this article when I was still in my country and saw how a relative, a neighbour, a colleague and other friends were drifting away every day; even though I understood why, this really was not in my plans at that time. But, today, I am one of the many millions of fugitives from another great tropical country. For this reason, I would like to share with you – both locally and internationally – some issues that need to be addressed in order to alleviate this situation and be able to genuinely support and strengthen sustainable and resilient development for all these people who are escaping domestic communities, or migrating to other countries.

1. Rethink and explore our families and local community. Promote teamwork, starting with family, friends, neighbours and the labour and group communities. There is no doubt that, at times of both happiness and crisis or adverse circumstances, the support of family and friends is essential and crucial. There are various strategies to explore, promote and strengthen integration, innovation and the union of families and friends. These teamwork

strategies will be designed to recycle indifference, individualism and vulnerability into an enhanced integration; this will require solidarity and/or community welfare and resilience-based unification by the people involved to add and subsequently utilise their many experiences in an integral manner with the primary use of the valuable diversity of local resources, including the tremendous social capital.

2. Support and strengthen individually and in groups. Avoid categorisation, stigmatisation and personal underestimation. We should never turn away people or groups who have forcibly emigrated. Any of these people, regardless of their economic, social, cultural or professional level, is a potential good friend, citizen and worker, who might very well become a key entrepreneur in the growth and development of your local, regional and national community. As an example, we can mention the historical and significant development that began last century in my country after the arrival of European immigrants. Other good examples are all those developed and transitional nations that received thousands of immigrants brought voluntarily or forcibly by their colonisers.
3. Global challenges initially require local strategies or solutions. Indeed, I am aware that for many years this has been the mission of institutions at the international level like the UN, OEA, FAO, government AIDs, NGOs and many others. However, I have always thought that all the nations that receive this aid become dependent and hope for of paradigms or revolutions that have been created in other latitudes. As these paradigms required adaptation or transitional measures that mostly did not



In this scene from the 1967 film 25th Hour, a destitute family in the 1940s is pictured on a Hamburg railway station in front of a poster inviting migrants to Venezuela

exist, a minimisation or blockage of the real, local exploration potential resulted. I have also observed that this type of aid is initially received and coordinated by the institutions of the governments in the current command or lead.

This simple detail significantly detracts from the original target and the wellbeing of the end user. If we succeed in working well together, we can develop local solutions to alleviate and overcome this great challenge of human migration in a joint plan with neighbouring countries and in general. While being aware that the most vulnerable areas are food, health, identity and human rights, I think that any individual, public or private institution, NGO or other organisation, can focus and personalise their support directly to the various relevant people and leading organisations. An example of such crucial backing would be the strengthening of local education and research through scholarships promoted, invested and led by the numerous public, private and

governmental institutions and NGOs, mainly from neighbouring or host countries.

Thus, I emphatically recommend efforts to support, encourage and empower local people to enjoy, work for, and benefit from their own diverse tropical environment. In my personal experience, a good way forward could be by doing applied research that addresses local realities under a split and integrated programme which will allow the scholarly teams from both the host and local country to get to know and understand the challenges and opportunities faced by all people in their home nations.

The Wye College fine metalware and its links to formal dining and 'Oxbridge' aspirations

Towards the end of 2018, Michael Payne (1978–81) mounted a display of a small selection of the fine antique silver and metalware from the Wye College collection in the Heritage Centre. This marked the 70th anniversary of the first exhibition staged by the College Archaeological Society. Along with the tradition of academic gowns, formal dinners and cloisters, these artefacts helped ensure that life in Wye bore a strong resemblance to life in Oxford colleges.

There are three main reasons for undertaking a display of this nature at this time. Firstly, 2018 marked the 70th anniversary of the first exhibition of antique silverware that was staged by the Wye College Archaeological Society in 1948. Secondly, it is hoped that a display of this nature will lead to an understanding of the rich diversity of cultural life that was evident in some of the artefacts that complemented the buildings, their setting

and the wider education that existed at the College.

Finally, to date nearly 200 items that formed a wide range of metalware, ranging from silver to brass as well as from pewter to lead and even a number of clocks, have been catalogued. However, whilst the locations of many are known, some have been lost over the years. It is hoped that this display may

even prompt knowledge about the possible location or rediscovery of any that may be missing or have not hitherto been listed.

The tradition of formal dining at Wye College

The tradition of communal dining is nothing new. If one goes back in history to medieval times, manor houses were designed around the central hall and everyone would gather to eat the main meal of the day



The Old Hall East End

together. This tradition was to continue, especially in collegiate communities, and Wye College was no exception, particularly since the original refractory, the Old Hall, still survived from when it was first constructed in 1447.

Consequently,

when the South Eastern

Agricultural College opened its doors to students in 1894, they would eat together with their masters in the very room that had been designed for that purpose 445 or so years earlier. The high table was positioned at the north end of the room and was set at right angles to the low tables. A picture dating from around 1905 shows the tables laid, complete



The Old Hall West End

with silver condiments, and where the first two Principals, Alfred Daniel Hall and Malcolm Dunstan, would have sat beneath the Act of Parliament clock.

Another picture, this time of the south end of the Old Hall, depicts the low tables and benches in place with serving tables beneath the minstrels' gallery, where the cross passage was later built. It is also worth noting that in this picture the fireback has yet to be relocated from the old kitchens to the hearth in the Old Hall.

The new College Dining Hall was built in 1906, originally to serve as a gymnasium, which it did until 1940. It was, however, too small to accommodate the entire College in its new role. A conversion plan was conceived and directed by one T W Harrison and included building extensions on either side, removing the gallery at the north end and adding a ceiling to



Dining Hall 1954 set up for formal eating



Act of Parliament Clock with a black and gold lacquer chinoiserie-decorated case and enamelled circular dial by Joseph Quartermaine, Aylesbury. Dated: 1797 to 1804 (between the date of the Act and the date the freehold business in the Market Square was taken over by Thomas White Field, a clock and watchmaker born in 1773). Former location: Old Hall. Present location: unknown.

the originally open barn roof with its bell turret. The beautiful panelling was crafted from English oak to a design by Lord

Northbourne. The resultant space has been described as dignified harmony.

As a gesture of gratitude to the more than 60 craftsmen who had taken such pride in their work, a candlelit College Feast was held the night before the undergraduates returned in October 1953. The Vice-Chancellor, the Principal of the University of London and the Clerk to the University Court were also present to be thanked in person by Wye College for the generous capital grant that had been made to cover the building costs. A picture shows the interior of the extended Dining Hall in 1954, with the original dining tables and benches with others that had been constructed to match.

Not to be outdone, the Senior Common Room also had its own formal dinners in the Parlour, again part of the original 1447 College buildings, replete with silverware including candelabra and sauce-boats.

Background to the Wye College silver and metalware collection

Many of the cultural traditions of Wye College owe their existence to the time of Dunstan

Skilbeck CBE, a former principal. He had been appointed to Wye in 1945 and arrived there without staff or students and with little or no equipment as the charming fifteenth-century building had only been recently vacated as a military headquarters. Hence, he faced the daunting task of recreating a viable institution. That he did so, and that within two years he was hosting the Quincentenary Celebration of the foundation of Wye College, is in itself testament to the remarkable qualities he possessed. He had a clear vision that such a veritable



Ox Eye Mug: ogee-shaped beaker with two loop handles. Applied garb [sheaf of corn] to the front and engraved to the reverse: 'The Gift of D.S. 1954' with coat of arms. Presented by Dunstan Skilbeck, Principal of Wye College. Hallmarks: London 1957 Michael Murray. Former Location: Parlour.



institution should be based upon his own experiences as an undergraduate at Oxford.

Indeed, this was to be best symbolised by the Wye College Mace. This was itself designed and created by another Dunstan; Dunstan Pruden, the celebrated silversmith, and is made from whalebone with the College coat of arms in a silver headpiece in the style of a cardinal's cap. It was presented in 1947 to Wye College by Mr Somerset de Chair of Chilham Castle, himself the chairman of the 500th Anniversary Celebration Committee.

The Wye College Archaeological Society was one of the institutions that Dunstan Skilbeck was responsible for creating and in the June of 1948, just a year later, it held an exhibition of antique silver. Whether this student society was itself the catalyst for the creation of a collection of table silver at the College is not recorded. It is known, however, that certainly by 1957 Dunstan Skilbeck had embarked on the foundation of just such a project to complement the concept of formal dining, which also still

*College Mace: whalebone with silver headpiece in the style of a cardinal's cap. Designed and made by Dunstan Pruden. Presented by Mr Somerset de Chair. **Hallmarks:** London 1947 Dunstan Pruden. **Former location:** The Porter's Lodge. **Current location:** Imperial.*

existed in Oxford and Cambridge, the two oldest universities in the land.

Throughout his 23 years at Wye he quite intentionally continued to model Wye on an Oxford College and insisted on academic gowns for formal occasions such as College dinners. He organised an unparalleled series of lectures, concerts, recitals and exhibitions, all open to the public and playing an important part in the development of good relations with the wider community. Likewise, Senior Common Room Guest Nights made a similar contribution and animated discussion was usually facilitated by good wine and a leisurely dinner!

Two things were required for such events on winter evenings; drinking vessels and warm



Silver ramshorn: black and white ramshorn with foreign silver bandings and chain, for low table use. Presented by the Principal, Dunstan Skilbeck, in 1959 to commemorate the visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother to Wye College. Hallmarks: NTW. Former Location: Older Room.

fires. It must have been a fortuitous coincidence that St Dunstan, his namesake, was also the patron saint of metalworkers, including silversmiths and blacksmiths!

The first such pieces were obviously inspired once again from his Oxford days. Ox-eye beakers are an old, customary design of drinking vessel found in several of the Colleges in that city. Skilbeck commissioned the first of these for Wye from the silversmith Michael Murray and had it engraved 'The Gift of D.S. 1954' with an applied silver garb. Cast iron firebacks were to follow, again commissioned with the coat of arms of the College proudly displayed on each one.

From the beginning it was evident that there had been a tradition of silverware to complement dining at the College. Indeed, there still exists a mustard pot engraved 'SEAC'. This tradition was no doubt encouraged by the great man himself, by suggesting the donation of further examples

of silverware such as mugs and other items to add to the Wye College collection. By the time of the closure of the College, there were some 30 or so silver beakers and mugs alone!

Other items of metalware were to follow. These included presentation spades and trowels, lead fountains and cisterns, clocks and pewterware. The important thing was that they weren't just showpieces; they had a place and use in the day-to-day life of the College. Their beauty and workmanship was to be appreciated and the items were to be used. Above all, they added to the cultural spirit of Wye and gave another dimension to the educational experience offered by the College.

When gardening reached new heights

Back in the 1930s a couple of spectacular roof gardens were created in London and New York, the handiwork of the designer Ralph Hancock who just happens to be the grandfather of our own Angela Buck (née Hancock 1962–66). She takes up the story ...

My own interest in horticulture stemmed largely from the fact that my father and grandfather were both gold medal winners at the Chelsea Flower Show. My grandfather, in particular, was very well known for his creative gardens, the crowning jewel of which was the Kensington Roof Gardens. Sitting atop the former Derry & Toms department store on Kensington High Street, the roof gardens have been an important part of central Kensington since they were opened in 1938.

The idea of creating a roof garden came from Barkers' vice-president at the time, Trevor Bowen. Barkers had bought Derry & Toms in 1920 and in 1930 the company began replacing the old building with a magnificent Art Deco department store, designed by in-house architect, Bernard George. It had been planned

to have seven floors, but objections from the fire brigade, whose ladders wouldn't go up that far, meant that it was limited to six. Bowen felt that a roof garden would give the building its perfect topping. Roof gardens had become very fashionable and Selfridges already had a small one, so he told Bernard George to design a tea and lunch restaurant for the roof, around which a roof garden could be built.

In 1933, the new store was opened, but the roof garden was still missing. When Bowen learned that Rockefeller Center in New York was about to open its fifth and most ambitious roof garden in April 1935, he made a trip there in order to see for himself the brand new 'Gardens of the Nations' on the 11th floor of the RCA building. When he saw it, he felt that something like that would be perfect for Derry & Toms' much larger roof.

It had been created by my grandfather, landscape architect Ralph Hancock (1893–1950), who had moved to the USA in 1930 and had already designed two of the four roof gardens on top of the six-storey buildings in the Rockefeller Center along Fifth Avenue. Trevor Bowen contacted Ralph

The Kensington Roof Garden is Europe's largest single-site roof garden at 6070m²





Angela Buck and her daughters on a visit to the gardens

and convinced him to return to Britain to create the world's largest roof garden, in Kensington.

In December 1935, Ralph and his family sailed back to Britain and in early 1936 he began the design work. The roof layout left Ralph with three open areas which allowed different themes: the Spanish Garden, the Tudor Garden and the English Woodland Garden.



There are 500 different varieties of shrubs and trees in the garden

The Spanish Garden was basically a variant of the Spanish Garden he had created in New York, with the same kind of tower and with Moorish arches cast from the same moulds, while the Tudor Garden borrowed much from the English Garden within the 'Garden of Nations' complex.

The logistics involved in the construction were impressive. Before planting and building could start, a thick bitumastic base was laid on the roof, followed by a layer of loose brick and rubble that was arranged in a fan-like pattern to aid drainage. On this, topsoil was added. Aside from the 36in (92cm) soil depth in some raised flowerbeds, soil thickness was – and still is – only 18in (46cm). Into this over 500 different varieties of trees and shrubs were planted. Water for the waterfall and stream in the Woodland Garden, and for the fountains in the Spanish Garden, was pumped up from Derry & Toms' own artesian wells, 180 metres below the building. The total cost for the project was £25,000, which today would equate to some £9 million!

When the Derry Gardens (as they were first known) opened on 9 May 1938, it was the largest single roof garden in the world and became a huge attraction. Visitors were charged 1/- (5p) for entrance and all the money went to support the Queen's Institute of District Nursing (QIDN), St John Ambulance, the British Red Cross and several hospitals. The QIDN received the income from the first

year, and St John Ambulance and the British Red Cross received checks for £6000 each in June 1940. By the time Derry & Toms closed in 1973, the entrance fees had generated some £120,000 for various hospitals.

Over the next 35 years, the roof garden thrived. Derry & Toms' customers would take tea in the pavilion and go for a walk in the three gardens; in World War II, the gardens became a focal point for various charity events. Two visitors' books, now housed in Kensington Library, contain the signatures of visiting celebrities of the period such as Sir John Gielgud, Leslie Howard, Cedric Hardwicke and Ivor Novello, as well as the signatures of Queen Mary, King Haakon of Norway, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia and Prince Bernard of Holland.

During the war, the gardens survived two German bombs. The first hit the Spanish Garden in 1940, destroying its clock tower and dropping down one of the front main staircases to the fourth floor, where it exploded and started a fire, causing a lot of damage to stock and interior. The second bomb came in 1941. It was a large parachute bomb which landed on the tea pavilion but failed to explode. The clock tower was restored as soon as the war had ended.

In 1957, House of Fraser bought the whole Barkers empire. The Scottish department store chain sold the Derry & Toms building to the property giant



Gold medal winners Ralph Hancock and his son Bramley, Angela's father, with the Queen Mother at the Chelsea Flower show

British Land in 1971, with a right to continue operating Derry & Toms for two more years. Then, in early 1973, House of Fraser closed Derry & Toms, just as it had closed Pontings



The famous flamingoes of Kensington Roof Gardens

two years earlier, and would eventually close Barkers in 2005.

In 1981, the entire building, including the roof garden buildings, received Grade II listing. The same year, Richard Branson's Virgin Group took over the roof garden lease. Legend has it that Branson bought the lease after having been refused entry to the nightclub because the doorman felt he looked too scruffy. For 20 years, Virgin continued to run the pavilion as a members' only nightclub, but in 2001 the pavilion became the Babylon restaurant. During its 37 years as tenant, Virgin spent a lot of effort on restoring the gardens, which in 1986 also received Grade II listing. The restaurant and the gardens were often booked for weddings and other events. This meant that booking a table was always dependent upon whether or not the restaurant was open for regular guests that evening, which probably made it less attractive for many restaurant goers. Richard Branson hosted a party there in 2011 to celebrate 30 years of



The Virgin flags flutter in the wind above the roof gardens

Virgin ownership and was also very supportive in the (successful) efforts by my family to have a Green Plaque placed in the gardens to celebrate Ralph Hancock's achievement.

While Hancock's 'Gardens of the Nations' in New York was closed to the public after only three years and now has largely disappeared, his creation on top of Derry & Toms in Kensington is still largely intact, and 80 years after its inception, it is still Europe's largest single-site roof garden with its 6070m² area.

On 8 February 2013, I and other members of Ralph Hancock's family were invited to the deserted roof gardens by Virgin for a last visit before Branson's company handed over the keys to the freeholder.



The 75th anniversary fireworks

UK's first-ever Green Plaque

The UK's first-ever Green Plaque was put up in honour of Ralph Hancock (1893–1950) to mark the achievements of this eminent horticulturalist. He was responsible for creating the famous roof gardens on the 11th floor of New York's Rockefeller Center in 1930 and the roof gardens at the Derry and Toms department store in Kensington, London, in 1938 – now known as Kensington Roof Gardens.

In 2013, entrepreneur Sir Richard Branson, owner of the celebrity hangout, agreed to put up the green plaque dedication to Hancock in the very gardens he designed. Speaking after it was unveiled, the Virgin boss said: 'Ralph Hancock was a true visionary. I'm sure his family will agree that he probably had no idea back in 1936 that he was about to create such an iconic garden. And I'm sure if he was here today, he'd be very proud to see it still standing strong and looking so beautiful.'

Mr Bob Priddle, Senior Lecturer in horticulture at Neath Port Talbot College was behind research that led to the rediscovery of Hancock's incredible life, helping to organise the making of the plaque and is pictured (left) with Ralph's eldest granddaughter Angela below the plaque. He is now hoping to extend the Green Plaque scheme to other famous UK gardeners.

'This is someone who in his era rubbed shoulders with the rich and famous, including the Rockefellers, Princess Victoria and the King and Queen,' said Mr Priddle. 'His life story is truly incredible, and full of the kind of intrigue, tragedy and fame that makes a story great. He went through history meeting all these fantastic people



Bob Priddle and Angela Buck standing by the first ever Green Plaque which is dedicated to Angela's grandfather

and, more than 60 years after his death, he is still at it. Now he's got Sir Richard Branson singing his praises. Our country has the best collection [of gardens] in the world. We should be encouraging others in the gardening world to come on board and nominate notable people they think deserve a Green Plaque.'

Mr Priddle said he, Ms Buck and David Lewis, the head gardener at Kensington Roof Gardens, now hope to extend the Green Plaque scheme to other famous UK gardeners. The three are now encouraging others in the gardening world to come on board and nominate notable people they think deserve a Green Plaque.

Speaking on behalf of her family after the unveiling of her grandfather's Green Plaque, Angela said: 'We would like to thank Bob Priddle, who was responsible for achieving the renewed focus on Ralph, and his work, in organising his students to commit a whole term on researching him, and getting him acknowledged as the most famous gardener in Wales.'

An enjoyable Dad's Army National Service

David Bennett (1953–56) found that leadership was not his thing but he still had a rollicking time when posted to Malaya.

Most of those to whom I have talked, or read about,¹ have had a bad or boring time with National Service – see, for example, the book by David Lodge, *Ginger, You're Barmy. Never Join the Army*. But I did not; indeed, it was most enjoyable. So here is the story ...

On a cold wet night late in November 1956, I detrained at Honiton, Devon to join intake 23/56 at the 2nd Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME). I had opted for REME in order to get training in a useful trade. Basic training is a pretty boring exercise, with lots of morning muster parades (especially difficult on a sloping, ice-covered parade ground), route marches and a few games of rugby representing the battalion against local teams from other services. I

remember the Marine Commandoes at Lympstone was one of them.

I was then put in a group containing all the academic and technical graduates, who were considered officer potential. After a selection process, Mons Officer Training School at Aldershot followed, where the staff from the Brigade of Guards were strong on discipline, and I just scraped through. Then it was off to corps training at Borden, Hampshire, where we learned a little about the spread of skills needed in REME, from precision watches and other instruments to siege guns. We especially enjoyed vehicle recovery. And so, after eight months of selection and training, Her Majesty granted me a commission as Second Lieutenant.



David Bennett (first left on front row) with the Officer Cadet Company REME 1957



A cocktail party in the Taiping Mess

Our postings illustrated the extent of British Army commitments in 1957; from the West Indies to Hong Kong, from Germany to the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya. I got a posting to Malaya to help control and eliminate the local Communist terrorists. We were flown to Singapore by military airlift, and I was posted to the 410th Independent Workshop of the 28th Commonwealth Brigade, stationed at Taiping, north of Kuala Lumpur, but south of Penang. At that time, nearly all travel was by train and, because of booby traps, each train was preceded by an armoured railcar. Taiping was much more dominated by the military; it had a lovely and friendly officers' mess.

There I was ordered to lead two small workshops on what was called the Kedah Roads Project, east of Alor Star. This is further north, up near the Malay–Thai border, where the jungle is continuous over the central chain of mountains. That is where the residue of the communist terrorists was hiding. The plan was to construct roads around sections of jungle, then patrol them with armoured cars and sweep the terrorists out with infantry. Our job was to repair road construction equipment, like bulldozers, graders, road rollers, draglines,

and the like. Every morning, infantry patrols would sweep the areas of jungle around the parts of road under construction, so that the engineers would not be ambushed. So here I was at the end of the line, as far from headquarters in the UK as possible, and with an independent command.

In the boy scouts, I had been told that leaders were meant to give orders, not to do the work themselves. But not being a leader, I was always doing things. On about the first day at the camp, I asked my staff sergeant what I should do. He suggested that I might like to replace a leaking water valve in a road-roller, which had been abandoned on a completed section of road, without infantry cover. So off I went, hitching a ride on one of the engineer's Land Rovers, carrying a Sten gun and a few tools. After starting my work it occurred to me that I was a sitting duck in the middle of the road, with not a soul around. In addition, every time I went from one side of the road-roller to the other, I would have to move my gun as well as everything else! I replaced the valve and hitched back to camp somewhat wiser.

After that I gave the orders!

There were always opportunities for enjoying oneself. Some were in camp, others in Taiping and Alor Star playing rugby, and others were in Penang, where the resident population, together with the forces, could engage in many recreational activities. There were dances, a very nice swimming pool, and lots of drinking. National Service personnel were given one local holiday in their two years of service. When my turn came, I decided fly up to see **Joy Larkcom** (Wye 1954–57) in Chiang Mai, Northern Thailand. I caught a Thai Airways DC3 from Penang to Bangkok and the following day I took the train to Chiang Mai. The train was a wood-burner, slow and ran overnight. Joy and I had fun times around the town, spending a lot of time with a young Dutch tobacco buyer and inspecting local produce. We also visited local temples and villages with special skills. One, I remember, specialised in making bamboo umbrellas. Then I flew back to Penang and back into the running workshops.

Eventually, when it was almost time to go home, I was replaced by a regular army captain, who was aghast at my lackadaisical command, and the state of my workshop detachments. But what could the army expect of a national serviceman?

So back I went by train to Singapore to be airlifted back to Blighty. Military air-lifting was performed by a private company called Airwork, which used old De Havilland airliners that the manufacturer could not sell to commercial airlines. On this trip, take-off had been delayed due to some mechanical problems. Since these were military flights, with both military personnel and their wives and dependents, there was an 'O-i-C' of each flight, and I was the '2-i-C'. The bar was open most of the time, but after a while the hostesses would come to us and request that

the bar be closed, as the personnel were getting too boisterous. We landed at Abadan, where it was bloody hot, and then found that the plane was running out of food, due to its late departure. We landed next at Ankara Airport to eat and were served with an excellent dinner by very friendly Turkish waiters. Shortly after take-off we were told that south-east England was shrouded in fog (it was November), and we would have to spend the night at Brindisi in Southern Italy. Next day, the fog had lifted a little over south-east England, but it still took the pilot some time to find Stanstead Airport. I asked the O-i-C what I should do, and he replied, 'Go home. You can go to the Corps Depot and get properly demobilised in a few days.' And so ended an enjoyable national service!



2nd Lieutenant Bennett closing the local dance by singing 'When the saints go marching in'

Thomas Edward Collcutt (architect): his enduring legacy at Imperial and Wye College

Michael Payne (1978-81) reveals some interesting twists of history that inextricably linked the two institutions long before the fatal merger was even considered.

It is something of an irony that in one sense Imperial has been linked to Wye College from its very foundation as an agricultural institution, right through to its demise. That connection is through the very fabric of the two colleges themselves. Furthermore, it could be said that in one respect Wye looks set to fair better in the long term than Imperial. Moreover, the University of London is woven in and out of the story of this unexpected link between the two institutions.

The Imperial Institute itself was a product of Victorian England, and its original building in the neo-renaissance style was the design of Thomas Edward Collcutt, who is now widely regarded as one of the premier architects of the late nineteenth century. Other masterpieces for which he was responsible include the Savoy Hotel, the Palace Theatre and the Lloyds Register of Shipping.

None other than Queen Victoria herself laid the foundation stone to the Imperial Institute's building in 1887. It wasn't, however, opened until 1893, the year after Wye had been acquired for the purpose of becoming the South Eastern Agricultural College. So it may come as no surprise that the architect entrusted with the design for the expansion of Cardinal John Kempe's original College at Wye was none other than Thomas Edward Collcutt.

In another twist to the story of the two institutions, the Imperial Institute itself was

taken over to become the headquarters of the University of London from 1900 to 1936. In other words, Wye College itself was under administration from Imperial for the first time up until the reign of Edward VIII, just before the Second World War and its subsequent requisition by the War Office!



The Queen's Tower at Imperial



The foundation stone of the Imperial Institute, laid by Queen Victoria in 1887

Collcutt's extension to Wye was responsible in the first instance for the red-brick west quad, described by Stuart Richards as being 'curiously satisfying'. Here were to be found botany and zoology research rooms and offices, together with the principal's study with student room above. Then came the wing for the chemistry laboratories which formed the north and part of the east walls of what was to become the north quad. These eventually opened in 1901.

In 1906 the north and middle quads were finished, complete with the gymnasium, which was later to become the dining-hall. The fifth and final quad, the front or Agricola quad, together with the main entrance was completed on the eve of the First World War in 1914.

Collcutt's design for the Imperial Institute had been on an altogether grander scale, as was befitting of its prominence in the capitol. It comprised a central tower flanked on either side by two wings, themselves also terminating in smaller towers. By the 1960s, pressures of space meant that redevelopment was required and in 1963 Imperial College, as

by then it had become, took the decision to demolish the two flanking wings which were deemed to have outlasted their usefulness in terms of the internal space they provided.

This left the central tower, or Queen's Tower as it is known, standing on its own as the last vestige of Collcutt's work at Imperial. Later as we all know, the University of London was to transfer the administration of Wye back to Imperial in the year 2000 by merger. Then, in 2005, another curious twist saw Imperial become a university in its own right by severing its links with the University of London. Hence, despite the closure of the campus at Wye College in 2009, a more complete example of Collcutt's work still remains at Wye than does at Imperial University itself!



Information board for the Queen's Tower

Wye Rustics' Cricket Tour 2018

Report by Dickon Turner (1982–85)

The tour party

Ex-Wye College: Simon Richardson (1971–74), Peter Holborn (1974–75), Nigel Snape (1977–80), John Dinnis (1979–82), Tom Atkinson (1979–82), Andrew Craze (1982–85), Martin Hole (1982–85), Dickon Turner (1982–85), Charlie Squire (1987–90), Richard Pool (1992–95), Sam Irving (1992–95)

Wye College progeny: Robert Pinney, Richie Turner, Robert Craze, George Dinnis

Honoured guests: Chris Neild, Ryan Waldock, Josh Holmes, Freddie Preston, Kick Douglas, Kurt Leuthart, Jack Upton, Jacz Pieterse

Kilminster, 1 July 2018

The parched pasture alongside the A303 revealed that the West Country had not escaped the drought which had gripped the UK for the summer of 2018. The 21-strong touring

party was sensing four days of uninterrupted sunshine as its members greeted each other on the scorched lawn of the beer garden at the Old Inn at Kilminster. Within 30 minutes, the Rustics were scurrying inside as the heavens opened. Shortly after that, members of the home team entered the bar, egg-faced and apologetic as they hadn't thought to deploy the covers. The concrete wicket had turned to a quagmire and there was no question of any play.

Faced with a nine-hour beer-drinking marathon, the senior tourists decided to redistribute cars and order a minibus for 18:00; destination Seaton. The residents of this sleepy seaside resort appeared to have received prior warning as roads were closed and barriers erected, restricting the movement of the mammoth touring party (apparently the Tour de Devon had ended in Seaton earlier that day.)



The young Rustics in their Rustic caps (courtesy of the Agricola Club)



Sam Irving offers some resistance

The seafront pubs were surprisingly welcoming and tolerated the tourists' impersonations of historic bowling actions along the promenade. The staff of the local curry house couldn't contain their glee as 21 chicken tikkas were ordered. The modest trek back to the Rustics' Retreat at the Harepath Hostel was not without navigational error, as **Josh Holmes** visited the hospital.

Devon Dumplings, 2 July 2018

With **Robert Craze** returning to teaching duties, it was left to skipper **Richie Turner** to lose the toss and condemn the Rustics to a long, hot morning session in the field. However, adorned by the new Rustic caps, the young side looked eager in the field and snapped up early wickets. Holmes (3-35) had benefited from his overnight nursing and produced a lively opening spell in tandem with Jack Upton. At lunch, the Dumplings' mixture of overseas batsmen had staggered to 126 for 4. Freddie Preston had taken two smart catches but spectacularly dropped his dinner plate!

Three post-lunch wickets had the Dumplings rocking at 146 for 7 with the Rustics own South-African debutant Jacz Pieterse (3-66) proving a menace. With the Rustics on top, it took a spirited eighth-wicket partnership of 68 to take

the Dumplings past 200. As the fielders flagged, a challenging total of 267 had been amassed when Preston collected the last two wickets.

In reply, Kick Douglas nearly top-edged his first delivery for 6, but the Dumpling quicks soon found their lengths, and plenty of life, reducing the Rustics to 28 for 3. A brisk 50 partnership followed between **Charlie Squire** (27) and Ryan Waldock (30), the latter's batting 'wagon wheel' containing a single spoke to backward square leg. It took the guile of an octogenarian off-spinner to account for Squire, which brought the returning **Richard Pool** to the crease. All those memories of exhilarating hitting and match-winning cameos were rapidly quashed by a second-ball swish/miss/rattle. With Pieterse lasting one ball less, the innings was exhibiting signs of structural cracks. Another returning hero, **Sam Irving**, showed glimmers of his left-handed genius, but his 25 runs did not provide the substantial underpinning that was required to prevent the innings subsiding to a miserable 128 all out.

That evening, the more youthful tourists remained in Exeter, splashing in the bird baths, while the senior Rustics returned to base and sat in a local pub listening to a babbling brook. **Martin Hole's** freakish impersonations of Jack Nicholson's 'Here's Johnny', and a camp eagle owl, kept the local psychiatric units on high alert.

Shobrooke Park, 3 July 2018

Surprisingly, Preston was the only Rustic who failed to put in an appearance at breakfast and had to be raised by Squire, armed with a banana. Waldock, by contrast, made the breakfast table on four separate occasions, in between dashes to the disabled wet room. The morning trip to Beer beach caused a stir on the local social media sites as the resort's residents attempted to refloat a stranded beluga whale, only to find it was Chris Nield.

The afternoon fixture saw Rustics take first knock, but Kurt Leuthart survived just one ball before his poles were shattered. Craze A then missed a straight full toss before there was a break in the play for rain (yes, the glorious summer of 2018 only affected 99.99% of the UK). Back on the field and Pieterse decided it was time to show off his Proteas prowess. In partnership with Kick 'one-pair-of-pants-and-a-sock-for-a-box' Douglas (41), they built a steady platform. When Hole joined him at 89 for 3 in the 19th over, Pieterse took control and the pair smashed 110 in 15 overs with Hole (43) playing a surprisingly subservient role.

Having amassed a masterful century, Pieterse showed his Achilles heel – a complete inability to rotate the strike and sacrifice his wicket. His pushes for singles scuttled over the boundary rope for 4, while his chips to the deep fieldsmen sailed over their heads for 6. Such was his abject failure to effect his own downfall, he eventually had to retire on a magnificent 128 not out. This enabled **John Dinnis** to bat briefly with his son George and demonstrate the art of self-dismissal by running past a wide delivery and being comfortably stumped. Rustics declared soon after, on 239 for 6.

Upton struck in his first over, enticing an edge from the bat of **Robert Pinney** (who was guesting for Shobrooke) with such a juicy peach of a delivery that the slip cordon were left salivating as Dinnis Jr pounced the catch. It was another 15 overs and 128 runs before the next dismissal and, when the score reached 181 for 2 after 22 overs, the contest appeared over. Nield had other ideas as he was belatedly introduced into the attack and induced slogs from set batsmen that fell into the grateful hands of Upton and Turner fielding in the deep. Suddenly, at 191 for 5, the match was re-ignited.

As the spectators excitedly awaited a tense finish (and Peter Holborn practised Pilates), the Rustics' fielding became shambolic. Their every attempt to stop the ball failed. Dinnis Sr flopped and flapped; Turner Jr slid and skidded, Hole collapsed in stages and Nield took avoiding action. The game was handed to Shobrooke in just seven more overs. It was as if the fielders had a more pressing engagement.

Within seconds of leaving the field, the majority of the Rustics were crowded round the pavilion television, watching representatives of England and Columbia kicking an oversized ball around a Russian stadium. The supplies of beer within the



Holborn keeps in shape with a little Pilates while Hole pays little attention to the match from his fielding position on the boundary





Atkinson's stout defence

pavilion ran out when the game went to penalties.

Beaminster, 4 July 2018

As the newspaper headlines centred on the continuing drought across the UK, the Rustics warmed up for their final match in the drizzle of West Bay. **Simon Richardson** discovered he'd left his incontinence rucksack back at the retreat, but still made it back to Beaminster for the slightly delayed start.

Rustics won the toss and elected to bat. After two ducks, Leuthart made his first run of the tour, but, alas, Pinney failed to open an account. The innings was held together by a third-wicket partnership of 66 between 'Jug-avoiding' Upton (46) and 'At-your-own-pace' **Atkinson**. The latter provided the backbone of the batting with 58 that included a further 95-

run partnership with **Preston** (57), who eventually found the middle of a bat he had borrowed from Surrey's Stephen Davies. The innings concluded on a reasonable 209 for 8 after 40 overs, but not before some comical running between the wickets by Turner Jr and Waldock, who at one stage were seen skipping hand-in-hand towards the same end.

Keen to post one victory on the 2018 tour, Turner Jr open the bowling with some surprisingly effective seamers, and Pinney pouched a catch in the second over. Unfortunately, it was another 30 overs until the next catch was taken and, in the meantime, there were four drops (eight if you include the one that Pinney juggled four times). There was a glimmer of hope as Turner returned into the attack as an off-spinner and claimed three wickets to reduce the home side to 195 for 6. That was the end of his permitted 8 overs and the lower order Beaminster batsmen were able to see their team home with one over to spare.

The 2018 tour proved that the Wye Rustics are as popular and buoyant as ever. The results have lulled the West Country cricket clubs into a false sense of security, and we are pleased to report all the opposition have agreed to host the Rustics in 2019 ... already oiling their bats in anticipation.

Statistics

Dumplings	267 all out	J Holmes 11-2-35-3	J Pieterse 10-2-66-3
		F Preston 2-0-13-2	
Rustics	128 all out	R Waldock 30	
Rustics	239 for 6	J Pieterse 128*	M Hole 43 K Douglas 41
Shobrooke Pk	240 for 5	C Neild 5-0-25-2	
Rustics	209 for 8	T Atkinson 58	F Preston 57 J Upton 46
Beaminster	210 for 6	R Turner 8-1-34-3	

Books

This year we bring you fiction, practical gardening and land management advice, plus the opportunity to celebrate your farm in a book.

Thisbe

By Richard Brown (1963–66)

Reviewed by Judy Rossiter (née Brown (1963–66) and no relation) and incorporating some inputs from Sally Osgerby (née Davies (1962–66)) following her sharing a draft of the book with her grandchildren. Thisbe is published by Second Child Ltd (236pp: hb ISBN 978099570914 £12; pb ISBN 9780995670921 £7).

I ended my review of Richard's first epic novel by saying there were more books in the pipeline, and indeed there were. The third, this time in a different genre, is on the way but 2018 saw the publication of *Thisbe*, a delightful children's story set in the same quiet corner of the country described so intimately in *Mary Knighton*, the magnum opus. Richard launched *Mary Knighton* on a beautiful summer evening in the magnificent

setting of Kimbolton Castle, at the school where he has followed the family tradition of being a governor for 25 years. The tranquility of the timeless setting, in a landscape studded with ancient oaks, was the perfect backdrop to promote a book which described the countryside around in such intricate detail.

To launch *Thisbe*, Richard invited guests to his local church, a stone's throw from his family home, on another summer afternoon. We sat in the cool, on ancient pews, to hear extracts from the book, and it struck me that there must be very few people in this melting pot of modern society still living and working in the same corner of the world as their predecessors, a privilege normally associated with the titled nobility of the great estates. Maybe there are other Wye alumni still tilling the same soil as their ancestors, but I suspect it can only be a few.

Certainly, this thread of calm continuity shines through in Richard's latest book, which describes his own childhood growing up immediately after the end of the last war – such a transitional period. I maintained that the lack of 'pills' was an important aspect of the story of *Mary Knighton*, and so it is in *Thisbe*. The introduction of antibiotics had a huge impact on Richard's childhood as his health was severely compromised before they were available, making regular schooling impossible. So his early years seem to have been spent roaming the fields and lanes around his family farm. Every bump and hollow, every blade of grass, patch of bluebells or primroses became indelibly etched in his memory, and now all these reminiscences are poured into *Thisbe* as he describes how he amused himself while everyone else in his



extended family was busy with their own jobs on the farm.

Was it then that his imagination started to run wild? He has woven all these commonplace memories into a magical tale that parents and grandparents alike will enjoy reading aloud to their children and grandchildren. The descriptions are so vivid that the reader can easily visualise the scenes described and, walking back to my car after the tea and cake, I instantly recognized so much that Richard had written about.

It is a delightful tale and, quite coincidentally, very 'politically correct' by today's standards, as the story revolves around a man with mobility issues – or as Richard refers to him, a cripple, a perfectly acceptable term at the time – so it has ticked that box. The love and care expended on the tame rabbits is also another box ticked for younger readers, and the problems of myxomatosis are tackled head on without being patronising to children, which is very refreshing.

One of Richard's Wye friends read the story to her grandchildren and it was hugely enjoyed, despite being in draft form with no illustrations. She reported that, at the end of the second night of reading with Will and Oscar (five and seven years old) in bed, and following the words as she read from the A4 printout, Will said it would be difficult to find pictures for the new book. She agreed and suggested he tried to do some, to which he replied that he was thinking of that and that he had "the whole map in his head": "I can see it totally, the road, the Elm trees, the bank". Richard should be flattered.

Now that nearly every book aimed at children is so lavishly illustrated, it is a relief to know that children can still use their own imaginations to conjure up the pastoral scenes that Richard describes with such clarity. As Will

and Oscar's granny pointed out, "The rabbit exhibits magical properties and its supernatural forces override the usual laws of nature. Were these laws the reason my little grandsons were still lured by the beautiful girl on the trapeze? Amazing what a pink tutu can do! And the story does have an interesting twist."

She was dubious about some of the ripe local vernacular language that Richard originally used, and when mentioning this to him he reminded her of a limerick from his youth which I suspect has long since been dropped from children's currency (too many mouths washed out with soap perhaps, a punishment still remembered by my son 30 years on).

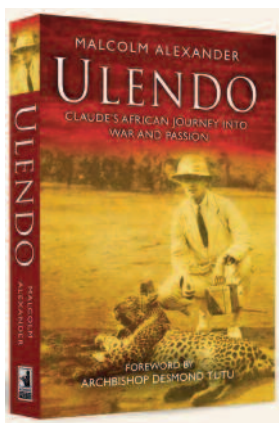
*Arseholes,arseholes,shit,bugger,damn
Somebody stole my bloody old pram
I don't care a bugger,
I'll soon get another,
Arseholes,arseholes,shit,bugger,damn.*

Was this the origin of our commonplace saying today, 'the wheels have come off'? But worry not, this colourful language seems to have fallen foul of the editor's pen.

I am sorry that I haven't got any grandchildren to read it too, but maybe I will just read it again anyway; after all as C S Lewis said: 'A children's story that can only be enjoyed by children is not a good children's story in the slightest.



Richard will launch a third novel later this year



Malcolm Alexander with Archbishop Desmond Tutu

Ulendo: Claude's African Journey into War and Passion

By Malcolm Alexander (1963–67) with a foreword by Archbishop Desmond Tutu

Malcolm introduces his family memoirs, published by Aldridge Press (448pp: hb ISBN 9780952065159 £25).

In 1983, Malcolm Alexander was given the photo albums of his great-uncle Claude, a colonial officer in Africa from 1911 to 1932. *Ulendo* – going for a walk in the bush – is a quest for this elusive man in the vanished world of the British Empire. When Claude arrived, beautiful Northern Rhodesia (today's Zambia) was a new colony and Malcolm explains its origins in Livingstone's missionary zeal and Rhodes' rapacious ambition. Three years later, Claude was on the front line in the brutal and highly mobile Africa campaigns of World War One, vividly narrated here. Claude later resumed his administrative work among Africans, missionaries and eccentrics – and became involved in a passionate love affair.

In last year's journal we carried a 'taster' of 'Claude's African Journey into War and Passion'. Now the full story, written by Malcolm Alexander, has been published by Aldridge Press. As Archbishop Desmond Tutu,

a long term friend of Malcolm's, writes in his 'Foreword': 'On every page ... is the sense of place, time, and emotion that can only come from a love of the continent and its people.'

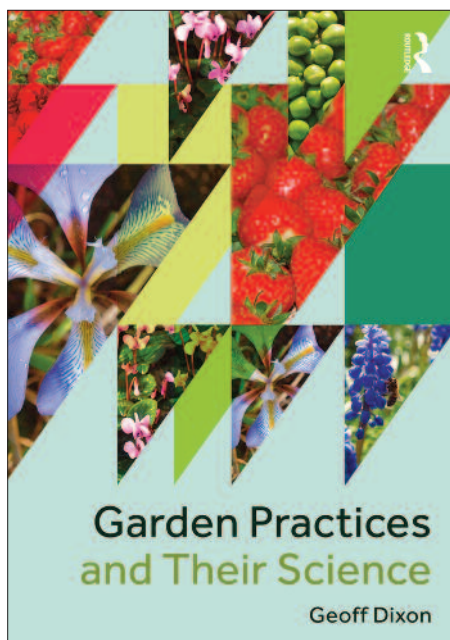
Garden Practices and their Science

By Professor Geoff Dixon (Wye 1962–68)

Geoff explains why this guide will be a must-have for gardeners looking for practical advice. It is published by Routledge (316pp: pb ISBN 9781138209060 £29.99; ebook ISBN 9781315457819 from £15 (discounts are available on the Amazon and Routledge websites).

Tailored for readers requiring clear and concise instructions, this very practical book is a workshop-manual directed at early-stage gardening learners. These include people of all ages and requirements such as: new garden owners; allotment-holders; apprentices and students of basic levels (level 1) in the Royal Horticultural Society's or City and Guilds qualifications; career changers; community gardeners; and those needing applied biological knowledge for GCSE examinations.

Using 400 full-colour illustrations, the book guides gardeners in the practical arts of plant husbandry and in their understanding of its underpinning principles. The arts and principles are carefully intertwined leading readers from



one to the other. Gardening is the manipulation and control of seed germination, growth, flowering and fruiting of plants. Gardeners manipulate the lives of their plants, creating for themselves, their families or employers nutritious fruit and vegetables and satisfying colourful floral displays.

Achieving the manipulation of plant life is described in the eight well-illustrated chapters. These cover, in great detail, growing potatoes, bulb onions, legumes, small-seeded vegetables, soft fruit, bulbs and herbaceous ornamentals. Environmental factors controlling successful growing of these crops are described in simple, non-technical language increasing gardeners' enjoyment and competence. Emphasis is also given for the role of gardeners in sustaining the environment and biodiversity, especially of soils. Gardeners are also informed of the tools and equipment they require and provided with

straightforward tests identifying the aerial and soil environments beneficial for plant growth. Discussions of very simple techniques for vegetative propagation round-off this book. Each chapter ends with a list of the gardening knowledge gained by the reader. The structure of this book fulfils a longstanding need for descriptions of practical skills integrated with the corresponding reactions of plants.

Particular emphasis is placed on development of healthy soils which encourage vigorous, active root systems capable of withstanding stresses. Benefits flowing from healthy soils and roots are an aspect of gardening rarely receiving sufficient description.

Underlying this book is a belief that gardening can play a role in reducing carbon footprints and thereby helping, to some extent, to mitigate climate change. Improving soil health and quality, cutting food miles by encouraging the production of homegrown fruit and vegetables and providing opportunities for pollinators all result from good gardening. Collectively, gardeners can have impact as custodians of 500,000ha of soil in the UK.

Celebrate your farm or estate in a book

A creative idea from writer/journalist Tim Relf (1987–90)

People love memoirs, don't they? Maybe you've felt you'd like to have something similar for your farm or estate – to capture in book form a portrait of the place at a moment in time? It would make a lovely keepsake for family and friends, a treasured possession for future generations, and a great promotional tool if you open to the public, have B&B or holiday visitors or host events such as weddings.

I'd love to work with a fellow former Wye student to make their farm or estate the subject of such a book.

This is an idea I've been mulling over for a few years, having left Wye in 1990 with an ABM degree. I remember driving away from the village for the last time, wondering how on earth I'd combine my two passions – agriculture and writing – into one career. It perhaps wasn't surprising that I ended up at Farmers Weekly, where I spent 23 very happy years, before going freelance in 2017.

Nowadays, I focus on journalism and PR in the rural sector but, like a lot of farmers, I know I need to diversify, so am keen to add this new offering to my services. Hence the reason I'm looking to produce a 'pilot' book. Obviously, the content of any such book would be guided by the owner, but I could envisage different sections covering such areas as: the farming enterprises, observations from family members, historical aspects, a flavour of the people who work there, conservation aspects, architectural or sporting facets and the farm or estate's place in the community.

Reflecting the fact that this is a toe-in-the-water for me, I'd be very happy to offer a 'Wye discount'! I'd also be supported by an established memoir publishing company, Red Letter Books (founded, incidentally, by another former Farmers Weekly writer) that are experts in ghostwriting life stories.

The time commitment from you wouldn't be massive (a few visits and phone calls), and I like to think my broad writing and publishing background means I could capture your story in a unique way. As well as having held various senior editorial roles for Farmers Weekly, I've written for everyone from Country Life and the Field to the Daily Telegraph and the Country Land and Business Association. With another hat on, my most recent novel was published by Penguin in 2015 and is now on the shelves in 21 countries (yes, I am still pinching myself!). So, how about we put your farm or estate and



Tim Relf with Dudley the dog

my publishing experience together to create a wonderful snapshot of the precious place you call home? The end result would be a unique coffee-table-quality book featuring words and pictures (you may already have lots of photos, but don't worry if not, I can arrange that). It would make a beautiful gift, a perfect project to mark a special occasion (a 21st, a retirement, an anniversary?) or just something you can share with family and friends and future custodians of your land.

As I go through life, I increasingly realise what a fabulous network of friends and contacts my three years at Wye gave me – and it would be fitting if I could team up with someone now to do this.

If you'd like to explore this further, please email me at timrelf1@gmail.com or call on 07974 265456.

Review and comments on: *Increasing Production from the Land: A Sourcebook on Agriculture for Teachers and Students in East Africa*

**By Andrew Coulson, Antony Ellman and
Emmanuel Mbiha***

Published in 2018 by Mkuki Na Nyota (Dar es Salaam, 276 pp, paperback, ISBN 978-9987-08-156-356-5). There follows a selection of reviews and comments.

**Emmanuel Mbiha was awarded a PhD in Agricultural Economics at Wye in 1993.*

**Extract from a review published in
Tanzanian Affairs (Journal of the Britain-
Tanzania Society), December 2018.**

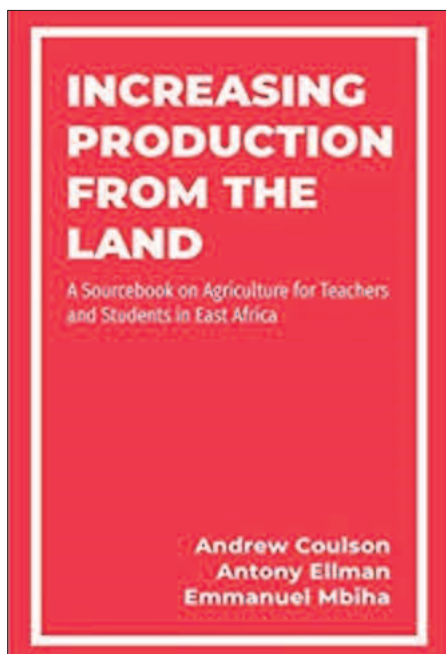
"This is a very important contribution to any discussion of agriculture, food and rural policy in Tanzania. Small farmers are the subject of this book, which does a remarkable job in identifying and explaining the constraints and opportunities which they face. The analysis

goes on to discuss ways forward from the farmers' perspective, a very rare approach seldom achieved in the many books and pamphlets on African agriculture published over the last fifty years.

The target audience is students and young practitioners in agriculture in Tanzania. There are several chapters devoted to the factors of production and basic explanations of the limits to output. This approach is interpolated with fascinating case studies of fifteen individual projects, which really tell the story of what has worked and what has failed. These cases should make the book of interest to a wider audience of policy makers in government and the donor community.

The authors, all with deep experience, have created a highly readable book which deserves to have a real impact at the 'farmer level' – always their objective."

Laurence Cockcroft is a development economist who has worked on African agricultural issues since 1966, including work for DevPlan and TRDB in Dar es Salaam in the early 1970s. From 1985 to 2012 he was responsible for the programme of the Gatsby Charitable Foundation in Africa. He is a co-founder of Transparency International and was Chairman of its UK Chapter from 2000–8.



Comment from Professor Sam Wangwe, who contributed the 'Foreword' to the book

Many thanks for receipt of the book you co-authored and launched. Congratulations for the excellent work which I find fills an important gap in knowledge on this subject in Tanzania.

Professor Sam Wangwe, Executive Director, Economic and Social Research Foundation, Dar es Salaam, 1994–2002, and of REPOA, 2011–2016

Extract of review published in *Agriculture for Development* (Journal of the Tropical Agriculture Association), December 2018

"This is a well organised book about small farmers 'because they are a reality and will remain so for at least a generation ... also because while they make big contributions in all African countries, they could do even better'.

The text is divided into three parts: A guide to agricultural production, Getting the most from the land, and Practice and policies. The book is targeted at agriculture teachers and their students, but it is not a course outline, more of a sourcebook providing context. It is also a very useful sourcebook for local or central government workers and NGOs.

The authors have succeeded in a difficult task. They have produced a readable sourcebook that covers the very broad field of agriculture in sufficient detail to provide a general understanding of the key issues. Thoughtful case studies, and recommended further reading, then provide additional information. Launched very recently, this book is already being considered as recommended reading at all agricultural colleges in Tanzania.

Dr Paul Harding, Vice Chairman, Tropical Agriculture Association, Editor, Agriculture for Development"

Review submitted to REPOA for publication in *Review of African Political Economy*

"This book is not a political economy, rather a prelude to that. It explains the forces of production, or the means of production, in simple ways using the interdisciplinary approach which was practiced during the 1970s.

As a matter of emphasis, a political economy would be how those forces of production were used or controlled at

different times by different class groups. However, the book is a very good resource for researchers, university lecturers and students especially those pursuing co-operative, agriculture and rural development courses, donor agencies and policy makers at both local and national levels. It is also useful for co-operatives and other farmer organizations."

Dr Mangasini Katundu, Senior Lecturer, Community and Rural Development Department, Moshi Co-operative University, Tanzania.

Comment from reader Dr George Gwyer (1959–62)

Thank you for sending me your fine book. You and your co-authors have done a splendid job. Clearly, you have an important market in Tanzania and other African countries. The book should be required reading for any agriculture degree course. There is so much knowledge embedded and evidently much thought has been given by the authors to the practical needs of the students. Having read several of the chapters I have learned a lot. I like the didactic style you have adopted. The examples and online references are of particular value. Your book will doubtless have a significant impact on future agricultural development once it has been digested and absorbed by decision-makers in government and the private sector.

Dr George Gwyer, Agricultural Economist, Ministry of Agriculture Dar es Salaam, 1968–1970, Overseas Development Administration, 1977–1984, European Commission, 1985–2003

Agricola Club Memorial Fund

Paul Webster, Agricola Club Treasurer and Trustee, explains the aims of the fund and includes reports from some of the beneficiaries of recent grants

Each year the Memorial Fund supports a number of activities relating to its aims, which are:

1. to assist past members of Wye College who are in need;
2. to assist a person who has taken a course at the Wye campus to undertake postgraduate studies;
3. to support education and research in agriculture, horticulture and the rural environment.

The Trustees (Charles Course, Chairman; Jane Reynolds; Paul Webster, Treasurer; David Leaver) respond to requests as they occur. Applications are circulated amongst the Trustees. Requests are generally circulated and agreed by discussion using email without the need for a formal meeting. Reports are made at the Club's Committee Meetings and also at the Club's AGM.

Whilst the fund was originally largely used as a hardship fund for students, the closure of the College has meant that this situation has changed. Whilst some hardship payments have been made, the larger part of disbursements has recently gone towards activities and institutions which to a greater or lesser extent carry on the mission of the old Wye College. Over the past 10 years, disbursements have varied between £4000 and £6000 in most years. The total over the 10 years has been around £40,000.

The fund has supported students attending the Worshipful Company of Farmers (WCF) courses. As many members will know, these are three-week residential courses for midcareer farmers and managers. The courses were originated in 1965 at Wye and run at the

College until the campus closed. They are now run at the Royal Agricultural University at Cirencester and at the Duchy College in Cornwall. Two years ago, we were approached by the Tropical Agriculture Association (TAA) to help fund its scheme for assisting UK-based MSc students to carry out fieldwork in developing countries. We have also supported the old Wye Distance Learning Programme now run by the Centre for Development, Environment and Policy at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) in London. Included below are reports from the students we have helped during the past year.

We do urge Agricola Club members and others to make us aware of anyone associated with the former Wye College who may be in difficulty and who may be eligible for help from the Trust. Whilst the income of the Trust is not great, we can help former students and staff of the College who have fallen on hard times. If readers of this report are aware of any likely suitable case, please contact me or any of the other Trustees.

Tropical Agriculture Award Fund (TAAF)

Last year the Memorial Fund Trustees again supported the TAA's scheme enabling two UK-based MSc students to carry out research projects in developing countries.

TAA's Antony Ellman reported to us that: 'Nineteen applications for MSc awards were received in March 2018 from students at 8 UK universities. The applications were subjected to the usual rigorous assessment by the TAAF committee and 11 awards were offered, as in the table below. A member of the TAAF Committee was assigned to each awardee as mentor.

'Two of the most promising applicants, Abi Beath and Gabriele Warwick, were selected to be recipients of the Wye Agricola Club awards, on the basis both of the quality of their research proposals and of the relevance of their subjects to the courses formerly taught at Wye College. The two awardees wrote particularly impressive reports, summaries of which are published below. All the awardees were invited to a one-day workshop held at University College London on 9 November 2018. They were asked to make poster presentations on their research and had the opportunity to interact with other awardees and with experienced TAA members. A subsequent careers advisory session covered employment opportunities in consultancy, Government, NGOs, start-up enterprises and academia. This proved, in the words of one of the awardees, "very motivating and inspirational".'

Abi Beath, MSc Agroforestry, Bangor

Is uptake of organic oil palm agroforestry a viable option for smallholder farmers in Northern Brazil?

Cultivation of oil palm (*Elaeis guineensis*) is starting to expand into the Northeast Amazon of Brazil, concentrated in Pará state. Growing oil palm contributes to the livelihoods of some Brazilian farmers; however, a more environmentally sustainable method of cultivation is desirable in order to maintain soil carbon stocks, nutrient cycling and both floral and faunal biodiversity under oil palm plantations.

The SAF Dendê project is the first in the world to trial oil palm cultivation in organic agroforestry systems (AFSs) with a commercial focus. My research was a scoping study to investigate the true viability of growing oil palm in this way. Local knowledge was collected through semi-structured interviews and other participatory research

methods such as focus groups, timeline and mapping exercises. The local AFS of Tomé Açu of Brazil's Pará state was characterised and oil palm tree attributes were studied to gauge its capacity to be incorporated into this system.

This was a valuable experience of conducting research in a challenging foreign environment, and has hugely contributed to my development as a scientist. Carrying out this research has re-emphasised the importance of focusing on local stakeholders' livelihoods when designing and developing projects which involve the adoption of a new agricultural technology. I believe my work has benefited this community of farmers, as it highlights questions about the likelihood of this technology being adopted on a large scale. I hope it may spark more thorough, in-depth research to determine fully whether this is a viable investment for small farmers.

Gabriele Warwick, MSc Anthropology, Environment and Development, UCL

Creating sustainable worlds: the experience of agroecology as a transition movement in Acre, Brazil

In the past 20 years, around 20% of the Brazilian Amazon has been deforested to make way for industrial agriculture and intensive cattle farming, both which have been heavily incentivised by the Brazilian government's 'modernisation' programme. This has led not just to dramatic environmental damage but also social devastation. The modernisation of agriculture is leading to a mass rural–urban exodus which is causing an increase in poverty and crime in urban areas. In response, agroecology – both a set of agricultural practices based on ecological principals, and a social movement that champions food sovereignty and social justice – has been spreading throughout the Amazon with the aim of building an environmentally just and

socially just future for a rural population that has typically been marginalised by the modernisation process.

I used participant observation methods to conduct a research project in Acre, a small state in the Southwestern Brazilian Amazon. I investigated what has led small-holders to abandon the use of purchased agrochemicals and adopt environmentally sustainable agroecological practices. One of the key findings was that extant infrastructural and political institutions provided a significant barrier to the adoption of agroecology. For example, incomplete land reform and the lack of investment to support small-holder farmers has led to high levels of uncertainty over farmer's futures, meaning that farmers are much less likely to adopt agroecological practices such as agroforestry systems which tend to pay off in the longer-run rather than in the immediate future.

**Peter Craven, F Craven & Sons Ltd, WCF
Advanced Course in Agricultural
Business Management**

**Held at the Royal Agricultural University
(RAU), Cirencester. November 2018**

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Memorial Fund for its support, enabling me to attend the recent WCF at the RAU. I had already met a number of WCF alumni and had seen the positive influences that the course had, not only on their businesses but also on their lives. I filled in the paperwork and attended my first ever panel interview in London. It was a nerve-racking experience, but I must have got a tick in some of the right boxes, and I received my invitation to attend the course shortly afterwards.

The course structure allowed all of us to get to know each other and each other's businesses within the first couple of days. The first week was exhausting, meeting new people, being

'back at school' and the isolation of being away from your family. We had some incredible and inspiring people visit us every day and leaders from many different fields sharing openly their thoughts on life and business.

We all underwent psychological profiling. My profile said that my thinking style appeared to be very different to everyone else on the course. I sent the profile home and my wife said that it was scary how accurate it was! This has helped me to reassess my personal strengths and weaknesses and develop strategies to make the best of my strengths and try to work on my weaknesses.

The course enabled me to pick up a lot of helpful information regarding people skills, leadership and developing my business. I was given the opportunity to chair several meetings requiring me to research the guest speaker, meet with them prior to the discussion and then manage timings, debate and questions, followed by summing up at the end. I enjoyed this as it was something I had not experienced before.

Many sessions emphasised group working and this reinforced the idea of peer-to-peer sharing and showed how powerful it can be within our industry. Our group of delegates has since set up a chat group where we all openly share information, discuss problems and offer solutions. We plan to visit each delegate's business over the next nine years. I am looking forward to the first visit which is to see a mixed farming enterprise on the Isle of Sheppey.

My family farm has a strong history of farming in an environmentally sensitive way through our Higher-Level Stewardship Scheme and LEAF membership. I wish to build on our stewardship schemes and transition into a successful Mid-Tier Scheme, demonstrating best practice with a view to being in a High Tier Scheme further in the future. As the Basic Payment Scheme is due

to be phased out, this environmentally friendly style of farming needs to succeed within profitable farming enterprises.

Expansion and improvement to my family farm will also be a priority to me. We will expand our processing potato enterprise. We will install an automated bagging and stacking potato line before next season to reduce our need for labour and produce a better end product. This will reduce costs, increase output, ensure a more secure cash flow and improve profitability to the business.

There are many ambitions that I now have for myself personally. I have recently applied to

become a Liveryman of the WCF and joined the Farmers Club in London. I have signed up to the 'Face-Time a Farmer' programme and have been linked with a class of Year 4 children at a primary school in North Yorkshire. I have recently been selected to be one of this year's representatives featured in 'The Parliamentary Review' for Food and Farming and will continue as chairman of the Millennium Farmers Club based in Lincolnshire.

I cannot stress how much this course has changed my way of thinking both personally and from a business perspective. Thank you.

MSc awardees 2018

University/ Applicant	MSc course	Dissertation subject/country	TAAF mentor
Bangor: 1. Abi Beath	Agroforestry	Oilpalm in smallholder agroforestry systems, Brazil	James Brockington
Newcastle: 2. Niamh Thorne	International Marine Environmental Consultancy	Effect of algal dominance on the structural complexity and fish population of coral reefs, Maldives	Jane Wilkinson
Oxford: 3. Gemma Bennett	Water Science, Policy and Management	Reactive governance in view of growing water deficit, Jordan	Paul Baranowski
4. Rowan Davis	Biodiversity, Conservation and Management	Impact of climate change adaptation schemes on local communities, Mongolia	Jonathan Stern
5. Rosemary Sibley	Nature, Science and Environmental Management	Indigenous land values and sustainable livelihoods in context of Brazil nut production, Brazil	Margaret Pasquini
Sheffield: 6. Joseph Crellin	Intercultural Communication and International Development	Impact of ecotourism on community benefits, Case study of Chimanimani Highland Trail, Mozambique	James Alden
SOAS: 7. Mattea Baglioni	Violence, Conflict and Development	Strategy and policies for tackling food and nutrition security, Burkina Faso	Antony Ellman
8. Rebecca Thompson	Development Economics	Determinants of declining levels of tobacco production, Malawi	Laurence Sewell
UCL: 9. Fiacha O'Dowda	Anthropology, Environment and Development	Social and ecological dynamics of shifting cultivation, Madagascar	Naysan Adparvar
10. Gabriele Warwick	Anthropology, Environment and Development	Social analysis of agroecology adoption as a sustainable rural development strategy, Brazil	Margaret Pasquini
UEA: 11. Fariyal Rohail	Climate Change and International Development	Water-energy-food nexus links to sustainable livelihoods and wellbeing, South Africa	Jim Watson

Agricola Club Accounts

Accountants' report for the year ended 31 July 2018

In accordance with the engagement letter dated 18 August 2014 we have compiled the financial statements of Wye College Agricola Club for the year ended 31 July 2018 which comprise the income and expenditure account, the balance sheet and the related notes from the accounting records and information and explanations you have given to us.

The financial statements have been compiled on the accounting basis set out in note 1 to the financial statements. The financial statements are not intended to achieve full compliance with the provisions of UK Generally Accounting Principles.

As a member firm of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales (ICAEW) we are subject to its ethical and other professional requirements which are detailed at www.icaew.com/en/membership/regulations-standards-and-guidance.

This report is made solely to you, in accordance with the terms of our engagement. Our work has been undertaken solely to prepare for your approval, the financial information of Wye College Agricola Club and state those matters that we have agreed to state to you in this report in accordance with the guidance of ICAEW as detailed at icaew.com/compilation. To the fullest extent permitted by law, we do not accept or assume responsibility to anyone other than the members of Wye College Agricola Club for our work, or for this report.

You have approved the financial statements for the year ended 31 July 2018 and have acknowledged your responsibility for them, for the appropriateness of the accounting basis

and for providing all information and explanations necessary for their compilation.

We have not verified the accuracy or completeness of the accounting records or information and explanations you have given to us and we do not, therefore, express any opinion on the financial statements.

B P Wilkinson FCA

Chavereys

Chartered accountants

Faversham

Date: 29 September 2018

Notes to the accounts

1 Accounting policies

- i) The club prepares accounts on an accruals basis, using UK Generally Accepted Accounting Principles as guidance.
- ii) All income, except interest on investments, is derived from members or from sources outside the scope of Corporation Tax. As such the club is covered by Mutual Trading exemptions.
- iii) The club elects to write off the income from 'lifetime membership' applicants in the year of application.

Agricola Club

Income and expenditure account for the year ended 31 July 2018

	2018		2017	
	£	£	£	£
Income				
Sale of ties, prints etc.		65		169
Subscriptions		1,577		1,579
Annual dinner		-		3,220
Hog roast		-		2,418
Memorial Fund journal contribution		10,000		10,000
		<u>11,642</u>		<u>17,404</u>
Expenditure				
Opening stock	339		465	
Closing stock	<u>(271)</u>		<u>(339)</u>	
		68		126
Annual dinner	-		3,671	
Hog roast	-		2,636	
Wye Journal	9,219		9,350	
Website expenses	137		166	
Meetings, expenses and secretarial	970		990	
Insurance	340		332	
Support for Rustics Caps	330		-	
Accountancy	<u>312</u>		<u>300</u>	
		11,307		17,445
		<u>11,375</u>		<u>17,571</u>
Net surplus / (deficit)		<u>267</u>		<u>(167)</u>

Balance sheet as at 31 July 2018

	2018	2017
	£	£
Current assets		
Debtor – memorial fund donation	10,000	-
Lloyds Bank	2,713	12,378
Stocks	<u>271</u>	<u>339</u>
	12,984	12,717
Current liabilities		
Accruals	<u>(300)</u>	<u>(300)</u>
Net assets	<u>12,684</u>	<u>12,417</u>
Accumulated funds		
Opening reserves	12,417	12,584
Surplus / (deficit) for the year	267	(167)
Accumulated reserves	<u>12,684</u>	<u>12,417</u>

We approve the accounts set out on pages 2 to 4 disclosing a net surplus of £267 and we confirm that we have made available all relevant records and information for their purpose.

These accounts were approved on 29 September 2018.

Prof J P G Webster

Treasurer

(for and on behalf of the committee)

Agricola Club Memorial Fund Accounts

Accountants' report for the year ended 31 July 2018

In accordance with the engagement letter dated 18 August 2014 we have compiled the financial statements of Wye College Agricola Club Memorial Fund which comprise the income and expenditure account, the statement of assets and liabilities and the related notes from the accounting records and information and explanations you have given to us.

The financial statements have been compiled on the accounting basis set out in note 1 to the financial statements. The financial statements are not intended to achieve full compliance with the provisions of UK Generally Accepted Accounting Principles.

As a member firm of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales (ICAEW) we are subject to its ethical and other professional requirements which are detailed at www.icaew.com/en/membership/regulations-standards-and-guidance.

The report is made to you, in accordance with the terms of our engagement. Our work has been undertaken so that we might compile the financial statements that we have been engaged to compile, report to you that we have done so, and state those matters that we have agreed to state to you in this report and for no

other purpose. To the fullest extent permitted by law, we do not accept or assume responsibility to anyone other than the members of Wye College Agricola Club Memorial Fund, for our work, or for this report.

You have approved the financial statements for the year ended 31 July 2018 and have acknowledged your responsibility for them, for the appropriateness of the accounting basis

and for providing all information and explanations necessary for their compilation.

We have not verified the accuracy or completeness of the accounting records or information and explanations you have given to us and we do not, therefore, express any opinion on the financial statements.

B P Wilkinson FCA Chavereys
Chartered Accountants
Faversham

Date: 1 October 2018

Notes to the accounts

for the year ended 31 July 2018

1 Accounting policies

The charity elects to prepare accounts on an accruals basis.

Investment assets are revalued to market value at the year end. Net gains and losses are recognised as movements on the retained surplus.

2 Student / member awards

The trustees actively seek suitable candidates with a view to satisfying the objects of the charity.

Agricola Club Memorial Fund

Income and expenditure account
for the year ended 31 July 2018

	Note	2018 £	2017 £
Income			
Dividends received		17,533	14,049
Donations		<u>1,000</u>	<u>-</u>
		18,533	14,049
Expenditure			
Student / member awards	2	4,550	6,000
Support of Wye College Agricola Club		10,000	10,000
Governance expenses		<u>3,986</u>	<u>4,113</u>
		(18,536)	(20,113)
Net deficit for the year		<u>(2)</u>	<u>(6,064)</u>
Retained surplus brought forward		<u>498,958</u>	<u>472,195</u>
		498,956	466,130
 Net increase in value of investments		 11,271	 32,828
Retained surplus carried forward		<u><u>510,227</u></u>	<u><u>498,958</u></u>

All receipts are unrestricted funds

Statement of assets and liabilities as at 31 July 2018

	£	2018 £	£	2017 £
Cash funds				
Current account		3,808		1,770
Cash held by broker - Portfolio 1		3,056		3,376
Cash held by broker - Portfolio 2		9,542		1,501
Investment assets				
4,104.00 Charifund Income Units		67,034		66,298
Portfolio 1				
846.42 Rathbone Income Units	7,876		7,951	
4,497.70 Artemis Income Fund Dist.Units	10,620		10,211	
7,000.00 Invesco Perpetual monthly inc plus fund	7,502		7,848	
2,650.00 Investec Capital Accumulator Class A	6,408		6,195	
1,717.60 IFSL Brooks Defensive Capital Class B Acc	3,415		3,385	
88.00 Veritas Global Equity Income GBP Class A	17,393		17,415	
44.85 SSGA GBP Liquidity Fund INST Stable NAV	-		45	
60.81 Fidelity Cash Y	61		-	
10,000.00 Threadneedle High Yield Bond clas1	4,233		4,362	
21,079.87 TIME Commercial Freehold Fund Cls D (Inc)	22,842		22,678	
1,746.00 Aberforth Smaller Companies (ASL)	24,060		22,846	
Portfolio 2		104,409		102,936
1,472.25 Fidelity South East Asia	20,081		18,580	
27,500.00 Henderson UK Proprety	28,245		27,184	
19,109.93 Invesco Perpetual Monthly Income Plus Fund	20,480		21,424	
55,000.00 M & G European High Yield Bond X Class	25,042		26,202	
19,000.00 Newton Global Higher Income	39,199		37,763	
114.76 SSGA GBP Liquidity Fund INST Stable NAV	-		115	
336.23 Fidelity Cash Y	336		-	
45,000.00 Threadneedle High Yield Bond Class	19,049		19,629	
7,400.00 Threadneedle UK Property Trust	6,405		6,304	
4,722.00 Murray Income Trust (MUT)	37,682		37,032	
1,862.00 Aberforth Smaller Companies (ASL)	25,658		24,364	
8,000.00 Stewart investors Asia Pacific Leaders Class A	54,441		50,198	
22,484.83 TIME Commercial Freehold Fund Cls D (Inc)	24,365		24,189	
15,000.00 TIME Freehold Income Authorised H (Inc)	31,895		30,594	
		332,877		323,577
Less accruals				
Accountancy	(500)		(500)	
Donation to Wye College Agricola Club	(10,000)		-	
		(10,500)		(500)
		<u>510,227</u>		<u>498,958</u>

We approve the accounts set out on pages 2 to 5 disclosing a net deficit of £2 and confirm that we have made available all relevant records and information for their purpose.

These accounts were approved by the trustees on 29 September 2018.

Prof. J P G Webster Mrs J D Reynolds
Trustee Trustee

Wye College Agricola Club Privacy Policy

Privacy statement

INTRODUCTION

This privacy policy sets out the basis on which any personal data which is collected from you, or that you provide to us, will be processed by the Wye College Agricola Club (WCAC).

The WCAC is committed to ensuring that your privacy is respected and protected. Should we ask you to provide certain information by which you can be identified when using our website, then you can be assured that it will only be used in accordance with this privacy statement. We have legal obligations to use your personal information in line with applicable laws.

The data controller is the Wye College Agricola Club Honorary Secretary, Francis Huntington, Agricola Secretariat, Cumberland Court, Church Street, Wye. TN25 5BJ

WCAC may change this policy from time to time by updating this page. You should check this page from time to time to ensure that you are happy with any changes.

By visiting www.agricolaclub.org.uk or by providing us with any personal data, you are accepting and consenting to the practices described in this privacy statement and other documents referred to in it.

This statement (together with our Terms of Use and any other documents referred to in this statement or the Terms of Use on it) sets out the basis on which any personal data we collect from you or third parties, or you provide to us, will be processed by us.

Please read the following carefully:

What our policies and practices are regarding your personal data;

- Our promise to you about our practices; and
- How we will use, store and treat your data
- Who we are
- How we collect information
- What information we collect
- How do we use the information we collect about you?
- Do we use cookies?
- Will you be contacted for marketing purposes?
- Legal basis for processing your data
- Disclosure of your information
- Where we store your personal data
- How long will you keep my personal information?
- Access to information
- Contacting us
- Changes to our privacy statement
- Subject access rights
- Complaints and Compliments

WHO WE ARE

The Wye College Agricola Club is a members organisation whose aim is to keep its members in touch with each other and to preserve the heritage and ethos of the former Wye College. The main means of disseminating information is via an annual Journal and quarterly e-newsletters

Within the context of this privacy statement, 'we' are the Wye College Agricola Club.

We promise not to sell or swap any details that our members provide to us with any other organisation or third party other than the Wye

Heritage. (see below the arrangements we have in place with Wye Heritage). We respect your privacy and value your support and interest and the work that you may do with us.

Please read this privacy statement to understand how we use your personal data.

HOW WE COLLECT INFORMATION

We may collect and process the following data about you:

Information you give us

- You may give us information about yourself by responding to WCAC communications, filling in forms which we provide to you at meetings, by mail or on our site www.wyeagricolaclub.org.uk as well other sites and web pages operated by us or on our behalf (our sites) or by corresponding with us by phone, email or otherwise. This includes information you provide when you enquire about our activities, register for an event, sign up for emails, place a merchandise order on our sites, or other social media functions on our site, or when you report a problem with our site.
- We will also collect information about individuals with whom we would like to stay in touch at our events.
- The information you give us may include your name, address, years at college, degree, email address and phone number.
- If making a purchase over the phone we will also collect debit and credit card information.
- Websites: In addition to the information you give us when filling in a form, signing up to an event or placing an order on our websites, we collect aggregated or anonymous information about how you use the websites.

For general guests to our website, the information gathered is anonymous; we can capture technical information, including the internet protocol (IP) address used to connect your computer to the Internet, browser type and version, browser plug-in types and versions, operating system and platform. Information about your visit, including the full URL, clickstream to, through, from our site (including date and time), information you viewed or searched for, download errors, length of visits to certain pages, page interaction information (such as scrolling, clicks, and mouse-overs), methods used to browse away from the page.

WHAT INFORMATION WE COLLECT

We may collect the following information:

- Name
- Contact information including email address and mobile phone
- Demographic information (ie postal address)
- Other information relevant to membership surveys

HOW WE USE THE INFORMATION WE COLLECT ABOUT YOU

We use information held about you in the following ways:

- For administration purposes (for example we may contact you regarding your membership payments, to check the details that we hold about you are correct or for the event you have registered for).
- To keep a note of your preferences on what and how you want to engage with WCAC.
- To analyse the personal information we collect and combine it with other information which we have collected to create a profile of your interests and

preferences so that we can understand our members/visitors better.

- To provide you with the goods, services or online content you select and any other related goods or services we may provide.
- To invite you to events or to request your support for particular campaigns/surveys that we are running.
- To provide you with information about our work or our activities that you have agreed to receive and to keep you up to date with the work of WCAC..
- We may periodically send promotional emails about our activities, new merchandise, special offers or other information which we think you may find interesting using the details which you have provided.

For other people with whom we work

- Where we work with another organisation, for example Wye Heritage, with whom we engage or wish to engage, to provide you with information about our work or our activities and to invite you to work with us.

All people with whom we engage

The following purposes are relevant to all with whom we engage:

- For internal record keeping, including the management of any feedback or complaints.
- To ensure that content from our site is presented in the most effective manner for you and for the electronic devices that you use.
- To ask for your help in completing surveys about WCAC and its
- To administer our site and for internal operations, including troubleshooting, data analysis, testing, research, statistical and survey purposes.

- As part of our efforts to keep our site safe and secure and to detect fraud and other abuses of our site.

Where possible we use aggregated or anonymous information which does not identify individual visitors to our websites.

We do not usually collect "sensitive personal data" unless there is a clear reason for doing so, to ensure we provide appropriate facilities for you to be able to participate in an event/function.

DO WE USE COOKIES?

A cookie is a small file which asks permission to be placed on your computer's hard drive. Once you agree, the file is added and the cookie helps analyses web traffic or lets you know when you visit a particular site. Cookies allow web applications to respond to you as an individual. The web application can tailor its operations to your needs, likes and dislikes by gathering and remembering information about your preferences.

We use traffic log cookies to identify which pages are being used. This helps us analyse data about web page traffic and improve our website in order to tailor it to customer needs. We only use this information for statistical analysis purposes and then the data is removed from the system.

Overall, cookies help us provide you with a better website, by enabling us to monitor which pages you find useful and which you do not. A cookie in no way gives us access to your computer or any information about you, other than the data you choose to share with us.

You can choose to accept or decline cookies. Most web browsers automatically accept cookies, but you can usually modify your browser setting to decline cookies if you prefer. This may prevent you from taking full advantage of the website.

WILL YOU BE CONTACTED FOR MARKETING PURPOSES?

Email and other electronic channels: We will only contact you for marketing purposes by email or other electronic means such as SMS and social media if you have agreed to be contacted for these purposes. We shall continue to contact you unless you tell us otherwise.

Post: Where you have provided your postal address we may send you correspondence by post about our work unless you have told us that you do not wish to receive such information by post.

LEGAL BASIS FOR PROCESSING YOUR DATA

Where you provide your contact details (ie postal address, email and/or mobile telephone number) to us and signify that you consent to us contacting you.

Please see the information below under the heading called 'Contacting Us' if you wish to change the way in which we contact you or to ask us to cease contacting you.

We also rely on the legitimate interest legal basis for some processing, which applies to the following:

- Where you are a member and we are contacting you about our activities.
- We consider that we have a legitimate interest in continuing to contact you by email, post and/or telephone once you have provided your details and there is no overriding prejudice to you by our use of your data in this way and for these purposes subject always to our carrying out appropriate checks.

DISCLOSURE OF YOUR INFORMATION

We will only use your information within WCAC for the purpose or purposes for which

that information was obtained. We may share your information with selected third parties such as suppliers including printers and mailing houses and sub-contractors for the performance of any contract we enter into with them or you. We require such suppliers and any third party that processes data on our behalf to sign a legally binding contract that requires them to comply strictly with our instructions on how they may use your data and which requires them to comply with data protection law.

We will keep your information confidential except if:

- We are under a duty to disclose or share your personal data in order to comply with any legal obligation, or
- In order to enforce or apply our terms of use or supplier terms and conditions to protect the rights, property, or safety of WCAC, or others.

WHERE WE STORE YOUR PERSONAL DATA

We are committed to ensuring that your information is secure. In order to prevent unauthorised access or disclosure, we have put in place suitable physical, electronic and managerial procedures to safeguard and secure the information we collect online. We are also on the Data Protection Register.

All information you provide to us is stored on secure servers. Where we have given you (or where you have chosen) a password which enables you to access certain parts of our website, you are responsible for keeping this password confidential. We ask you not to share a password with anyone.

Although we take appropriate measures to protect your personal data, the transmission of information via the Internet is never completely secure, and any transmission is at your own risk. Once we have received your

information, we will use strict procedures and security features to try to prevent unauthorised access. We regularly run tests, including commissioning third parties to run those tests that check the security of our systems.

We will ensure:

- that all personnel who have access to and/or process Personal Data are obliged to keep the Personal Data confidential.
- We comply with our obligations under the Data Protection Legislation with respect to security, breach notifications, impact assessments and consultations with supervisory authorities or regulators
- We will notify you without undue delay on becoming aware of a Personal Data breach

Your debit and credit card information:

If you use your credit or debit card to buy something or pay for a registration online or over the phone, we will ensure that this is done securely and in accordance with the Payment Card Industry Security Standard. Find out more about PCI DSS standards.

We do not store credit or debit card details following the completion of your transaction. All card details and validation codes are securely destroyed once the payment has been processed. Only staff authorised and trained to process payments will be able to see your card details.

HOW LONG WILL WE KEEP YOUR PERSONAL INFORMATION?

We will hold your personal information on our systems for as long as is necessary for WCAC's relevant activity and in accordance with applicable legal requirements and tax and accounting rules, e.g. we will keep a record of financial transactions for at least seven years.

For those individuals working for other organisations we will retain your data for as

long as we have a working relationship with you at that organisation or any other organisation which is engaged in work which is relevant to our activities. Where your data is no longer required we will ensure that it is disposed of securely.

We will only contact you according to your preferences that you have chosen, you can request to be removed at any time.

Where you contribute material to us, e.g. for inclusion in the Club Journal –Wye, we will only keep your content for as long as is reasonably required for the purpose(s) for which it was submitted unless otherwise stated at the point of collection.

Hyperlinks on this website:

Our website may contain links to other websites of interest. However, once you have used these links to leave our site you should note that we do not have any control over that other website. Therefore, we cannot be responsible for the protection and privacy of any information which you provide whilst visiting such sites are not governed by this privacy statement. You should exercise caution and look at the privacy statement applicable to the website in question.

ACCESS TO INFORMATION

The Act gives you the right to access information held about you. Your right of access can be exercised in accordance with the Act. For further information about how you can obtain that information please refer to the paragraph below 'Subject Rights' and www.ico.org.uk/for-the-public.

CONTACTING US

If you wish to contact us either to obtain information about our work, to amend your preferences or to stop us sending you information about our work and activities, please contact us:

- by emailing us at contact@wyeagricolaclub.org.uk.
- by phone on 01233 813884
- by post to Agricola Secretariat
Cumberland Court, 24 Church Street, Wye
TN25 5BJ

CHANGES TO OUR PRIVACY STATEMENT

Any changes we may make to our privacy statement in the future will be posted on this page and, where appropriate, notified to you by email or post. Please check back from time to time to see any updates or changes to our privacy statement.

SUBJECT ACCESS RIGHTS

An individual has the right, subject to certain exemptions, to access the personal information that an organisation holds about them. Accessing personal data in this way is known as making a subject access request.

Upon your request we will delete, destroy or return Personal Data and copies thereof to you unless required by Applicable Law to store the Personal Data.

COMPLAINTS AND COMPLIMENTS

If you have any queries about this privacy statement please contact WCAC directly.

If you wish to make a complaint about how we use your information, please contact us at contact@wyeagricolaclub.org.uk. If you are still unhappy, you can contact the Information Commissioner's Office via their website (<https://ico.org.uk/concerns/>).

Agricola Reunion 2019

This year we are again organising an informal summer event in the form of a

Lunch

Cold Buffet Menu of Fresh Poached Salmon, Roast Beef and Home Cooked Gammon

Hot Potato Salad, plus 3 Salads

Vegetarian/Vegan option

English Strawberries and Chocolate Fudge Cake with Cream

Plus pay bar (beer and wine)

Followed by a Farm Walk

Sunday 30 June at 12.00 noon

at

Manor Farm, South Newton, Nr Wilton, Salisbury SP2 0QD

By kind invitation of the **Swanton** family

I wish to purchase _____ tickets at £25 per head

Plus _____ child tickets (under 12) at £10 per head (6yrs and under free)

(Cheques payable to Wye College Agricola Club)

*Please indicate any dietary requirements _____

Name _____

Email _____

Address _____

Postcode _____ Tel no _____

Please return to Mrs Jane Reynolds, The Pent, Postling, Hythe, Kent CT21 4EY

Email: info@janesgardendesign.com.

You will be acknowledged by email (please write it clearly!) otherwise please send an SAE.

PLEASE RETURN BY 12 JUNE 2019 AT THE LATEST

Wye College Agricola Club

News please

Marriages, births, deaths, changes in career, or anything else of interest. Photos are welcome; please send via email or supply copy prints, since we cannot promise to return them.

Copy deadline 15 January.

Name _____ Name at Wye _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Email address _____

Tel. no _____

Is this a new address? Yes ☐ No ☐

Current date _____ Years at Wye _____

Do you live overseas? If so, would you be prepared to represent the Agricola Club in your country?
This would involve advising any visiting members and occasionally sending us news.

News. Please email, or else write clearly or type.

Continue overleaf or add another sheet.

Return this form to Mrs Jane Reynolds, The Pent, Postling, Hythe, Kent CT21 4EY
info@janesgardendesign.com

Wye College Agricola Club

Application for membership

Surname/family name _____ Name at Wye _____

First name(s) _____

Permanent address _____

Postcode _____

Email _____

Tel no _____

Applicant's academic details: graduate/MSc/PhD/staff (Please delete as appropriate)

Year of entry _____

Year of leaving _____

Degree course (dept if postgrad or staff) _____

Declaration

I offer myself for election to the Wye College Agricola Club and agree to abide by the Club Regulations (copy available from the Hon. Sec. or visit www.wyeagricolaclub.org.uk). I authorise the Club to publish my name and address and email in the Wye Journal and agree to pay the annual membership fee, currently £10 per annum, by standing order.

Signed _____ Date _____

On receipt of your signed application it will be placed before the Committee for acceptance.

The Hon Sec will send you a standing order form to complete.

Please return this Application to

Francis Huntington, Hon Sec, Agricola Club Secretariat, Cumberland House, Church Street, Wye, Ashford TN25 5BJ

Wye College Agricola Club

Change of address or email

Please return this form before Christmas to:

Francis Huntington, Hon Sec, Agricola Club secretariat, Cumberland House, Church Street, Wye
TN25 5BJ

Email: contact@wyeagricolaclub.org.uk

Addresses for the list go to press at the end of April, and changes cannot be included later.

Surname/family name _____ Name at Wye _____

First name(s) _____

Permanent address _____

Postcode _____

Email _____

Tel no _____

Degree course at Wye (dept if postgrad or staff) _____

Years of attendance at Wye _____

Data Protection Act

For many years we have published members' names, postal addresses and emails in the Wye journal. When you provide us with updated information we are now asking you to confirm that you give your permission for your contact information to be published in future Wye Journals and on the Club website.

I confirm that I give permission for my details to be published in the Wye Journal and to be accessible to members on the Club website.

Signed _____ Date _____

Wye Heritage

Our past shapes our future

Wye Heritage Centre – Membership Application Form

Please support the work of the Wye Heritage Centre by becoming an annual member and help us to preserve the archives, photographs, artefacts, memories and ethos of the former Wye College. Now housed in the Latin School, Wye.

Membership annual fee £10.

Surname/family name _____ Name at Wye _____

First name(s) _____

Permanent address _____

Postcode _____

Email _____

Tel no _____

I agree to my details being held on the membership database

Signed _____ Date _____

The current membership fee is £10.

Please enclose a cheque made out to 'Wye Heritage'.

We will then send you confirmation and a standing order for subsequent years.

Please return to: Wye Heritage Office, Cumberland House, Church Street, Wye, TN25 5BJ

Wye College Agricola Club

Committee Members 2018–2019

Elected 2015	Retire 2021	Position President & ACMF Trustee	Name and address Prof David Leaver Sole Street Farm, Crundale, Canterbury, Kent CT4 7ET jdleaver@gmail.com	01227 700978
2016	2019	Chairman & Journal Editor	Dr John Walters Akermans, 38 High Street, Wye, Ashford, Kent, TN25 5AL akermans38@yahoo.co.uk	01233 812823 07969 739974
2015	2020	ACMF Trustee	Mr Charles Course Heathpatch Ltd, Dairy Farm Office, Semer, Ipswich, IP7 6RA charles@dairyfarmoffice.co.uk	01449 741481 07889 218590
2015	2021	Secretary	Mr Francis Huntington Cumberland Court, Church Street, Wye, Ashford, Kent TN25 5BJ contact@weagricolaclub.org.uk	01233 813884 07860 390087
2017	2020	Treasurer & ACMF Trustee	Prof Paul Webster 25 Chequers Park, Wye, Ashford, Kent TN25 5BB jpgwebster@gmail.com	01233 812786
2015	2021	ACMF Trustee	Mrs Jane Reynolds Pent Farm, Postling, Hythe, Kent CT21 4EY info@janesgardendesign.com	01303 862436
2017	2020		Prof Berkeley Hill 1 Brockhill Road, Hythe, Kent CT21 4AB b.hill@imperial.ac.uk	01303 265312 07777 696945
2015	2021		Prof Geoff Dixon Hill Rising, Horncastles Lane, Sherbourne, Dorset DT9 6BH geoffrdixon@btinternet.com	01935 387470 07774 628641
2017	2020		Dr Susan Atkinson 52 Maxton Road, Dover, Kent CT17 9JL susan.atkinson@talk21.com	01304 211977 07808 435968
2018	2021		Mr Gary Saunders Elms Cottage, Hinxhill, Ashford, Kent TN25 5NT garybrodoak@aol.com	07816 332190
2017	2020		Mr Chris Waters 2 The Moat House, The Moat, Charing, Ashford, Kent TN27 0JJ chriswatersmail@gmail.com	01233 712599 07710 835523
2017	2020		Mr David Simmons Whitehill House, Brogdale Road, Ospringe, Faversham, Kent ME13 0DN dhsimmons@btconnect.com	01795 532100 07850 872342

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of understanding the underlying mechanisms of the observed phenomena. It is crucial to identify the factors that influence the outcome and to establish a clear causal relationship. This involves a thorough review of the existing literature and a careful analysis of the data. The second part of the paper presents the results of the experiments, which show that the proposed method is effective in achieving the desired outcome. The results are supported by statistical analysis and are consistent with the theoretical predictions. The third part of the paper discusses the implications of the findings and suggests directions for future research. It is important to continue to explore the underlying mechanisms and to test the proposed method in different contexts. The fourth part of the paper concludes the paper and summarizes the main findings.