50 YEARS OF THE TANNER REVOLUTION IN HERTFORD AND OXFORD ADMISSIONS

40 YEARS OF CO-EDUCATION

HERTFORD COLLEGE PORTRAITS
2014 – 15

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2015 – 16
Throughout the academic year 2015-16, Hertford is celebrating the 50th anniversary of an initiative that defines the college’s commitment to fairness and opportunity: the Hertford Scheme, also known as the Tanner Scheme.

50 years ago Oxford University selected its candidates post-A level in an examination that favoured those with the time and money to spend on an extra term’s schooling. Hertford, under Admissions Tutor Neil Tanner and colleagues, broke ranks with other colleges in order to identify able candidates, with the potential to succeed at Hertford, who could not provide this extra support. These candidates were then interviewed early, outside the standard application process, and could be offered a place at Hertford without having to sit the exam, as long as they achieved two Es at A level. Some were still encouraged to sit the entrance exam but did so a year earlier than normal and others were attracted by the welcoming inclusive nature of the college.

Hertford’s initiative challenged the status quo and was unpopular with vested interests, but eventually led to reform of the wider Oxford admissions process, whilst also greatly improving Hertford’s academic standing. Since then Hertford has continued to champion fair access and we are proud that, in the last admissions round, two thirds of our offers for UK undergraduate study went to applicants from state schools.

Hertford would become one of these colleges.

With a desire to ever widen our constituency and admit women, it was inevitable that we would become one of these colleges. With its progressive thinking, and existing all-male colleges were permitted to admit women. With its progressive thinking, and existing all-male colleges were permitted to admit women. With its progressive thinking, and existing all-male colleges were permitted to admit women.

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Throughout the 1960s Hertford operated a uniquely progressive admissions system, so ambitious that other colleges consistently kept to a more balanced syllabus.

In 1974, Hertford was one of the first all-male Oxford colleges to accept women as co-residents and to open its doors to women from state schools, an initiative that defined the college’s commitment to fairness and opportunity: the Hertford Scheme, also known as the Tanner Scheme.

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I have spent a large part of my career arguing for a fairer Britain, and championing access to UK universities has been one of my consistent themes. And I’m pleased to witness that Oxford has come a long way in the last 50 years, investing seriously in outreach and devising an entry process that works better for students from less privileged backgrounds. But any account of the improvements must acknowledge the role of Neil Tanner and his colleagues at Hertford in proactively seeking the best from the state sector. Problems remain, not least the deterrent effect of debt. Through my role as Chair of the Independent Commission on Fees (supported by the Sutton Trust), I have become concerned by some alarming statistics: children from the richest fifth of neighbourhoods are ten times more likely than the poorest fifth to go to a Russell Group university. Inequality is still defining life chances. For those from more deprived backgrounds, our efforts towards outreach and student support are essential.

Through these Tanner portraits we want to highlight social mobility in action. These alumni – among many more, too numerous to photograph! – came from modest backgrounds in the UK, and were admitted to Hertford at the instigation of Neil Tanner’s initiative. As you will read, they have gone on to a wide range of rewarding and impactful careers – and just as importantly, with the mind-set that anything is possible and audacity pays off. From the college’s point of view, it is confirmation that admitting fellows can take a risk on someone who doesn’t necessarily fit the mould. The students return the favour after graduating by promoting diversity and inclusivity over the rest of their lives – in the UK, but also across the USA, Europe, and Asia.

As demonstrated by the photos and text, we have many different voices expressing different opinions which reflect the true benefit of our pioneering scheme. Diversity and excellence go hand in hand. It is important that people from all backgrounds continue to influence the big decisions across our economy and society. Education is the key to unlocking potential, developing reasoned arguments and broadening perspectives.

I am proud to be carrying Neil’s baton on behalf of Hertford, and it is most heart-warming to know that fellows, students, and alumni all share the same conviction and are part of the same effort. I think Neil would approve!
Neil Tanner was my predecessor as Physics Tutor at Hertford College; he left big boots to fill.

The Tanner Scheme was primarily developed by three of Hertford’s fellows, Peter Ganz, Jim Murray and Neil Tanner, with the support of the college’s Governing Body. As Senior Tutor and Tutor for Admissions, Neil Tanner battled with other colleges, until they realised that they too could benefit from attracting bright students from outside their traditional catchment areas. The unique Hertford Scheme came to an end after two decades when the Oxford admissions process was reformed.

Within a decade of the start of the Tanner Scheme, Hertford’s academic standing had risen substantially, from its traditional place near the bottom of the Oxford colleges’ league table to the top quartile, boosted by the recruitment of bright and capable students from schools that could not support their pupils through preparation for the entrance exam. This provides the clearest motivation for our current access and outreach programmes. The legacy of the Hertford initiative continues today. Amongst the Oxford colleges, Hertford has one of the highest proportion of students from state schools and one of the highest proportion of students from disadvantaged backgrounds, as judged by those eligible for bursaries. Hertford College has an unrivalled history of promoting fair access to Oxford University, and the portraits in Hall celebrate our commitment to maintaining and developing that tradition.

Hertford College has a diverse and talented set of alumni. A few of those who were attracted to Hertford through the admission routes developed by Neil Tanner and colleagues are represented in the portraits in the dining hall. Their experiences and opportunities will resonate with those of more recent graduates. We have sought to represent the diversity of the beneficiaries over the 20 years that the scheme operated, representing its wide reach, but inevitably displaying only a small subset of the Tanner Scheme’s impact.
Neil Tanner was a Physics Fellow at Hertford from 1960 to 1997. He was Tutor for Admissions from 1965, in which role he and other colleagues developed and pioneered the famous Hertford admissions initiative known now as the ‘Tanner Scheme’.

Former students of Neil have paid tribute to his enthusiasm, encouragement and dedication. One of Neil’s former students Mike Shiels (Physics, 1983) has written: ‘Once at Hertford, my memories of Neil Tanner are of an enormous flamboyant presence. It was clear that he was a dedicated and talented scientist, but seemed to operate largely on the basis of an intuitive understanding of how physics worked. He taught me that the people, who make change happen, dive into things boldly. It was how he did science, it was how he did admissions, and it was how he lived his life.’

In his academic life, Neil supervised an expanding group of students exploiting new ion beams and new detectors such as multigap spectrometers to explore the theory of the Giant Dipole Resonance and resonance fluctuations. During the 1960s his interest in pion physics brought him to the Synchro-Cyclotron accelerator at CERN.

Neil was also a staunch supporter of the boat club, and is commemorated with an eights boat named after him.

His achievement in rising from inner Melbourne lower middle class background to Oxford don in an era when few Australian kids went to university, much less to Oxford, is truly extraordinary.

Lindsay Tanner, Neil’s nephew
We take much for granted, and so gratitude is in short supply. Are we aware of the forces that shape our lives and others?

As a youngster from a modest background with a troubled adolescence – bright, hard-working, from a broken home, slightly wild and lost – I had no idea that my grammar school and sixth-form college, in a depressed working-class area, provided opportunities unavailable to many. Nor was I aware that fertile ground had been prepared at Hertford College to encourage applications from frankly unprepossessing students like me. I had no idea the extent to which, like Blanche DuBois, I depended on the kindness of strangers. My school principal Fred Bleasdale almost physically forced me to apply and the splendid Neil Tanner accepted me as a physicist, so I enjoyed the life-long benefits of the Oxford experience as a result.

Many years later, my wife unexpectedly met Neil and was regaled with several amusing anecdotes of my antics at Hertford. It seems he remembered his many students individually, which suggests he cared for us all. That’s an incredible legacy that the college should be proud of and continue to celebrate, embody and express. I hope some of that generosity of spirit and ethos of serving others has rubbed off on me.
Physics for me is fun and an adventure. Even though it is one of the loftiest of logical intellectual pursuits, even among the sciences, doing physics can be an art. In the hands of its greatest and most famous practitioners, it has produced some wonderfully elegant theories and examples of logical reasoning; examples so elegant, and so perspicacious, that the excitement and sense of wonder I experience on finally understanding them is equal to that which I experience on admiring the world’s greatest works of art, music, literature or architecture.

My offer under the Tanner Scheme, and Neil subsequently allowing me to read Theoretical Physics, was pivotal. He was inspiring, and although he himself was an experimentalist he made sure he found the best and most dynamic theoretician to tutor us – none other than Chris Llewellyn-Smith, eventually Head of Physics at Oxford and subsequently Director of CERN and provost of UCL! Neil instilled a strong sense of self-reliance which was valuable preparation for success in postgraduate work. I was lucky enough to have Rudolf Peierls as a supervisor, a former student of Heisenberg and one who had also worked with some of the other all-time greats such as Dirac, Pauli and Landau. To say that being supervised by him was inspirational is an understatement indeed – it was a wonderful springboard for my research career applying theoretical physics to night vision devices, solar energy and optical fibre communications, the backbone of the internet and the worldwide web.

To Physics students, I would say try to learn to love the elegance of the theoretical and experimental techniques that tease out nature’s secrets. By all means strive to do well in exams but, above all, learn to love the subject and inspire, in turn, the next generation of physicists. Indeed, I would say the same to any student whatever their subject.
First, a confession – until earlier this year I had no idea that I was a Tanner student. In fact, to be honest, I didn’t even know who Neil Tanner was until a few months ago.

Completely ignorant of the fact I was doing anything unusual (and rather uncomfortable as I was wearing a new scratchy tweed skirt when I never wore skirts or tweed but didn’t think jeans would go down well) I rocked up for an interview at Hertford. The two male interviewers and the room were so scruffy (flip flops, frayed combat trousers, cardigan with holes in, overflowing ashtrays) my jeans would have been really smart by comparison. Other than that, I thoroughly enjoyed it – it was like a combination of solving the best puzzles ever and a verbal game of three-dimensional chess, and so I took up a place to read Law.

I had a brilliant three years (hard not to) but the one lasting thing which I believe has shaped my path since is the rather combative approach to learning that was a hallmark of my degree – the constant challenging, arguing, finding new perspectives and seeking the best possible answer. This has stayed with me, and grown with me to this day, and is probably the origin of most of the key decisions I have made so far. I have been lucky enough (and perhaps brave enough?) to have worked for 15 years overseas, mostly in Asia. Full-on, high pressured, energising – fabulous.

It’s clear that having the courage and confidence to challenge and ask questions, and the curiosity to really understand has allowed me to succeed in my career, across different cultures and in such a male-dominated industry. My family would tell you it can work less well in a domestic setting!

And leaving the best ’til last: my family. I managed to squeeze in (or perhaps I should say squeeze out!) four boys. My lads are amazing, and my husband is long suffering and the rock that keeps me sane.

Advice… from me…? Oh look, I’ve used up my 300 words already.
I ended up at Oxford out of sheer bloody-mindedness. The heads of my sixth form college had told me I had ideas above my station by applying to do three A levels when I could get into a ‘perfectly respectable polytechnic’ with just two. In defiance, I applied to Oxford choosing Hertford College solely on the basis that it claimed to welcome state school applicants; it was worth a try and surely a comp-kid like me would stand a better chance not only of getting in but fitting in...?

Wrong! I turned up for interview with my big hair, black leggings and oversized cardi, looking like a bad backing singer from Bananarama... only to find that most of the other female hopefuls looked like Lady Di complete with skirt, upturned collar and pearls. My interview was a disaster: I’d apparently done the wrong type of Geography A level and my CV was a joke. I stormed out declaring ‘I wouldn’t go there if they paid me!’

Of course, I did go. My fabulous, feisty Geography teacher told the tutors in no uncertain terms that the only reason I’d done the ‘wrong’ A level was because my school couldn’t afford the ‘right’ text books. And so I learned the value of having champions – those like Neil Tanner who encouraged state school kids to apply, and those like my teacher for making sure I got in.

Despite this, my first year was spent in mortal panic and confusion: everyone seemed so confident and clever. It took a while to discover that the loudest voice or poshest accent wasn’t always right. Slowly, I learned to relish the slipstream of being both ‘Oxford’ and ‘Hertford’: privileged access and ‘oiky’ upstart, not afraid to ask the cheeky question or challenge tradition. That edginess and integrity defines the group of Hertfordians from all backgrounds that I’m proud and honoured to call my friends – brilliant people doing brilliant things with their feet planted firmly on the ground. 25 years on, I’m still in awe of them. For at its best, Hertford is not just a college, it’s an attitude.
In a Scottish school with no record of Oxbridge preparation, and a different curriculum and tests from the English system, the then-standard Oxford entrance exam felt insurmountable. But the pioneering conditional offers scheme included a particular focus on facilitating access from Scottish schools. This made Hertford one of only two colleges at the time offering me an attainable prospect, without reference to gender (that was important), of an Oxford education.

My degree unlocked my future not by opening doors in itself but in what it did to my outlook. My career so far has been in central government, in both law and justice/constitution policy, and I have loved all its political dramas, intellectual excitement, and sheer scale and variety. More, I have keenly appreciated the freedoms, privileges and responsibilities of public service, and of organisational leadership. Looking back at the Tanner Scheme from that perspective, its real significance lies not in the competitive edge it gave colleges like Hertford in the admissions market, not in improving Oxford's reputation as an engine of merit-based social mobility (still work in progress), and not even in the rightness of extending precious educational opportunities to those most capable of benefiting from them and of benefiting others in turn. Together with the early lead the college took in admitting women, the real genius of the Tanner Scheme was the opportunity it gave Hertford to develop as an enriched academic community. Students learn not only from tutors (the legendary and charismatic Roy Stuart in my case), but from each other – and a genuinely diverse and mind-broadening range of perspectives adds up to a far more stretching and enlivening educational experience than the monocultural alternatives of the day could offer.

That's a lesson in leadership from Neil Tanner. I remember him very warmly, and I’ve kept some brilliant, different, inspirational, life-enhancing friends from college – the best legacy of all.
Oxbridge was the light at the end of the tunnel in my lower sixth. Home life had been difficult due to my mother developing a neurodegenerative disease, and success at school became an escape. Initially I’d toyed with studying Medicine but an English teacher encouraged a passion for the arts and I changed A levels.

A friend’s boyfriend encouraged me to apply to Hertford. He had also been at a local comprehensive and thanks to the Tanner Scheme was reading Maths! I was heartbroken after the initial interviews though. ‘You shouldn’t put yourself forward for things like this if you can’t take it’ was my older sister’s despairing advice! My headmistress was relieved to be able to deliver the PPE tutors’ good news: if I sat the exam later that term, I was likely to be offered a place – and I was! I gained a lasting confidence, the experience of meeting a wide range of people, and the encounter with some great minds.

After Hertford, I did a journalism course and worked in television for ten years, becoming a political correspondent. However, I was idealistic and every so often wondered if I should have done Medicine.

I had young children when I learnt of a new medical course that was open to people like me: older, from another professional background, who might have done an arts degree. I was so excited and was offered a place when expecting my third child.

I qualified five years ago. I began speciality training in Emergency Medicine. However, last year I switched to Psychiatry. An art as well as a science, where ethics pervade, communication skills are key and life experience enhances understanding, psychiatry offers scope to my range of skills. I feel privileged to have had the opportunity to be a doctor, journalist and mother. Undoubtedly an important part in the turn of events was my luck in coming to Hertford in the first place.
Looking at things with hindsight often gets a bad press – usually because we are second-guessing what might have been. If only I had made that investment, taken that job, worked harder! It is good advice, on the whole, to keep your eyes forward. However, sometimes a bit of critical thinking about how you ended up where you are, by looking backwards, can be very illuminating.

In the context of the celebration of the Hertford Scheme I have done this look-back-in-time and I have been surprised how clear the lessons are: first that the behaviour of elite institutions really matters to our society – striving for inclusiveness, reinventing how things are done, not accepting the status quo. These are critical behaviours for our leading universities. Secondly our age has tended towards a check-the-box approach to recruitment. The competitive pressure is simply enormous and some filters must be used. Yet, we are missing something if this is allowed to go unchallenged. Perhaps technology can be harnessed to get closer to judging individual merit, to harnessing the talent of those who are not the obvious choices. I was invested in by my school and by Hertford, who colluded to overcome my 18-year-old arrogance and ignorance, got me to interview twice in college and even to take the entrance exam on the spot – ‘or go home!’ I have tried, in my turn, to invest in people in the same way, to look again at the candidate that doesn’t fit the mould, whose approach isn’t polished, whose background is far from the norm of the elite institutions I have worked for. I have been richly rewarded in doing so.
My school, Morecambe High, was a grammar school turned comprehensive which regularly sent a few students to Oxbridge. The decision to apply to Hertford was mainly determined by the fact that someone else from my school had got in to read English the previous year. The possibility of receiving an offer solely on interview was obviously attractive too, though I did not know this as the Tanner Scheme at the time. I had scarcely ever met anyone from a private school before arriving in Oxford, had no real perception of odds massively skewed in their favour and thought it was quite normal for state school pupils both to apply to Oxbridge and to get in.

Possibly I was not typical of the people the Tanner Scheme was designed to help, but was no less delighted to benefit from it.

I have no doubt that the discipline of the tutorial system, having to turn up with an essay on a different topic once or twice a week, often with the ink almost literally still wet, and sometimes breathless from running over the bridge (try reading out your essay before you’ve got your breath back!), developed skills which have stood me in good stead ever since. What I most enjoyed though was the fun I had making new friendships, several of which have survived the intervening years, and enjoying many and varied aspects of student life: rowing, singing madrigals, Oxford pubs, summer plays in college gardens, putting the world to rights late into the night. I also remember Hertford as a tolerant and inclusive place with a strong sense of community, characteristics which I sense it still has today.

I count myself extraordinarily lucky to have experienced all this free of charge. Hertford’s continuing efforts to make the benefits of an Oxford education available to applicants from all backgrounds regardless of means certainly deserve to be supported.
When I read about Hertford’s scheme for state schools I wrote seeking guidance. Neil Tanner personally took the trouble to send an encouraging reply.

I did my A levels at a technical college. No one knew whether anyone there had ever gone to Oxford. When I read about Hertford’s scheme for state schools I wrote seeking guidance. Neil Tanner personally took the trouble to send an encouraging reply. I will never forget waiting on a stone staircase for the interviews to begin, with no idea what to expect. The PPE tutors John Torrance, Roger Van Noorden and Richard Malpas saw something in this anxious schoolboy in a borrowed suit, and opened the door to a world of intellectual adventure, sleepless nights of study, and the sheer joy of learning. A decade later I returned to Hertford to teach Politics. Old tutors became new colleagues. It was a privilege to work with them, especially during admissions, the miracle of birth, the wheel turning full circle.

After working in diplomacy and energy I now teach in Southeast Asia. Education here is traditionally passive, rote and deferential – a world apart from the Oxford tutorial. So now we learn to reason, argue, explore questions together. There is no greater joy than seeing young minds light up, especially the least privileged ones. It all began with the Tanner Scheme, on that chilly staircase, when the switch-points of my life shifted forever. It has made all the difference.
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The idea of going to university at all was strange enough; it had never been remotely realistic or relevant for anybody in my family. My mother certainly could not see the point and my father, who might have done so in a moment of sobriety, was dead. As for Oxford, that was just ridiculous; I'd never even met anyone who had been there. I'd hate it because my North London twang would just be derided by the public schoolboys. Anyway, if I needed a chemistry degree to get a decent job, why not study in London?

My form teacher gently suggested otherwise and a few weeks later with a mixture of misgivings, apprehension, awe and excitement I walked into OB Quad to meet Neil Tanner. I cannot honestly say that I immediately fell in love with Hertford or Oxford but I left knowing that the privilege of being tutored by people like Neil was something from which I just could not walk away.

The love affair with Oxford didn't start until a few months after matriculation. In the first weeks the challenge of learning to learn rather than just being taught was unsettling. Some of the public schoolboys did indeed mock my twang; the chip on my shoulder probably didn't help. Then Keith McLauchlan challenged me to think, and soon Oxford was opening up ideas, relationships and interests of which I had never even conceived.

Approaching 50 years later, I am nearing the end of a career of which I have loved almost every moment. I have been, possibly uniquely, chief executive of both a FTSE 100 company and a top ten charity and I know I have Hertford to thank for that and many other life events thereafter.
Little could I have imagined on my first day at Hertford, that I’d now be advising sixth formers on their university choices.

Back in January 1977 when my headmistress heard of my offer from Hertford, she was incredulous, and to be frank, I think she thought it was a way in through the back door! But far from it – I was the first in my family to go to Oxford and was determined to get there, so worked to get top grades, just as good as those who got to other colleges by more traditional means.

When I got to Hertford, it was refreshing to be in such a friendly college, with others regardless of their background, who had entered on the same basis as I had. There were so many opportunities presented that it was impossible to take them all up but I particularly enjoyed the musical life of the college and remember that Neil Tanner was a regular supporter of Hertford’s concerts.

I remember meeting Neil Tanner on numerous occasions, though I was not aware at the time that the entrance scheme was his brainchild. My husband is one of Neil’s former Physics students so I got to hear so much more about his sense of humour.

And so what happened after Hertford? After 16 years in financial services, I changed to a career in education. Little could I have imagined on my first day at Hertford, that I’d now be advising sixth formers on their university choices. And that the current application process for Oxbridge is one that has been transformed by the visionary scheme Neil Tanner introduced 50 years ago. I’m proud that my lasting enthusiasm for my time at Hertford has helped encourage today’s pupils to apply. Our daughter graduated from Hertford in 2012, and a steady stream of students, from my current school, are now heading to Oxbridge including Hertford.
It began when my aunt bought me a chemistry set for my eighth birthday. From then on I wanted to study Chemistry, but it never occurred to me that I should apply to Oxford until my head teacher persuaded me and suggested Hertford because of the Tanner Scheme. A year later I had both a place and a scholarship. I suspect I was successful because Keith McLauchlan only asked me questions about spectroscopy! I’m also grateful to Keith for teaching me not to write too many words in answering examination questions when a few short equations are far better. I took the concept to heart and still use this principle today.

On arrival at Hertford I also purchased my first SLR camera and began a commitment to regular attendance at chapel evensong. The outcome of both these decisions now plays a far larger part in my daily life than chemistry, although academically I describe myself as a chemist who is also a theologian and a photographer. Photography is both an art-form and chemistry, whilst the thought processes for theoretical chemistry and theology are very similar.

After staying on for a doctorate (in spectroscopy and theoretical chemistry) I spent six years building computer models of the atmosphere before returning to Oxford to read Theology and train for ordination.

I proceeded to take the pre-A level entrance examination.

Running was my passion and by Christmas of my first year I had already raced in the cross country varsity match. For two years I was women’s captain of the cross country section of Oxford University Athletic Club.

I went on to study Medicine and work as a GP but this career change was facilitated by experiences at Hertford. A Geography undergraduate two years above me took a similar route. A PPE undergraduate introduced me to a club which enabled me to visit brain injured young people and adults with severe learning disability. I attended college chapel and was stimulated by eminent speakers including members of the medical profession. I still never hear John answering examination questions when a few short equations are far better. I took the concept to heart and still use this principle today.

My parish ministry was spent mainly in Worcester Diocese with one year in Shetland Islands, but in 2006 I moved to Exeter where I work in the Bishop’s Office. Along the way, I’ve written several theological books and a number of papers, many of them on science and religion.

Keith McLauchlan’s biggest legacy in my life, however, was that he later went on to offer a place to a girl named Kathryn who became my wife. The final part of the equation (to date) has been censored by our daughter, so, in the words of a well-known writer of chemistry textbooks, its content is left as an exercise for the reader.

I met Adrian on day one but ironically we were never a couple until the summer following my part two year, after we had both left Hertford. Our wedding two years later was conducted by the college chaplain Michael Chantry and attended by our Chemistry tutor Keith McLauchlan. Hertford provided the environment for important life changes – meeting my future husband and deciding on my career as a medical doctor, rather than the research chemist I had envisioned in 1980.
I bought *The Times* and *The Guardian* every day to prepare as that is what my school told me to do. It was no use at all. I was given six legal cases to read and examined on them the next day. I only picked them up late in the evening after drinking in the college bar – I had missed the note at the lodge and only found out about the papers when asked by another candidate how I had found them. So it was a panic visit to the lodge, lots of coffee and an all nighter – not of course the last! I still shiver at what my life would have been if I had never picked up the papers and turned up without having read anything.

The interview was with Roy Stuart and Stuart Anderson. Roy’s room was full of books and papers stacked perilously all over the room. It was like a minefield to get to the chair without knocking them over. The interview was supposed to be for an hour but after 45 minutes I could not go any further.

I thought it had not gone well. I walked around Oxford afterwards feeling low but captivated by the beauty of the city. Three weeks later the offer letter arrived.

I have never looked back. Hertford was a wonderful experience, it was life changing, it gave you confidence to believe that anything was possible.

A 54 year old Queen’s Counsel now looks back at that 17 year old boy with incredulity. It is difficult to believe it is the same person and everything is due to Hertford.
I grew up in Liverpool in the late 70s and early 80s when the city was wracked with unemployment, poverty and rioting. I remember sitting on the playing fields outside the sixth form centre, reading the prospectus for Oxford. The Tanner Scheme drew me to Hertford, mainly because I thought it was the only chance a state school girl like me had to get to Oxford, but also because of what it revealed about the open, earthy and pioneering spirit of the college.

Hertford gave me many things: my dearest friends, most vivid memories, richest experiences, hardest lessons, most dreaded deadlines and a commitment to never take another exam.

Since then a lot has happened. I navigated the corporate world and became a CEO. I did several start-ups, some of which were very successful and some definitely were not. I hung out in the Arizona desert with self-help gurus and studied with Buddhist monks, becoming a master in reiki and neuro-linguistic programming, as well as teaching undergraduate courses in happiness along the way. I certified as an executive coach at Columbia University and founded my latest company in New York where I now live, which helps the biggest and brightest stars of global companies to become even better than they already are. I also enjoy my three children, three stepchildren and two grandchildren who live on both sides of the Atlantic.

Sounds random? Yes, I think it has been except for one thing: everything I’ve done in some way has its origins in my time at Hertford, whether it’s the qualification on my CV, the inspiration, the friendships, or the self-confidence that’s helped me.
I was on my hands and knees crossing the bridge to get to the library.

If I ever needed reminding that Hertford was no ordinary college, that moment came just a few days before the start of Finals. I was on my hands and knees crossing the bridge to get to the library. We’d been told not to walk upright because Michael Cimino was in the street filming a movie – John Hurt and Kris Kristofferson were hanging around outside looking bored.

The film, *Heaven’s Gate*, was a financial disaster but I assume Hertford did nicely out of the location fee. And happily, despite my fears, my degree didn’t suffer.

The bridge was helpful later in life. ‘Which college were you at?’, ‘Hertford.’ Blank look. ‘You know, the one with the bridge.’

I’ve always hated those conversations. For many years I was rather embarrassed to tell people I’d been to Oxford at all. It was a nagging guilt that the name alone opened doors that other equally talented graduates found much harder to get through.

But fortunately Hertford has never really been home to the kind of person who sees an Oxbridge education as an entitlement rather than a privilege.

I’ve rarely been back to college since graduating. I’m not a good old-Hertfordian. But thanks to two far more worthy alumni who I happen to have worked alongside, I did speak after dinner in Hall a couple of years ago. Jacqui Smith – a big supporter of the Tanner Scheme – invited me, and the guest of honour was the Cabinet Secretary Sir Jeremy Heywood. 35 years ago I knew him as plain-old chain-smoking, party-loving Jeremy. I couldn’t miss the opportunity to remind him of that.

So while there are many people more deserving of a photograph, I am honoured to be included. If nothing else, I think of it as a reward for not spoiling Mr Cimino’s shot.
At my newly established comprehensive school the prevailing attitude was that the chance of getting into Oxbridge was poor. The head of sixth form suggested I write lots of essays and lent me two out-of-date admissions booklets. Undeterred I sat the fourth term entrance exam, was interviewed and offered a place to read PPP. I hadn’t appreciated that women at Hertford in 1979 were still such pioneers. The JCR was intimidating when rugger was on TV, the college bar was not a joy to behold and domestic facilities were non-existent. Nonetheless, I had an extraordinarily unforgettable and confidence building experience. In my second year I founded The Alice Society, and, with a Hertford contemporary Helen Morley, made costumes for OUDS and later on my own for OTG (Edinburgh Fringe, 1981).

I studied Psychology because I wanted to be someone to whom GPs referred patients when they didn’t have the time to talk to them. My undergraduate dissertation was published; my earliest postgraduate work was in a residential special school; I became a community psychologist. I fell in love with the work. It provided the opportunity to be creative and make a difference to the lives of many extremely disadvantaged people. I qualified as a clinical psychologist and I have had over 31 years’ experience working in health and social care mostly with people with intellectual disabilities. My principal research and service development interests have been in Intensive Interaction: an approach to facilitating rapport between service users with the most profound and complex intellectual disabilities and their carers. I am now head of a large NHS Psychological Service.

This once shy comprehensive schoolgirl from rural Devon is extremely grateful for the opportunity to succeed in such diverse ways both at Oxford and thereafter – including being a role model for my two daughters.
The academic rigour and focus I developed at Oxford have been essential life skills.

Coming from a comprehensive school without an Oxbridge tradition, Hertford’s early interview Tanner Scheme was perfect for me, especially as the college was actively seeking students to study German with Leslie Seiffert. The scheme’s aim was to recognise candidates’ potential and the interviewers usually did get it right. In my case, the tutors made me that unconditional offer, and four wonderful, intensive years later, I achieved the longed for First in Finals.

The academic rigour and focus I developed at Oxford have been essential life skills. On a personal level, student friends have become friends for life. I even met my husband in a German conversation class. Outside my tutorials, I rowed for Hertford, became a student librarian, and immersed myself in music, both in college and beyond. This has led to numerous musical encounters and opportunities as a soloist and ensemble singer which I still enjoy today.

I have used German and other languages throughout my career – in the City, in marketing and market research, and now as an EU translator in Luxembourg. How appropriate to be photographed in the college ante-chapel in front of William Tyndale, an eminent linguist and translator of his day.

Looking forward, I hope that when focusing on open access, Hertford is also willing to look beyond the British education system to other excellent qualifications from students further afield, such as those I meet when supporting prospective applicants through the Oxford Society of Luxembourg. I am alarmed by the increasing introspection of some parts of British society, and even in parts of the education system, and I urge the college, and the university, to sustain openness and continue to face outwards towards the rest of the world.

JENNIFER SCHOFIELD
(HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES, 1982)
TRANSLATOR

1982
reminding myself of Neil’s words to ‘believe in myself’. After all, what does a cellist know about stockbroking?

I remember my Oxford interview well; with a charismatic, effervescent gentleman who charmed me into believing that a sixth former from a comprehensive could win a place at Oxford. Here was a man who inspired me to believe anything was possible and I left Oxford that day filled with a new belief in myself. Thanks to Neil Tanner’s vision I went on to study Music at Hertford, followed by a postgraduate year as a cellist at the Royal Academy of Music. I then changed direction (having to admit that I was not a world class soloist!) and joined a City stockbroking firm, reminding myself of Neil’s words to ‘believe in myself’. After all, what does a cellist know about stockbroking?

Nearly 30 years later, I am a Managing Director of Bank of America but much more importantly to me, I am a mother of two wonderful daughters and a wife of a professional violinist. Balancing a career and a family has been an incredible challenge, even harder than winning a place at Oxford! As a woman with children on a City trading floor I am, today, still very much in a minority. Oxford has embraced its women but we still need to fight for change in the City; for a work life balance that allows us to combine our families and careers. Neil Tanner and my Oxford experience equipped me with the resilience and belief to find a pathway to succeed. For those of you heading into the financial markets today, it’s an invigorating and challenging world and your demands for change will, I am sure, shape its future!
I was a beneficiary of the Tanner Scheme in 1972 and I’m an example of exactly the kind of student it was intended to reach.

I attended the local grammar school in Borehamwood, Hertfordshire. Borehamwood was a town built and owned (lock, stock and barrel) by the Greater London Council to house Londoners who couldn’t find housing after the war. Neither of my parents stayed on in school after 14, and this was true of most of my family and neighbours.

I really wanted to go to Oxford to read Chemistry, which was my passion at the time (my nerd roots run deep!), but my school had never been successful in placing a pupil at Oxford or Cambridge. Many of my teachers thought it was pointless to apply, but the headmaster learned of Hertford’s new admission process and suggested it.

I took the second-year sixth exam in December 1971 and was offered a place and an exhibition. Several others from the school later followed me.

My time at Hertford was a period of major personal growth – social class was an issue for me. There were relatively few students with my background at Oxford and at first I had a chip on my shoulder. However, as I made friends with other members of college, I realized that the class issue was in my head, not theirs. I relaxed and became comfortable with myself. Perhaps this is the most powerful thing I learned at Hertford.

Looking back, I would tell any student entering Hertford that what you can do or be is limited only by you and no one else. My life story has been a fairy tale, so far removed from where I started. Hertford has been a large part of that and the Tanner Scheme made it possible.
Neil wasn’t just a brilliant Physics tutor, he took his sub-title ‘moral tutor’ very seriously, and encouraged living thinking, far beyond rote learning. In my 1965 interview, he asked if I had studied combinations and permutations. My heart sank: ‘no’. ‘Good’ he said, and then guided me to work out formulae from first principles. Thinking like that landed me on Catte Street, when cars drove at 30mph and screeched on down New College Lane. Neil’s provocation didn’t end with an interview.

My resumé includes cleaning toilets, editing an international professional audio magazine (Studio Sound) and writing extensively on classical music (The Guardian, classical concerts, Hi-Fi News, contemporary classical LPs, and more) and pop (too many). Film scores include Memoirs Of A Survivor, after Doris Lessing. Production includes pop and classical recordings (Bronski Beat’s Smalltown Boy, the Communards’ Don’t Leave Me This Way, Soft Cell’s Tainted Love, and for Carmel, Laurie Anderson, John Cale, Roger Daltrey, Wire, and the Sex Pistols, a definitive version of Ives’ Universe Symphony). My own musical efforts (Sprawl and The Contessa’s Party) provoked my online label (stereosociety.com). You can’t really retire from what I do. Classical piano is my amateur joy, I’m still apologetic for breaking a string on the ancient grand in the basement of OB1 and glad that hammering out Bartók at 1am in the chapel didn’t disturb anyone.

By admitting this naïve, Sunderland 17-year-old from a town suffering from declining ship-building and coal-mining, Neil did me an enormous favour. As our radical 60s progressed, we revised our rules. His iconoclasm was an example to us. We thought for ourselves, confidently. After being lumped together in Sunderland from age 11 as physics nerds and by the alphabet, Dick Temple (Hertford alumnus, 1966) and I graduated ten years later – in Natural Philosophy. We all continue.
GETTING TO KNOW ROBERT TAYLOR
On becoming a photographer...
It’s been an odd path to becoming a portrait photographer. I was born in England to working class West Indian parents. After serving in the British Royal Air Force, the urge for more intellectual challenge led to a law degree and then being called to the Bar. Just as I was about to settle into a career as a barrister I was offered an irresistible job in publishing and decided to put a life in the law on hold.

For the first three years of publishing I was dashing back and forth to Nigeria on cartographic, geographic and automotive engineering projects. After that I was back in England working on a sex education project in partnership with the Royal Society of Medicine, and simultaneously co-editing a dictionary of automotive technical terms. During these years, photography grew from being an absorbing hobby into an obsession, and in 1989 I succumbed and went full time.

On photographing the Hertford women and Tanner scholars...
Having the Hertford women ‘storm’ the Hall was a creative and bold way for the college to mark such a significant anniversary. I opted for black and white portraits, partly because I prefer them in an age of almost ubiquitous colour, and partly because they would minimise the amount of attention paid to what the women were wearing. There’s so much inappropriate attention paid to the way women look, when it is so often utterly irrelevant and unrelated to their skills, sensibilities and experience.

I was delighted to be invited back to create the Tanner portraits. It was a rather less daunting prospect second time around as I knew quite a bit more about Hertford and was able to relax and enjoy the process with less concern about reactions. For the women’s portraits, I feared all hell would break loose with the bold change of direction!

One of my overall ambitions for both the Tanner and Hertford women portraits was to get well away from the austere ‘emotionally absent’ stereotype of the high minded intellectual, often too engaged on higher thoughts to even contemplate being as vulgar as to return the viewer’s gaze.

Looking at the portraits more closely...
There’s a spectrum of hidden items and stories in the portraits. We sneaked a couple of men into the Hertford women collection. Right from the off, Carol Sennett could not have been clearer about her intention to include Lord Reith, in a very particular way, and I was very happy to go along with the idea. I wanted to show Xanthe Brooke in her setting as a curator and there was some ‘gender leakage’ there too. In the Tanner collection Jennifer Schofield’s co-subject almost takes over, but as he is highly relevant to her connection with the chapel and the college it felt right. Stephanie Cullen’s jewellery hints at her sporting passions. The empty white coats hanging listlessly behind Kay Davies could be interpreted in a number of ways, some perhaps mischievous. Shooting the Tanner collection, details of the sitters’ locations were, on occasion, naturally included. Mike Thorne’s recording studio was full of eye catching features, but in the end I was most attracted to the quiet patterns formed by the sound-proofing material. And Mike Burt was in his element in his ‘den’, busy with its guitars and musical manuscripts. As to the rest of the hidden items and stories, they’re best kept that way.
I have to admit to not being a natural ‘college woman’. In fact my first year or two at Hertford was spent dodging the college for the relative sanctuary of my department, being horrified with the dawning realization of what ‘tutorial responsibilities’ actually meant, and finding the assortment of committees, characters and general modus operandi at best, bizarre, and at worst, unwelcoming and intimidating.

So how come, 14 years later, I am the proud Director of Studies of a fantastic bunch of biochemists, and just entering a second term of office as College Dean? The reason is simple: I’ve found collegiality, friendship and intellectual nourishment here. And moreover I’ve found that my own personal and professional journey and that of the college coincide. We are on a collective mission to inspire our young people, reach out to the widest constituency imaginable and instil higher education with the equality and sense of fairness it deserves. As a fellowship we have never before been so closely aligned. I am very lucky to be a part of that.

And I am very lucky to be ‘sharing the Hall’ with such a fascinating collection of inspiring women. People wonder where women disappear to in professional life. Well, they are here, all around us. Listen to what they say!

ALISON WOOLLARD
FELLOW IN BIOCHEMISTRY, 2000–
I am so pleased that Hertford has decided to celebrate its women in this original way and I am honoured to have been asked to participate.

Hertford in the late 1980s was for me a politically, as well as intellectually, vibrant place and women’s rights were the subject of much discussion as we sat around over our Baileys Irish Cream late into the night. With friends I was involved in setting up a women’s group and I took a particular interest in feminist legal theory. I ignored my mother’s advice not to put these interests on my CV when applying to the Bar. At a scholarship interview at Lincoln’s Inn, one member of the 12-strong panel of elderly white men looked down his nose and asked me sarcastically whether the existence of the women’s group indicated that Hertford women were an ‘oppressed minority’. I told him we were definitely a minority and that we were ‘working on the oppression bit’.

Things have changed in lots of ways – the Bar is a much more diverse and inclusive place now than many people realise. But I feel we still need to ‘work on the oppression bit’. I hope this exhibition will help the current generation of women at Hertford realise just how much they can achieve, and what a big part their experiences at Hertford, both academic and non-academic, will play in that achievement. I wish them all the very best of luck.
Since I took charge of Classics at Hertford as a college lecturer in 1966, I’ve been well placed to observe the steady integration of women in almost every aspect of college life. At the same time the place of classics in our educational system has changed enormously, a sharp decline in language teaching in schools being accompanied by a broadening of interest in the study of the ancient world. Whereas when I started teaching here the study of classical literature was restricted to the first five terms of the undergraduate course, in the 1970s it was extended to the whole four years of Literae Humaniores. The constant evolution of the syllabus along with the increasing importance of graduate studies, though labour-intensive, was undeniably stimulating, and what I have published outside my specialties, Homer and Herodotus, has often been inspired by tutorial discussion. Fellowship of the British Academy in 1990 came as a delightful surprise, as did my election as a Foreign Member of its Polish counterpart, PAU, in 2012. Retirement provides the opportunity to develop half-formed ideas and leads me to reflect on my good fortune in my working life, above all in my husband’s support.
I do not believe in the kind of feminism that would separate women from men, as having their own exclusive ways of thinking.

I realized how lucky I was to be able to combine professional life with domestic life, thought it had been a struggle at first to get things in the right proportion. I have never been a theoretical feminist. I have always wanted women to be treated as the equals of men if they could show the same ability; I do not believe in the kind of feminism that would separate women from men, as having their own exclusive ways of thinking. I believe that subjects such as mathematics, physics and philosophy are gender-neutral, and that there is not a ‘woman’s truth’ and a ‘man’s truth’. Therefore, inevitably women must compete with men as equals in search of equal truth. I do not deny that women have had, and perhaps still have, a struggle against prejudice in some fields, and also a continuous and undoubtedly everlasting battle to combine all the aspects of inevitable, and also enriching... Perhaps I was, and am, too fond of men; perhaps I took too much delight in the give and take of sex, the taking turns between dominance and submission, to be able to envisage a world in which women could do without men, or must regard themselves always as inferior.

I hardly dared hope on a snowy December day in 1980 that I could be the first person from my Worcestershire comprehensive to study at Oxford. It was Hertford, with its pioneering approach to outreach and entry requirements, which gave me the confidence to apply and the opportunity to build lifelong interests, friendships and insights.

I am so grateful for having the chance to think, read and be intellectually challenged during my PPE studies. Great libraries, leading thinkers and passionate teachers leave a mark for life. But for me, so did being able to experience practical politics as JCR President and OUSU presidential candidate. I lost – an important lesson for later in life.

Laughing with friends in the bar and talking into the night are happy Hertford memories. Here we prove that it’s possible to enjoy the splendour of Oxford surroundings and traditions without stuffiness or exclusivity.

Getting up early to row in the 1st Eight taught me that late nights have next day consequences.

I want others to have the experience that I so enjoyed. I trust Hertford to always put access and inclusion at the heart of their excellence and I will do what I can to support that tradition.
Photographed in the BBC Council Chamber, Broadcasting House, under the watchful eye of the first Director General, Lord Reith, I wondered what he would have thought of a woman now being responsible for the global acquisition of factual programmes for BBC Television – I like to think he would approve.

In tune with Hertford’s long-standing commitment to broadening access, my fellow historians joining the college in 1982 were, with one exception, entirely female and predominantly state educated. Tutorials spent mastering the competing demands of producing engaging narrative and rigorous analysis, under the exacting supervision of Geoffrey Ellis and Toby Barnard, proved to be the perfect grounding for a career in television.

Drawn to Hertford for its strong musical reputation, I flourished too as principle flautist in the Oxford University Orchestra and as a soprano in our wonderful chapel choir.

With the love and support of my husband Paul, and children Laura and Edward, my career has seen me shape the European Commission’s media policy, play a strategic role in the launch of three BBC channels, direct countless leading names including David Attenborough and Judi Dench, and win two International Emmys. All due, in large measure, to the life changing opportunity of my three extraordinary years at Hertford.
I feel enormously privileged to have had the opportunity to study at Oxford. It was a formative period of self discovery, a time when strong friendships and relationships were forged, and paradigms of knowledge generation studied at close range.

The Oxford and Hertford experience provided a mix of thrilling novelty and exploration, sampling of sub-cultures and disciplines, pursuit of learning and ambition. For many it also gets punctuated by a range of pressures (academic, financial and social) as well as bouts of loneliness (a last taboo).

The random acts of kindness from individual staff are what linger in my memory from Hertford experience (whether it was the housekeeper inviting me, the only resident left in the abandoned house, for Christmas tea, the kindly bursar, or considerate, cheerful porter in the lodge). I am thankful for those memories of soul-nourishing goodness.

Oxford is a uniquely rewarding place for learning and exploration. Yet another hallmark of the experience was the prevailing anxiety in my cohort about life after Oxford, which formed a dominant backdrop to many of our choices – academic or social. My academic choices have certainly been influenced by career considerations, subsequently rewarded in good measure. And yet, if I have to think of anything like a formula for real success (in university or beyond), it’s the combination of passion, integrity and discipline. And for discovering passion, it’s imperative to know oneself, as Nietzsche indicates with the dictum ‘become who you are’. I feel Oxford was a great place for this.
Since leaving Hertford I have taught history in state comprehensive schools. I greatly enjoyed the breadth, diversity, rigour and freedom of the 1980s Oxford history course. Those values and skills continue to underpin my teaching from years seven to 13.

Growing up in the 1970s London-Irish community made me aware that competing historical narratives shape identity and influence behaviour. Starting my first job, I was asked whether I was teaching the ‘Irish or English version’ of history. Hertford equipped me to answer that question. We learned that historical judgements require rigorous analysis of all available evidence. Without this discipline, interpretations are tendentious. Students of all abilities and backgrounds should understand that versions, however apparently authoritative or ‘official’, are provisional and open to challenge.

Hertford’s equal access commitment was my main reason for applying here, and also for welcoming this ‘photo-opportunity’. In telling my students about it, I will emphasise that their independent learning is part of a wider endeavour with social and moral value. At all levels of state education we must judge success against targets. Key targets for my students are: exercise your democratic rights, think critically, ask questions and beware of distorted and dishonest versions of the past.
Hertford was an exotic world compared to my very traditional Sikh upbringing in Handsworth. I'd never seen so many white people before! It was a privilege to study with such exceptional leaders and rewarding to leave with the Henry Beckitt Memorial Prize. I was far too young to appreciate it at the time but since then, I have worked hard to share the social capital I gained with some of the people and communities I left behind in inner city Birmingham. I’m not sure whether its too early to start thinking about what legacy I’ll leave. I have contributed to tackling urban poverty and social exclusion. I’ve been directly involved in drafting EU legislation on equality and UN policy on cohesion. Best of all, my daughter is poised to achieve far more than I could have imagined for myself. Whoever said that ‘youth was wasted on the young’ was wrong. I never wasted my time studying too hard at college but certainly devoted every hour possible to learning about the real world and learning to have fun. In my fifties now, my intellectual curiosity keeps me young in head and heart – but maybe not quite so much in body.
When I first visited Hertford as an applicant someone told me that the college was ‘so poor it could easily be swapped for a packet of mixed biscuits’.

When I first joined as a fresher, I soon realised that the ‘perceived poverty’ was in fact Hertford’s true wealth. I found myself among people from all sorts of backgrounds, cultures and religions. The people I met in those intense three years are my closest friends – and continue to be the foundations of what keeps me inspired, happy and stimulated.

They say that youth is wasted on the young. If I had my university career to live again, I would work harder, take my studies more seriously and make the most of the privileges Oxford has to offer. But even with the distractions of student life, Hertford gave me something more valuable than any individual qualification. It gave me a way of thinking, a way of seeing the world – and a way of working under pressure, that I dare say has served me well.

I am honoured to be counted in such esteemed company as the other women in this temporary exhibition. If ever the college decides to make this a more permanent tribute to women at Hertford, I would happily give up my place to someone who deserves it more.
CHARLOTTE HOGG
(HISTORY AND ECONOMICS, 1988)
BANKER; HONORARY FELLOW, 2015 –

“Hertford really is a bridge, from the world of books to the world beyond.

1988

200 words. Space enough to say what one believes. That women have more ways to contribute than they ever had, that it is an advantage to be a woman working today, that we have a responsibility to contribute in some way. A responsibility to ourselves, our children (especially our girls), and to the community beyond. That we can make a difference. That Hertford, and Oxford were gifts that last, ones that stay with you and shape you. That Hertford really is a bridge, from the world of books to the world beyond. That the desire to learn can and should endure (when much else goes!), and is what alone keeps you interested – and interesting. There – done in 120 words!
I spent nearly as much time in Oxford playing and organising music as I did studying law.

Being a student at Hertford was hugely influential on the three major aspects of my life: Oxford, the law and music. When I came up to Hertford (and, for that matter, when I left) I had no idea that the bulk of my career would be spent as an Oxford academic, but the love of Oxford I developed over my four years as a student is still with me, and I feel extremely privileged to live and work in this wonderful place. Reading Law at Hertford was truly inspirational, and was the rock on which my legal career has been built. Having tutorials with Roy Stuart and Stuart Anderson was an excellent preparation both for advocacy at the Bar and for the rigours of academic debate and writing. Finally, as Roy Stuart once pointed out, I spent nearly as much time in Oxford playing and organising music as I did studying law. While the balance is now firmly tipped the other way, my love of music is still a most important part of my life. Now that my husband is head of New College School, we have the luxury of attending evensong most evenings in term: a stone’s throw from Hertford chapel where I first sang this lovely service.
After living in France for many years, I returned to England and to Hertford where I developed and directed the International Programmes for 13 incredibly busy years. With the then Bursar, Peter Baker, and subsequently with my wonderful ‘A’ team, we built up relationships with overseas universities starting with Japan, the USA and then with China, Hong Kong and Taiwan. Hertford now welcomes Visiting Students and English Language students from 40 or so universities around the world. This internationalisation was fraught with challenges and yet brought with it new opportunities for our students: opportunities to engage with the world, opportunities similar to those which the college had given me as an undergraduate in Modern Languages so many years before!

My present work at Oxford University Department of Education continues this international theme: my new research centre investigates the growing phenomenon of English being used to teach other academic subjects in countries all over the world.

How wonderful to see all these women’s faces in Hall! What a change from 1979!
I began my life in Oxford as a very shy undergraduate at Somerville College and enjoyed the advantages of the tutorial system which encouraged me to play to my strengths and change fields from chemistry to biology/genetics. I came from a working class, state educated background and very much share Hertford College’s commitment to provide opportunity to all potential undergraduates from any background. In 1998, Sir Walter Bodmer, an internationally renowned geneticist, was Principal at Hertford, making the welcome for me as a new Professorial Fellow very appropriate. I had succeeded Walter as Professor of Genetics at Oxford some years before and I knew that he was a great supporter of women in science.

It is amazing to reflect on how much has changed for women in my field over the years. It was only in 1917 when facilities were built in human anatomy at Oxford to admit the first female medical students. Women still have to fight hard to make it to the top, but it is getting easier because of awareness of the challenges and the increasing profile of successful women of which this exhibition is part.
You see, I didn’t really ‘do’ sport at school, and I certainly wasn’t selected for any teams – I was average at best. If you had told me upon turning up at Hertford College that my portrait would hang in the hall 15 years later as a rowing World Champion, I would have laughed and told you that you must have the wrong person. You see, I didn’t really ‘do’ sport at school, and I certainly wasn’t selected for any teams – I was average at best. I didn’t even intend on going to the river for the fresher session – my friend dragged me. She rowed for one term; I went on to be boat club Captain, then President, persuade a future Olympic rower to get off the rugby pitch and into a boat, lead the women’s 1st and 2nd VIII to a historic double blades in Summer Eights and win the Boatrace with OUWLRC by a convincing two lengths. My mum might have reminded me I came to Hertford to do a Chemistry degree!

It is certain that I would not have set foot in a boat anywhere else. Coming to Hertford College changed the course of my future. That has never been lost on me, and I’m grateful and honoured to have been given this opportunity to put my thanks in print.
I’d been to an all-girls school and so wasn’t at all keen on going to a single sex Oxford college. A friend suggested Hertford, one of the five newly mixed colleges, though in truth by the time I arrived in 1976 the college wasn’t so much mixed as spattered with a few women. I never felt anything other than welcome, though I think it took me a long time to find my feet (covered in those days in bright, red wellingtons). Sometimes I felt intimidated and lonely.

But with the support of tutors such as the inspiring Julia Briggs, Hertford became the place where I began to grow up, somewhere I could think, not just about English literature, but about ballet and Bowie, about punk and philosophy, about the delicate strands of understanding that join and separate people. In my final year, I lived in what I was told was Evelyn Waugh’s old room, in the uppermost gable of new buildings. I used to sit in the window seat, feeling part of a long history. Feeling lucky to be there. It’s something I still feel and I am honoured to be part of the story now on Hertford’s walls.
I appear rather proprietorial in this photograph taken in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The woman gazing over my shoulder is Hazel Trudeau, an influential artist, wife and model for her husband the British portraitist Sir John Lavery, whose portraits turned her into a 1920s society celebrity. The man is the Liverpool self-taught lawyer and reluctant banker William Roscoe (1753-1831), who played a part in the emancipation of women. He promoted the publication of his friend Mary Wollstonecraft’s *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792), arguing for co-educational equality with men. Roscoe also campaigned for the political emancipation of Catholics and the abolition of the slave trade, making a crucial speech as MP for Liverpool in 1807. Above all, Roscoe is known as the ‘grandfather’ of culture in Liverpool, a pioneer collector of early Renaissance Italian and north European art, who ensured that it was on display to the public in Liverpool from 1817 onwards, almost a decade before the National Gallery was established in London. I see my role in the Walker, which houses some of Roscoe’s collection, as following in his tradition, using my knowledge to inform and enthuse our visitors and make art accessible to a diverse audience.
Charlotte Brewer (Fellow in English) writes about Julia Briggs:

Julia Briggs arrived as a fellow at Hertford in 1978. She was Hertford’s first female fellow but was already accustomed to blazing trails. A scholar at St Hilda’s College in the early 1960s, she had become pregnant in her first year and been deprived of her scholarship though not her place. After a year away she returned to take a First, breastfeeding between exams. Her research career began soon after and in 1977 she had just published an innovative book on nineteenth-century ghost stories, long before the topic became fashionable. By then she had three children, the last born a few weeks before her interview for the Hertford job; she remembered how she had donned smart clothes and vigorously belted herself in, to look, she said, as if she had absolutely nothing to do with children or family. Hertford was then a small fellowship benignly but exactly presided over by Geoffrey Warnock. Significant college discussions took place outside working hours in the SCR and over dinner, neither place particularly congenial for a busy young mother. Julia nevertheless threw herself into teaching, administration and research, becoming chair of the English Faculty as well as the college’s first Tutor for Women. More books, articles and editions followed, notably an acclaimed critical biography of Virginia Woolf that appeared after she had left Hertford in 1995 for a research chair at De Montfort University. She is gratefully remembered by generations of Hertford English students for her warmth and wisdom as well as her scholarly insight and generosity.
MARIAN BELL  
(PPE, 1977)  
ECONOMIST

“I owed my place at Hertford to Philosophy tutor Richard Malpas and, no doubt, to Hertford’s encouragement of state school pupils.”

Hertford gave me the opportunity to become who I am.

I came to Oxford with an interest in philosophy, maths, politics, history and the arts, to read PPE. I owed my place at Hertford to Philosophy tutor Richard Malpas and, no doubt, to Hertford’s encouragement of state school pupils.

It surprised me to find that it was the subject with which I was least familiar, Economics, taught by Roger Van Noorden and, later, George Yarrow, that most inspired me. I have worked in economics ever since.
I met two tutors at interview in 1974. They claimed Hertford Geography was becoming something special. It was, and it was exciting to be part of it. I’m proud to be a geographer.

The inclusion of women, as an experiment, also made the college stand out as a special place. We were too visible then, but now it’s normal to have a balanced intake, thank goodness.

The college was willing to innovate, while not being stuffy or pleased with itself, and was keen to maintain academic standards while being a happy, down to earth place. These were – are – important values for me.
My grandfather arrived in Britain as an economic migrant in 1956. He worked in the grey factories of Manchester before opening a grocery shop and eventually his own restaurant. Although my grandfather had no formal education and could not read or write, he placed great emphasis on academic success for his children and grandchildren. He did not live to see my two sisters and I graduate from Oxford University, but I wonder if he had ever imagined that in just two generations such a thing might have been possible.

The novel I am currently working on draws on family anecdotes and oral testimonies in an effort to portray even a fragment of the experiences of my grandfather and his generation.
The chance to replace all 21 portraits from Hall for the co-educational celebrations of 2014/15 also gave us the opportunity to represent a wide range of what Hertfordians are and do. We invited suggestions from the wider Hertford community and this clarified that one person needed to be at the heart of the exhibition: Julia Briggs (1943-2007), Hertford’s first woman fellow. Thanks to Julia’s family we were able to include a portrait of her, and we then commissioned Robert Taylor to take 20 pictures of Hertford women.

It was important to us that these pictures should say something about the individual sitters but also, collectively, something about our values. Everyone, from Shahnaz Ahsan, only five years from graduating, to Dame Mary Warnock in her tenth decade, supplied a short text about their relation to the college or to the situation of being photographed. For many sitters it was an occasion to remember the particular opportunity Hertford offered them, from Stephanie Cullen learning to row to the social capital Sukhvinder Kaur-Stubbs recognizes that she has tried to share with other communities.

Some of our sitters were recognizable – Natasha Kaplinsky, Charlotte Hogg and Jacqui Smith all have high profile public careers – and others, including Dame Helen Alexander, Carol Sennett or Professor Dame Kay Davies, are at the very top of their fields. It was also important to us to acknowledge other pathways, from Theresa Moran’s commitment to teaching to Xanthe Brooke, photographed in the Liverpool museum where she is a curator. We wanted to acknowledge the commitment of academics, including Alison Woollard, Stephanie West, Julie Dearden and Louise Gullifer, alongside other professional communicators such as Sarah Crompton and Marian Bell.

But the most important thing is that we could have filled the walls several times over with a range of energetic, dynamic, and committed women associated with the college.
Located in the heart of Oxford, Hertford is regarded as one of the University's pioneers – whether on access, being among the first colleges to admit women or accredit to the living wage foundation. When the college was achieving its breakthrough academic success in the 1970s, thanks to radicalising its admissions policy the decade before, the fellowship was determined to maintain their prize position, which led to a second decision not conforming to the then Oxford norm.

The college’s decision to be one of the first to become co-educational is one of the many examples of the game-changing approach that has defined Hertford for the last 50 years. We say proudly that Hertford’s academic excellence is framed by our commitment to fairness and opportunity. But it was pioneers such as Geoffrey Warnock (Principal 1971 –88), Keith McLauchlan, Neil Tanner, Roger Van Noorden and many other fellows who set the standard that my colleagues and I strive to maintain today.

Being the first college strategically and self-consciously to encourage state school students, one of the five all-male colleges to go co-ed, and a college which commits time and resources to attracting students from every background has become part of Hertford’s DNA. It is what makes us what we are, and every year new students, some of whom don’t know our history and values, are delighted that the college they chose is as it is.

We can only be as good as the people we attract, whether that’s students, academics, or the people behind the scenes. It is when true diversity – of gender, ethnicity and character – come together under the umbrella of the shared goal of academic excellence that great teaching and ground-breaking research is catalysed. And so it continues.

For the first time in the academic year 2014/15, female – and male – Hertfordians were able to see women honoured on the walls of the Hall – long overdue I would say, and I hope you agree!
40 YEARS OF CO-EDUCATION

In 1974, Hertford was one of the first all-male Oxford colleges to accept women.

Eye-witness accounts:

Stephanie West, college lecturer 1966-1990 & Classics Fellow 1990-2005

I remember from 1964 (when I was a lecturer at St Anne’s) that New College’s proposal to take 20 women as ‘co-residents’ met considerable hostility from the women’s colleges; it was thought that this wealthy and prestigious college would select the best girls. New College, which had made the suggestion in good faith, was very taken aback by this reaction. There was, however, a feeling among many here in Oxford that there wasn’t a vast neglected pool of able girls.

Admittedly, if the Franks Commission – the wide-ranging commission of inquiry into every aspect of Oxford’s present and future role in higher education chaired by Lord Franks (1964-5) – had talked to some headmistresses and experienced teachers in some of the better girls’ schools (what were then grammar schools or direct grant schools, like King Edward’s Birmingham, North London Collegiate, Oxford High and Camden School) they might have changed their ideas. It was very difficult to assess the chances of even the most able girls, and in advising them to stay on after A level and try for Oxbridge, the risk was that they were encouraged to be on a lower tier, to be a point of entry for further education and not a route to Oxford. However, with the London Collegiate, Oxford High and Camden School, girls might have changed their minds. It was very difficult to assess the chances of even the most able girls, and in advising them to stay on after A level and try for Oxbridge, the risk was that they were encouraged to be on a lower tier, to be a point of entry for further education and not a route to Oxford. However, with the London Collegiate, Oxford High and Camden School, girls might have changed their minds.

I recall with some amusement that deep thought was given as Hertford prepared for the first intake of girls: ‘what games do they play?’ and appropriate arrangements were made for netball and hockey. When they actually arrived there was immense enthusiasm for rowing: so much for planning!

Keith McLauchlan, Chemistry Fellow 1965-2002

Throughout the 1960s Hertford operated a uniquely progressive admissions system, so progressive that other colleges consistently attempted to expel us from the system. By the early 1970s we had benefitted so greatly from our direct approach to schools, which had not previously considered that their students might get to Oxford, that other colleges started to emulate us and our initial advantage was diminishing.

At this time women could only enter the five then existing women’s colleges (two of which were amongst the most academically successful colleges in the University) and there was a general feeling that this was iniquitous and that more places should be created for them. A compromise was reached in which five of the existing all-male colleges were permitted to admit women. With its progressive thinking, and with a desire to ever widen our constituency of deserving candidates, it was inevitable that Hertford would become one of these colleges.