



THE WAY WE ARE

We really hope you enjoy this February 2020 edition of the Research Network newsletter.

Hopefully you are saving the dates for our social events this year before Gill Wareing sends out the invitations. Our Spring Lunch is at EV Restaurant near Waterloo and Southwark Underground station on Tuesday 28th April. The Summer Party is at Doggett's Coat and Badge by Blackfriars Bridge on Wednesday 8th July. These are obviously both tried and trusted venues to welcome us before venturing into the very special Savile Club in Mayfair for our Autumn Lunch on Thursday 15th October.

In this issue, we have some different items to complement our favourite regular articles by Peter Bartram – The Way We Were and Jane Bain's Nature Diary. We have a fascinating account by Tim Bowles of his scary mountaineering adventures and an intriguing background to his Oral History Project interview editing from Paddy Costigan.

We are also introducing a wine recommendation article in the hope that just one or two of the Network members may be interested in an occasional glass of wine.

We also pay tribute to Judie Lannon and John Goodyear who sadly died during 2019.

As always, please remember that we are always interested in hearing from a wide range of contributors for future newsletter editions; you can choose any topic of interest! Please make contact via editor@research-network.org.uk

SPRING LUNCH: TUES 28TH APRIL 2020 AT EV

We're going back to one of our favourite venues for this year's Spring Lunch. Ev Restaurant is at The Arches, 97–99 Isabella Street, London SE1 8DA near Southwark Underground station.

Ev is part of the Tas Turkish restaurant group and is so successful that it is expanding its premises on Isabella Street, which is a lovely location below the railway arches but with trees and plants along the outside terrace.

The management team is always friendly and



welcoming, and Jane Bain and Jane Gwilliam have negotiated a very good deal for a three course lunch with wine. The cuisine is Anatolian and we have always enjoyed the food, wine and sociable ambience on previous visits, the most recent being in 2018.

There is also plenty of space for socialising before and after the lunch itself.

You will receive an invite from Gill Wareing soon; the cost will be £35 for Network members and £40 for guests. Do save the date!

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THE WAY WE WERE

Compiled by Peter Bartram

I am glad to say that this edition of the 'The Way We Were' column has been outsourced to several distinguished Network Members, who have contacted us with stories from the distant past.

Back in the sixties, one of the most prominent UK researchers was **Humphrey Taylor**, a director of NOP and head of its political polling. Despite being based in New York since the early seventies, he has kept in touch and recently sent us this:

"The year: 1963. My new employer, NOP, was contacted by a celebrity multimillionaire hairdresser, known in the tabloid press as 'Teasy Weasy Raymond'. If he had a first name, nobody used it. He had decided to stand for parliament and wanted to survey his chosen constituency, to test the level of his support.

The media, however, had reported on some of his problems. Both main parties (Conservative and Labour) had turned him down. The Liberal party hesitated, but eventually turned him down after he could not name the Liberal party leader in a TV interview. To hell with the parties, he decided. He was a celebrity, so he would run as an independent.

In all honesty, I didn't actually make the sale; he had already decided to commission the survey. When we met, I nervously pointed out that there were no independent Members of Parliament and independent candidates rarely received more than one or two percent of the vote.

In the event, our poll tested his support not only against Conservative, Labour and Liberal candidates, but also against some other celebrities, including TV interviewer David Frost and Everest climber John Hunt. But all to no avail. When the results came in we didn't have a single person, not one, in our sample who would vote for him against any other candidate.

It got worse. When I had asked him what issues he hoped to run on, he said there was only one – the reform of the Jockey Club, the organisation responsible for setting the rules for horse racing. It seems that he had had a run in with them. Sadly our survey failed to find anyone who thought this as high a priority as the economy, inflation, unemployment or any other issue on our list.

When we had finished the survey, I arrived to present these results to Teasy-Weasy in his flat in Albemarle Street. To my surprise, he was in his underpants, slippers and dressing gown, revealing injuries and sticking plasters applied after a paragliding accident in the south of France.

For the first time I felt genuinely sorry for him. I was already embarrassed by the bad news I was bringing him. However, all was not in vain: Teasy-Weasy decided that politics was not for him. So the survey was well worth the money, as it prevented him from embarking on what would surely have been an embarrassing campaign. Unless, of course, he had persuaded the public that reforming the Jockey Club really was a burning national issue worthy of their support."

Next, we received from **Nigel Spackman** this recollection of a project undertaken for the Football League and the London Evening Standard in the early 1970s:

"At the time, the Football League was worried about declining crowds and wanted to find out why this was and what they could do about it. I proposed a qual stage followed by a big quant stage in areas within 10 miles of each First Division club. I did the groups myself, including one in South London with a group of Chelsea fans. In those days the core fans all stood on the terraces as there were no seats and it was a pretty lively environment. Anyway, I asked them how it was on match day, and one of the responses was (and you have to think of this in a Sarf London accent) "Yeah well, it's alright but everyone gets pissed and it's so crowded you can't push your way out to have a pee, so the other day this little bugger behind me just pissed down my trouser leg!" "Oh dear" I said, in my best Oxford accent, "that must be awful".

At the end of the group, the same lad came up to me and said "Here, who do you work for then?" and I said "Oh well, it's called Harris Research". "Harris Research?" he replied. "Well it's your print boy, Jim, what pissed down my leg!" So I accosted Jim on this matter at work the next day and he happily confessed it to be true, saying "Well, what do you expect me to do?"

Finally, we have received from **John Samuels** the story of his first MRS Conference paper, entitled 'Research to help plan the future of a seaside resort'. Fittingly, the Conference was held in Brighton, and John recalls that:

"As I stood up to begin, there was a loud music accompaniment of "I Do Like To Be Beside the Seaside" and on the screen, a set of six photographs of scantily clad models in bathing costumes. My opening sentences were: 'The Overture was played by Reginald Dixon on the organ of the Tower Ballroom Blackpool, and the pictures were from the months Jan to June in a Pirelli Calendar. For those who stay awake until the end of the paper, the finale will comprise the photos from July—December'."



NEW MEMBERS

We are very happy to introduce five new members in recent months: Jo Cleaver, Jennie Beck, Lynne Gordon, Andrew Zelin and Finn Raben. We are keen to publish profiles of our new members in the *Newsletter* and for this edition have persuaded one of the latest recruits to send us a brief introduction to herself.

Jo Cleaver writes:

In 1983, aged 19, I assume I did well in the aptitude test and luckily was offered a place at MAS, with my longest job title to date: 'Junior Trainee Research Assistant'.

After a wonderful apprenticeship, in 1988 I moved to Communication Research Limited (CRL) where I enjoyed many brand and product development studies and can still remember how to use a tachistoscope. When they went into administration, I moved to Numbers in 1990 where I became a director; here I happily remained until the turn of the millennium. This is where I added qualitative and panel research skills to my already honed ad hoc quantitative repertoire.

I then worked a couple of years at Advantage (B2B), Accent and MRUK.

At the end of 2009 and after a period of caring for ill family members, I moved client-side to the charity sector, with an interim role at Action for Children, followed by Research Manager at The Children's Society.

I became a freelancer in 2005, setting up Realism Limited and since then, I have been involved in research projects primarily in the charity sector.

I was pleased to see many familiar faces at the Research Network Autumn lunch, including my favourite boss and client.

My interests are having a season ticket at Arsenal, going to the theatre and watching too many quiz shows.



AUTUMN LUNCH AT BRASSERIE BLANC

Held on 17th October 2019, this was one of our best informal lunch events of recent years in terms of attendance, food and wine quality, along with sheer fun and sociability. Seventy one people were on the attendance list and we enjoyed the Menu Bleu comprising chicken liver parfait, British pheasant with cranberry, girolles and muscat pumpkin and finally a chocolate indulgence dessert.

Adam Phillips welcomed eight guests including Finn Raben, the Director General of ESOMAR who has led the organisation over 10 very successful years to its current high profile and influential industry status. Adam paid tribute to John Goodyear and Judie Lannon, Network members who had sadly passed away earlier in the year. There are obituaries for these two respected industry luminaries later in this newsletter.

Then Adam invited Finn Raben to update us on ESOMAR and he gave a highly entertaining short talk on the mysteries of potential meanings behind the ESOMAR acronym as well as other aspects of the organisation.

One of our more recent members is Sharron Green, and she now takes over with her poetic review of the lunch, proving how gifted and versatile so many of our industry colleagues are.

The Research Network Autumn Lunch

At Brasserie Blanc we met for our meal,
for just forty pounds it was a great deal.
The South Bank location suited us fine,
with great staff, top food and copious wine.

T'was a treat to see ex-colleagues at play,
discussing old times over chicken parfait.
Then moving sedately to the present,
whilst savouring some British pheasant.

After choccy-pud, Adam took the floor,
with industry updates, and what's in store.

Esomar's Finn Raben's question
was an aid to our digestion...

What does the Esomar 'E' stand for?
it's not just European any more -
Engineer, Expert, Evangelism-
refreshing to see through a new prism.

At the end of lunch we were replete.
Thanks to the Janes for arranging the meet.
Amazingly we were seventy-one,
but there's room for more, so next time come!



AGM AND CHRISTMAS DRINKS: 4TH DECEMBER 2019

The AGM could not be held at our usual venue at Kantar's More Place London office, but we were even luckier to be offered a conference room and drinks party space at the Kantar Profiles office, 4 Millbank, Westminster, SW1P 3JA near Parliament Square, where it seems that some politicians are based and there is a massive clock called Big Ben which is so shy that it is shrouded in polythene and scaffolding nowadays.

John Puleston and his Kantar reception staff proved to be exceptionally helpful, laying out the food and drinks in a spacious area for socialising adjacent to the meeting room where we held the AGM itself.

The building is shared by other businesses including some BBC studios, although we were unaware of a stream of celebrities coming and going while we were there. But I did share the lift with a friendly BBC manager and his bike, so he could ensure that the exacting security systems were operated correctly.

Adam Phillips was able to assure us that this year had been stable financially with well attended, successful social events. We are continuing to subsidise our lunches and Summer party to maximise the value for members.

We have attracted 11 new members during 2019 and we now have a membership-building sub-group and are searching for a membership publicist to coordinate our communications to people in the research industry.

The AGM itself had good audience participation, discussion and approval of the 2018 accounts and previous AGM minutes. Jane Bain introduced us to the plan for the up and coming year's events and Frank Winter updated the attendees on progress with the Oral History Project before the socialising, which continued until 8 pm.



NATURE DIARY

Extracts from Jane Bain's Nature Diary: July - December 2019

The weird weather patterns continue, with early summer bringing a life-threatening heat wave across Europe and the highest UK temperature ever of 38.7° C recorded at Cambridge Botanic Garden on 24th July.

July: London is ferociously hot. After weeks with no rain the water level in the reservoir is critically low. The dorsal fins of large carp are clearly visible and a fox saunters across the baked mud beside the reed beds.



Arriving in France, it is even hotter. I am curious to see a sunbathing lizard repeatedly lifting a foot and holding it in the air. I speculate whether this is to regulate its temperature or in preparation for a swift getaway.



August: There are large flocks of cattle egrets in the neighbouring fields. The yellow-plumed juveniles seem quite fearless, darting about picking up insects beneath the grazing cattle, perilously close to hooves and horns.



Hoopoes are shy and elusive birds, so I am astonished when a pair come to feed under the pine trees close to the house. Sneaking quietly to a spot where I can stay well hidden, I enjoy some really close views of them.



September: This summer has seen a 'mass emergence' of painted lady butterflies and on my return to London I find there still some about. One day I nearly tread on one of these lovely creatures. It is resting in the sun at the edge of a pavement, oblivious to passers by.



Nuthatches are a rarity in the city so when a friend tells me a pair have nested in Margravine Cemetery, I go in search of them. Following her instructions, I find one visiting her bird feeders. It darts onto the feeders, then quickly back to the shelter of a nearby branch.



October: After weeks of welcome but unremitting rain, a bright mild spell encourages some birds to think about nesting. A pair of Egyptian geese check out their usual spot on the top of one of the tall 'dolphins' at Dove Pier.

Parks and gardens provide a rich source of autumn food for wildlife. A parakeet munches happily on crab apples and a tiny daisy growing between the cracks in a flight of steps provides a feast for a large bumble bee.



November: Well into November there are still plenty of insects about. Wasps seem to particularly like to feed on the sticky flowers of ornamental castor oil plants.



Now that the leaves are off the trees it is easier to see the small birds again. One day I become aware that my head is surrounded by noisy chattering and find that I am in the midst of a large flock of long tailed tits.

December: There seem to be a lot of tiny goldcrests around this winter, sometimes alone, but often travelling in with mixed flocks of tits and other small birds.



Towards the end of the month I go to see whether the herons have started nesting yet. Glancing down into a large willow tree by the heronry, I see the yellow eyes of the female sparrowhawk staring back at me. I saw this magnificent bird several times in the summer and am thrilled that she is still round. Hopefully her mate is here too and they will breed again in the spring.

SNIPPETS FROM THE ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEWS

First in a series of one by Paddy Costigan

Time flies. It's now around two years since I started editing the Oral History interviews, initially under Lawrence Bailey's tutelage, and I'm now working on my ninth, making me the most prolific editor apart from Lawrence himself. It was a chance conversation with Lawrence at the 2019 AGM that led to this article. I observed that a few underlying themes seemed to emerge from the interviews I'd worked on and he floated the idea of writing them up. I said that I'd only really become conscious of the themes with hindsight and hadn't been keeping track as I went along, so it would be a bit arduous to go back and draw them out systematically, dig out juicy quotes, etc. He said yes, but he was sure a more anecdotal approach would still be of interest to our readership...



Later that evening I found that Lawrence had done the dirty on me and relayed our conversation to Graham Woodham, who buttonholed me to pursue the suggestion. Between them they persuaded me of the merits of - how shall I put this? - a less rigorous approach. Another drink or so and I was persuaded, so here goes with an unashamedly 'journalistic' account based on my work so far. If that term needs further explanation, or perhaps just out of idle curiosity, try listening to the first few minutes of Sue Robson Part II.

If you just want results, you can skip the next few paragraphs, but first for the geeks among us, here's a bit about the process.

For editing software I use Audacity, rated among the best sound-editing programs and the pick of those that are free. I'm self-taught, which again makes Audacity a good choice as it's 'beginner-friendly'. It's designed principally as a music editing suite (terms such as 'track' and 'author' abound) and contains lots of functions that are redundant for our purposes and can safely be ignored.

In technical terms, the most common requirements of the editing task are removing pauses, 'ums and ers' and extraneous noises (clicks, chinking teacups, barking dogs, traffic etc), removing unfinished sentences that lead nowhere and occasionally lengthening pauses and adjusting volume levels. 'Fade In' produces a smoother transition when, say, you've removed a significant chunk of conversation and the interviewee re-enters at a different volume level. 'Amplify' can increase or decrease the volume of a particular passage when perhaps the interviewer's voice is much quieter than the interviewee's. 'Noise reduction' is sometimes needed when an interview is plagued by a background hum for instance. Occasionally you need to lengthen a pause, but just inserting one will be audible as total silence, in contrast to the ambient noise in the rest of the interview - better to copy an adjacent chunk of 'silence' and paste it into the relevant place.

Much of the rest is down to judgment. Are there indiscretions or potentially libellous statements that should be adjusted or removed? It's easy to say something in conversation, but do we really want 'that' on the record for posterity, potentially accessible by anyone? Probably not! That's one reason why the editing, however amateur, needs to be done by someone with a connection to the industry rather than by a disconnected professional; cost might be another. The dynamics of a 'finished' conversation are quite different from those of the original interview; the knack is to produce something which flows naturally to the uninformed listener.

I'm sometimes asked how long it takes to edit an interview. Given that the original recordings have varied from c.45 minutes to over 2.5 hours, that's a hard question to answer. I aim for a finished product of c.1 hour, reckoning that people wouldn't listen to something much longer at a single sitting. My current rule of thumb is that editing takes one hour for every five minutes of finished output, plus the time needed to listen to the original interview and to review the (hopefully) finished product in a single sitting. This has surprised some people. Perhaps I'm slow, too picky, not yet conversant with the software, you name it; but I prefer a hand-crafted approach. It's an iterative process: you listen ahead until the end of a train of thought, decide what needs to go, cut and paste accordingly, then re-listen and adjust until you can't hear the joins. Sometimes you make a mistake and delete a reference to someone who crops up again 20 minutes later, but now shorn of context because you ditched that yesterday, these instances are hard to recover from. But what about the results...?

To me, the single most striking feature has been a lament about qualitative research and the fact that this spanned both qualitative and quantitative researchers - indeed, 'quants' were quite vocal on the subject. Is it rigorous? Is it representative (whatever that means)? Have standards declined? To give a few snippets with some carefully selected (not to say biased) pseudo-quotes (so not in double quote-marks):

'Are they representative? No – they're on Twitter!'
'They chose informed respondents, not ordinary people, so of course they got the wrong answer' (in the context of political opinion polling)

There were concerns about the progressive 'industrialisation' of qualitative research with division of labour at the various stages of the process and the inability of qual research to achieve true recognition for its insights, albeit that its access to senior management was often greater than that of quant.

Closely related, there is coverage and discussion about the birth and development of Advertising Planning. Should Planners do their own groups? Should advertising agencies police/evaluate their own creative work? Intriguing facts emerge, such as that in its heyday, BMP, an advertising agency, conducted more group discussions in a year than any other outfit in the land.

A wider lament is for declining standards in sampling. If you've not got the 'right' people to begin with, aren't we all going to hell in a handcart? 'They' may be representative of Twitter users, Tesco customers or whatever, but are they representative of the population? 'What's your universe?' is the fundamental question, with the answer often not made sufficiently explicit.

This merges into the debate about data mining, 'big data' and so on, and raises issues about professional standards. In both qual and quant, other people/industries are stealing our clothes, and don't necessarily acknowledge the same ethical constraints. There was a time when conference presentations told you enough about the method to enable you to judge the value of the results; has this time passed? Ultimately, the underlying concern is about rigour. Has the industry lost it? 'The trouble with market research is – it doesn't kill you. If it did, we'd have had to maintain our standards, whatever the pressures...'

Who is the audience for the Oral History interviews? – we don't really know: probably some combination of future practitioners, social scientists and social historians. So it's a bit like sending a time capsule into outer space. As an editor, I'm hoping to produce records that are both engaging to listen to and contain some interesting and worthwhile analysis, commentary and insights. Were there any particular highlights in the interviews? Well, there were a couple of good anecdotes about fast cars that didn't make the final cut. However, for me, the stand-out moment so far was Juanita Byrne-Quinn driving a coach and horses through the stuffy Unilever dress code of the 1970s. She was at a major product launch in a posh Paris hotel and descended the main staircase in a trouser-suit in front of all the assembled bigwigs like someone out of a Hollywood movie. Her boss had little option but to swallow hard and greet her along the lines of 'Darling, you look wonderful tonight!'

NETWORK MEMBER WINE RECOMMENDATIONS

As a new feature in our Newsletter, we are launching a wine recommendation column from four keen wine enthusiasts: Jackie Dickens, whose career is now in wine education following her WSET qualification, Nick Tanner who spent several years running his own wine import business, along with Sheila Robinson and Graham Woodham, who like to keep up with wine journalism and professional reviews. Our first recommendations include The Wine Society among our retailers. If this is unfamiliar, it is regularly voted the best UK online wine retailer by Decanter magazine and it is a very modern but 'traditional' cooperative which keeps prices down by sharing profits with its members. So you have to have a lifetime share to use them. You pay £40 for the share which gives you £20 off your first order and after that there are no further fees or obligation to buy. You can also buy mixed cases of your choice; The Wine Society does not sell only unmixed dozens like some online retailers. Here are the recommendations:

Jackie Dickens

Sainsbury's 'Taste the Difference' Dry Austrian Riesling, 2018 White, 12.5% ABV

Huber family winemakers; £8.75 from Sainsbury's

This is a current 'Dickens house white' favourite, made in the Traisental by the much awarded Markus Huber. The vineyard sites and climate, with warm days and cool nights in the ripening period, help to give the wine real freshness. The nose has a lovely mélange of apricot and lemon, plus a touch of sweet apple and white flowers. Important though, don't serve it too cold or you will miss all this. Get the bottle out of the fridge at least half an hour in advance unless we are in a heatwave. Or if you are just having a glass, leave the bottle at room temperature 15–25 minutes before



drinking. The palate shows quite full apricot, white peach and lemon fruit with a mineral note, all of which carry through to a long yet gentle finish. Most white wine drinkers I have served this to like it, and it accompanies various dishes from chicken in sauce to fish pie and Thai or Chinese take-aways!



Organic Bourgogne Pinot Noir 2015 Red, 12.5% ABV

Isabelle and Denis Pommier

£15.99 from Fingal Rock Wine Merchants, Monmouth (a terrific independent merchant run by Tom Innes who specialises in good affordable Burgundy along with many other wines, and will deliver a mixture of selections)

I love Burgundy but my pocket doesn't. Reasonably priced whites are easier to buy from the Macon region but equivalent reds are not. I enjoy styles where red fruits seduce the nose, there is some complexity on the palate and oak is gently integrated. Pommier wines are organic and they take great care when hand-harvesting Pinot Noir grapes, keeping the bunches whole prior to pressing and de-stalking to retain the purity of the fruit. Only natural yeasts are used and the wine is matured in two year old oak barrels, so no 'cloak of oak'. The nose has those summery aromas of strawberries and cherries, which carry through to the palate where there is also a herbal note and soft, gentle tannins to complement the drinking experience. 2015 was a great year and the wines are just starting to develop some interesting 'secondary' notes and are for drinking in 2020. However, while 2016 was a very short season, I know that Tom Innes has some

2017 vintage wines coming in. He is 'hunting' in Burgundy as I write!

Sheila Robinson

Comte de Senneval - Champagne Brut NV 12.5% ABV

Lanson & Besserat de Bellefon; (Pinot Meunier, Pinot Noir and Chardonnay)

£11.49 from Lidl

A classic dry champagne, nice and rounded and extremely quaffable. In a blind taste test of 145 fizzes ('Which?' study reported in The Sun, 16/11/2019), it scored 77/100, well up there among much more expensive bottles. For my taste, it has just the right amount of citrus/biscuity balance and is a steal at this price. Unlike many of the Lidl wines which seem to be 'here today and gone tomorrow', this has good distribution.



Bohorquez Ribera del Douro – Reserva 2009 Red, 14% ABV

Javier Bohorquez; Tempranillo with small additions of Cabernet Sauvignon and Merlot)

£20 from The Wine Society

A rich, smooth and velvety red from the Valladolid area of Spain. A member of the fourth generation of a farming family from Jerez de la Frontera (Cádiz, Andalucía), Javier Bohorquez established his winery in Ribera del Douro in 1999. All the wine is made from their own grapes (17 hectares).

Bohorquez aims for elegance and balance rather than power, and his wines go through an extra maturation stage in the cellar that softens tannins while adding distinctive spiciness. The result is that while the ABV is relatively high at 14%, the wine is rounded, silky and with great depth of flavour.

Nick Tanner

The Ned Marlborough NZ Pinot Grigio 2019, 13.5% ABV.

£8.50 from Sainsbury's, £8.99 from Majestic, £9.99 from Waitrose

The New Zealand brand 'The Ned' includes a range of varietals including a very reasonable Sauvignon Blanc and a Pinot Noir, but my favourite is their Pinot Grigio. Why they chose the Italian version of the grape name

when its style is rather close to a French Pinot Gris I'm not sure, but never mind. Full flavoured and fruity but bone dry, it is delicious both with food and by itself. For what is nominally a white wine, its most remarkable characteristic is its distinctly pink hue.



**The Society's Exhibition Pinotage, Stellenbosch 2017
South Africa Red, 14% ABV.**

£11.95 from The Wine Society

Sticking with the southern hemisphere but heading a few thousand miles westwards and switching the focus to red wine, South Africa has the Pinotage grape pretty much to itself. Hybrid grape varieties tend not to command respect and in the 20th century, much of the Pinotage on offer only confirmed this position. More recently though, quality seems to have improved markedly. The Wine Society's Stellenbosch Pinotage, in its premium 'Exhibition' range, is a great example: spicy and dark fruit aromas are as evident on the nose as they are on the palate. Its slight smokiness makes it ideal for grilled and barbecued meats, but as I know from personal experience, it is also an ideal accompaniment to an evening of bridge and light conversation.

Graham Woodham

It troubles me that many reviewers of Bordeaux wines select only from the unaffordable top end while snootily complaining about the elevated prices of wines from this region. Here are two 'modest' but brilliant Bordeaux wines enjoyed by me and endorsed professionally by my favourite wine writer, Jane Anson, who lives in the region.

**Chateau Puygueraud Francs - Cotes de Bordeaux 2016 White, 13% ABV
Nicolas Thienpont Vigneron; Sauvignon Blanc 80%, Sauvignon Gris 20%
£17.20 from Tanners Wine Merchants**



This is a gorgeous wine with a lot of character from its slightly unusual blend including Sauvignon Gris. It has balance, fruitiness and a long finish. It is beautifully rounded and not sharp or acidic. Perfect with fish and seafood.



**Chateau de Fonbel - Saint-Emilion Grand Cru 2014 Red, 13% ABV
Famille Vauthier; Merlot 80%, Cabernet Sauvignon 10%, Petit Verdot 5% and Carmenère 5%
2016 vintage is currently available online at £22.00**

Fruity aroma and rich, very long lasting flavour. The Merlot gives it a rounded, full bodied taste with a perfect touch of tannin and complexity from the unusual blend of other grapes. Beautifully balanced and impossible to dislike. An incredible value wine from a prestigious family which also makes high end Saint Emilion wine at Chateau Ausone.

PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

We hope those of you who were at the Autumn Lunch at Brasserie Blanc, where Linda Henshall took this photo, enjoyed the idea of a competition to choose the best caption to accompany Frank Winter and Finn Raben's encounter at the event.



After considering all the entries submitted to the website, the judging panel chose John Kelly's entry as the winner:

Frank – "Let me show you how we used to recruit difficult to reach samples"

Widely agreed to be very funny and marketing research-relevant! John Kelly's prize is a free guest ticket to the next Spring Lunch or Summer Party. The runners up in the competition were:

"It's winter down here; what's it like up there?" (submitted by Roger Gane)

"Please let me enter the ESOMAR Young Researcher of the Year Award" (submitted by David Smith)

ENCHANTED BY ALPS

Tim Bowles

The European Alps have loomed large in my life. For the last forty years I have spent most of my holidays walking, climbing and skiing, most often in the Alps. Many of these explorations have taken place in the Écrins National Park in the South East of the Dauphine region. The legendary French mountain guide, Gaston Rebuffat, said of the Écrins that it was "sauvage, comme les premiers jours". He was not exaggerating.



La Meije from the path to Le Plaret. Chatelleret Refuge just visible bottom centre

On my own visits to this wild and supremely beautiful area, I have often shared my rambles with two other members of The Research Network: my friends and climbing partners Nigel Spackman and Brian Roberts. I will attempt to give you some feel for what draws us back, again and again, to this glorious theatre of rock, ice and snow. The climbs described start from the Étançons valley, which leads from the trailhead village of La Béarde to the massive mountain wall of La Meije, at the head of the valley.

Most British mountaineers develop their skills through rock climbing in the Lake District, Wales and Scotland, and on the

outcrops of Derbyshire and Staffordshire. This is at best, only a partial preparation for climbing in the Alps. While virtually all British mountains can be climbed from the valley and descended in a day, a different approach is required in the Alps. An alpine climb usually entails an arduous walk from a valley base to spend the night in a mountain refuge or to bivouac in the open air. This means that the climb can be started early and safe ground reached in descent before snow conditions deteriorate.

There are other differences that arise from the scale and altitude of the alpine landscape. Many climbs will involve an approach over glacial terrain, with the associated dangers from crevasses in the ice and from rock and ice debris released as the sun warms the glacier surface. Ridge and face climbs to reach the summit will often involve climbing on a mix of rock, snow and ice, requiring ice axes and crampons in addition to rock climbing equipment.

Once the summit is achieved, there is the matter of getting safely down again. This is the time when most accidents occur. The added risk is in part due to tiredness but also to the sun melting snow, creating treacherous conditions. Descent over steep sections may necessitate setting up abseils for security and extreme vigilance is required.

In July 1996, Nigel and I were winding our way up a zigzag path, shaded by alder and birch, and vivid with alpine flowers. Our plan was to find a comfortable bivouac site where we could spend the night under the stars before climbing to the summit of a mountain called Le Plaret the next day. Our rucksacks were loaded with climbing hardware, ice axes, crampons, ropes, helmets, sleeping bags and waterproof bivouac sacks to protect us from the elements. We were probably carrying around 15 kilos each and our rucksack straps were biting painfully into the shoulders of men ill-prepared to act as beasts of burden.



Nigel Spackman in full alpine regalia

After 3 hours of walking, we arrived at the nose of the Plaret Glacier where an ice-cold stream issuing from the glacier obligingly provided water for washing and cooking. We settled there to spend the night, having built a low wall of rocks to shelter us from the wind. We noticed a low buzzing sound as we worked and a strange yellow tint to the cloudy sky. We recognised the signs of an impending storm, so swiftly unpacked bivouac gear and set up cooking stoves for tea making and cooking. Our hoped for night under the stars was washed away under one of the worst and most sustained alpine storms I have ever experienced. Cooking dinner from inside a waterproof bag, lashed by rain, leaning on one elbow, and separated from the rock only by a thin sleeping mat presents certain challenges. I was not sorry, after we had eaten, to wriggle into my duck down sleeping bag and put in earplugs to muffle the thunder.

The earplugs also fortuitously muffled the plaintive moans and groans issuing from the bag of my companion. Emboldened by nights out in the Scottish hills, Nigel had decided that he would dispense with a heavy sleeping



Alpine dawn with temperature inversion

bag, to lighten his sack. Comforted only by a thin fleece bag, he was easy prey for the biting cold night that followed the storm. Sleep had been fragmented and Nigel was desperate to start earlier than our planned breakfast time of 4.30am, in order to warm up. Pity eventually overcame sloth and I emerged from my bivouac bag to discover that the stream providing our water had frozen hard overnight, giving us a choice between melting snow to make tea, or walking until we found an unfrozen water source. The years have drawn a veil over what solution was chosen, but we were fed, watered and roped up by 5 am.

A faint path led up the right edge of the glacier, where the ice abutted a shale ridge. Things improved as we found our uphill rhythm and we soon emerged into a gigantic glacial cirque, sliced at the lip of the ice by precipitous ravines draining to the Étançons torrent in the valley below. It was clearly important to remember the right way back on the descent! Working our way up the left bank of the glacier, we soon reached a snowfield giving access to the summit ridge. The only moment of drama came when Nigel pulled up on a football-sized boulder, which promptly came away in his hands and which he deftly sidestepped to safety. The 20 minutes we spent on the summit admiring the spectacular view made the effort worthwhile.

As we made our cautious descent, I found myself thinking of the sad fate of Henri Cordier, the brilliant young alpinist who made the first ascent of Le Plaret on July 7th 1877 with his guides Jakob Anderegg and Andreas Maurer. Descending from the summit, the party had stopped to unrope and eat at the base of the glacier at the head of a large snowfield that filled and bridged the torrent of La Clause, which drained the glacial melt. Cordier, ahead of the party, started a standing glissade (in effect, skiing on the soles of your boots). Failing to recognise a break in the snow bridge, he fell through it into the torrent below and was drowned. A rescue attempt failed and his body was only recovered the following day, 13m below the point where the snow bridge collapsed.



Tête du Replat from the Selle valley

Fortunately, our own return was uneventful and we were drinking a cold beer in La Berarde by late afternoon, after a rapid descent to the valley.

Over the years, I have reached seven of the fifteen or so summits that can readily be climbed from the Étançons valley. Each climb is etched on my memory, together with the history of its exploration during the 'Golden Age' of mountaineering in the nineteenth century. But certain days stand out. My last alpine climb was the South-East Ridge of the Tête Nord du Replat, climbed with Brian Roberts and first climbed by A. Colomb and party in August 1942.

We spent the night in (comparative) comfort at the barrack-like Chatteret Refuge on the Étançons valley floor. But the night was anything but peaceful on the shared sleeping platform in the dortoir. The snores of other climbers and the head torches of those departing early for longer climbs ensured that sleep was elusive. We were almost relieved at 4am to join the melee of climbers packing sacks, cinching boots and forcing down dry bread and jam to fuel their approaching efforts, all in the metallic half light of pre-dawn.

Our route took us up a steep zig zag path to the remains of an old glacier and eventually across a vast snow field to the foot of the technical climbing, which we reached with nearly 1000m of height gain in about 4 hours. The first pitch (rope length) was a rising traverse on an easy open slab. This was only made difficult by a much younger French party trying to overtake us on the slab! This traverse took us to a small ledge underneath a very steep 40 metre wall; by far the most difficult part of the climb. After a 45 minute struggle, we were able to reach the crest of the ridge, rising in a knife edge direct to the summit 240 metres above. The French team had decided to retreat at the difficult wall, although we offered to drop them a top rope to get them over the difficulties. This meant that Brian and I had the whole route to ourselves, a somewhat rare occurrence on a popular route. We proceeded slowly, relishing the enormous sense of exposure and the fantastic views of the peaks surrounding the Étançons valley.

Our descent was trouble free, although we had to make several abseils from the col between the twin summits of Tête du Replat, where we had expected an easy angled snow slope. The day was hot and we were very tired, needing to take frequent rests. We eventually reached the refuge at 8 pm after a 16-hour day. We knew this was a day we would remember all of our lives.

In recent years, the combined effects of ageing, accidents and arthritis have led most of our group of mountaineering friends to relinquish technical climbing. Reluctant to lose our close contact with the mountains, we have made a number of multi-day tours, circumnavigating a chosen peak by crossing its main ridges by high passes from valley to valley. These routes have a real feel of exploration and a deep feeling of contact with the landscape. We use paths for the most part, walking and scrambling rather than climbing, and using minimal equipment. There are well established and waymarked routes around Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, but more fun can be had by choosing less well known peaks and planning your own route on the map.

In 2015, Nigel, Brian and I made just such a five-day tour around Mont Viso, on the French/Italian border, sleeping in refuges or small mountain hotels. Mont Viso is the highest mountain in the Cottian Alps and sits at the head of the Po valley. We started from the source of the Po at Pian del Re, and on our final day, crossed the Col de Traversette where Hannibal is reputed to have crossed the Alps with his elephants. Other routes have been made in the Pyrenees and the Tyrol.

These journeys through the high Alps have helped compensate for the lost excitement of the summit climbs of yesteryear. Long may they continue.



Tour de Mont Viso, Day 2. Passo Gallarino

HOW MUCH ARE WE PRODUCTS OF OUR GENERATION?

Graham Woodham discusses how his life and cultural outlook have been influenced by some of the biggest rock bands of the 60s and 70s

As semiotics teaches us, we develop in and interact with our cultural and social environment, becoming part of it. Many of the ways in which we think and make judgements are 'time-coded' to our cultural era via tacit consensus. Images, feelings, communications and understanding become specific to the cultural environment in which we grow up and I often speculate on the very specific influences which make us who we are. I certainly feel that we are all products of our generation to varying degrees.

Although I was slightly too young to identify with the Woodstock generation, I feel my time as a student from 1969 to 1972 and working in marketing research during the evolving later 70's was a pivotal and rapidly changing historical period. And what an era for music, which remains a passion for me even now, shared (well...partly shared) by my tolerant long-suffering wife, Julia, and our two millennial sons.

As a fairly shy and unconfident product of a high achieving all boys state grammar school, my headmaster rather unenthusiastically wished me well when I left to study psychology at Reading University. Used to dispatching around 20 often equally low self-esteem boys to Oxford and Cambridge each year, he said "Psychology then, not medicine? Oh well, good luck".

Reading had an excellent psychology department and was known for its equal ratio of male and female students (phew...), supporting us in finding our own route in life and for its music scene: blues and progressive rock...but please don't stop reading here!

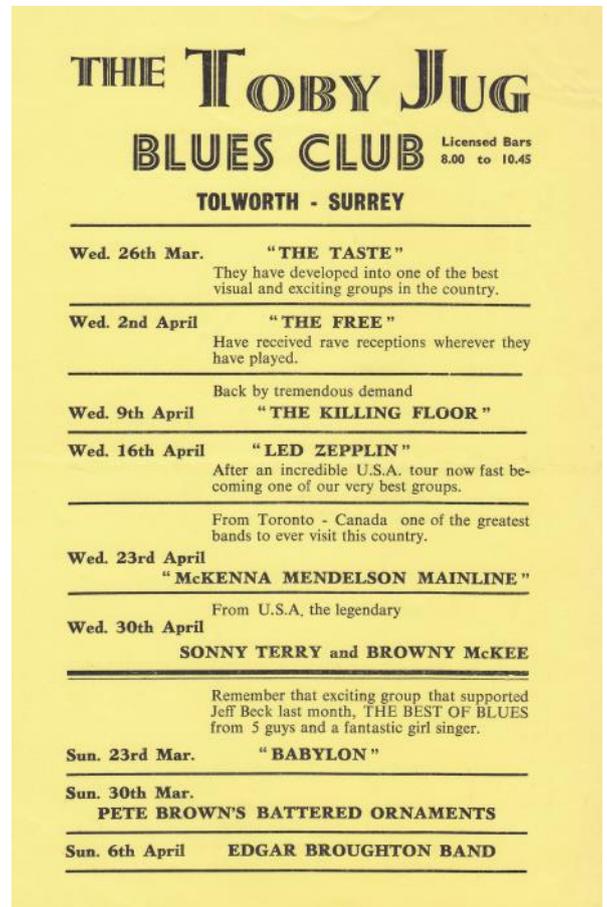
When at school in Surrey, I saw many live bands at a local cellar club in Tolworth: up and coming groups like Fleetwood Mac, Yes, King Crimson, Free, Ten Years After...and Led Zeppelin (misspelt as Led Zeppelin on the line-up listing). Then I travelled to the Royal Albert Hall in my school uniform straight from class to the Cream Farewell Concert. I did take my cap off and hid my tie though, to try and blend in. I also went by bus to see the Rolling Stones at Hyde Park just before nervously going to Reading for Freshers' Week.

My first university house mates were well ahead of me with their broad tastes across American bands like Jefferson Airplane, Frank Zappa, Captain Beefheart and Grateful Dead, who we saw live over the next couple of years. And of course, we shared our love of Pink Floyd, Yes and even the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band who I saw performing at Brunel University with some previous school friends.

My new Reading friends were also ahead of me with their long hair, as I was still growing out my school haircut: no longer than your collar with side burns only half way down your ears, (I always envied people with more elongated ears than me). They kindly accepted me for my friendly but nerdy persona and I accepted them for their bohemian ways and cigarette smoking (among other things). I've always had a lifelong loathing of smoking and other recreational aids which no-one thought were dangerous in those days apart from me. 'Who needs them?' I thought...if an all-night concert was fun, I'd stay awake anyway.

Our Students Union was a brilliant venue for music and I still have some programmes and flyers to prove it. I also joined the Rags Committee to help with band booking and some inhibited, tentative meeting and greeting duties. Reading is still voted by students as having one of the top three campuses in the UK with its park and lakeside setting, and rock bands loved it too: just down the M4 from London and a non-health and safety approved capacity of 1000+.

At the Students Union while I was there, we had performances from so many big names at the time: Pink Floyd, The Strawbs, Johnny Winter, Rory Gallagher, Love, John Martyn, Soft Machine...I could go on...





My other major name drop is that the Committee asked for a handful of student volunteers to be one-off roadies for The Who, so I was early in the queue for that, although their team complained because allegedly the power supply was initially inadequate for their deafening speaker set-up. My unskilled contribution was largely ignored by them, thankfully including Keith Moon with his dangerous drumming and lifestyle preferences.

I met and chatted to Rick Wakeman (in the Strawbs then, before his Yes and solo days which are still going now) and he was so friendly and funny. I still have the contract for Soft Machine who were paid £600 for their performance, exactly half the fees for Pink Floyd and The Who. But these concerts and Summer Balls were still affordable for students with a spare £5 to spend. I was also proud to have persuaded the booking team to have Rory Gallagher as headliner for the 1971 Union Ball. He was so modest and brilliant, and I still treasure his autograph on a torn off piece of cardboard.

I have a set of black and white close-up photos taken by a student in our friendship group who was a keen photographer, along with some review articles by my friend and fellow Research Network

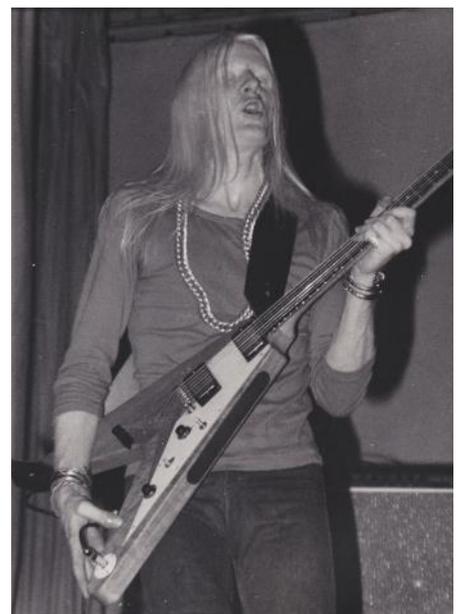
member, Pete Rosman. Several of these photos are shown with this article, including Rory Gallagher and Johnny Winter.

And the festivals...we went to the famous Bath Festival of Progressive Rock and also the Hollywood Music Festival, the latter in Newcastle under Lyme. Who needed Woodstock when we had similar iconic band line-ups in the UK? At Bath, we saw Fairport Convention, John Mayall, Canned Heat, Pink Floyd, Santana and Led Zeppelin, while Family, Grateful Dead and Traffic were on the Hollywood line-up.

Our sons, aged 32 and 26 share a love of music and we often swap new music ideas 'en-famille' when they and their girlfriends come to see us. But I do not believe they were as moulded by their late 80's and 90's musical era. After all, the big names were too expensive for their universities at Bath and Nottingham, so students are deprived nowadays. They are more shaped by technological developments and social media of course, and so their identities as products of their generations are more diffuse and complex than mine. Oh well, times change.

So in semiotic terms, they know the iconic musicians of my era and understand the signs, symbols and messages which arose from them. This also extends to films, artists and clothing styles, such as Stanley Kubrick, Peter Greenaway in film, Andy Warhol in art and the inherent tripping over dangers of wearing flared trousers. But for them, these are simply time-coded symbols which they recognise but don't identify with. I love talking to them about their key cultural messages and symbolic message-carriers, but to me, theirs are more diffuse and abstract because I was somewhere else at the time, working 50-60 hours a week in qualitative research!

I truly believe that I am shaped by my experience of being a naïve and innocent, non-smoking, drug avoiding ex-hippy. I love my rock music now and see live bands whenever I can, as well as scouring magazines for new music, great young performers and live tours. I've already booked to see my current neo-progressive rock hero at the O2 in September 2020: Steven Wilson. And I'm happy to gamble on buying intriguing music even though no-one can describe in advance what it is actually like. Living near Guildford, I regularly take my more ill-judged purchases to sell on to the very friendly owner of Ben's Records, who doesn't often laugh at my musical tastes...he shares many of them.



And please don't avoid me at Research Network events...I can easily hold back from wanting to talk about the current music which I'm enjoying whenever necessary. And rest assured, I've always hated heavy metal music.

JUDIE LANNON, 1938-2019

The following obituary by Merry Baskin appeared in RESEARCHLIVE:

Judie Lannon passed away at the age of 81 on 30th July 2019. She was marketing communications consultant and editor of Market Leader and was also on the board of the Archive of Market and Social Research during 2019.

Judie's early years were in Erie, Pennsylvania, USA and she attended the University of Michigan where she graduated in psychology. Her research career began at Leo Burnett in Chicago but she spent most of her working life at JWT in their London office after being initially employed by Stephen King to set up the company's creative research unit as part of the account planning department.

She progressed to director of research and planning for JWT Europe and was a committed user of qualitative research, which eventually had considerable impact in global marketing and advertising.

Judie set up her own planning and research consultancy in 1991 and also developed senior management education courses in marketing communications, brand positioning and marketing research.

She was a respected writer, editor and speaker on marketing communications and has been widely said to be modest, witty, honest and precise in her delivery style.

Judy was founding editor of Market Leader, which in the UK was the Journal of the Marketing Society, Great Britain: recognised as being among the best global research industry trade journals. She was also on the editorial board of the International Journal of Advertising.

Her contribution to the development of global consumer research has been immense and as a person, The Times has reported that her step-children said that "She was elegant and charming, and full of love until her very last breath"



JOHN GOODYEAR

With thanks to Adam Phillips and Nigel Spackman for this tribute:

John's many friends, both in the research industry and outside, will no doubt still picture him sitting opposite them at a table in a good restaurant, with a glass of red in his hand, engaged in repartee, wit and conversation. But sadly no more, as John died on 10th October 2019 after a long illness. He died in Guernsey where he and his wife Mary have lived for the past 15 years.

John was a leading light in the market research industry from the 1960's right through to the turn of the century. He was an entrepreneur from the start, setting up Market Behaviour Ltd with Mary in 1965. MBL rapidly became the leading qualitative research business in the UK and began to work in many overseas countries at a time when this was far from normal.

In 1977, John acquired Tom Harrison's shares in Mass Observation, linking MBL closely with a quantitative research company with a well-known name and reputation. Then in 1979, John and Mary sold their small group to JWT, who already owned BMRB, and John became Chairman of the combined businesses, forming MRB International. At that time, JWT had decided to invest in developing their research departments into separate companies in India, Germany, Japan and ultimately the US. They asked John to combine these into an international network under the umbrella brand name MRB International and to fill in the gaps in the network by acquisition. JWT's aim was to own a global research chain that would enable them to compete more effectively with Saatchi's "one stop shop" positioning.



John had the vision to anticipate the growing strength of South East Asian economies, and wanted to expand there, but was unable to persuade his corporate masters of this. JWT consistently undermined his attempts to expand by acquisition by failing to deliver the financial support they had promised. He nearly acquired both Frank Small in Southeast Asia and Reark in Australia. Both deals fell through because of financial problems inside JWT. He was also thwarted in his attempt to acquire Research International. In 1987 he resigned from MRB International, buying back MBL from JWT for the same price that he had sold it to them eight years before. Research International was eventually bought by Ogilvy and Mather. JWT and O&M were subsequently acquired by WPP, and Research International, MRB Group, as it had become by then, and Millward Brown International were merged in 1994 to form Kantar.

Meanwhile, in the late 80's, showing his risk-taking spirit again, John acquired BJM in the UK and began to develop the MBL Group Plc in South East Asia, India and the Middle East. By 1997, with the group operating in nineteen markets, John sold the MBL Group to NFO, which was looking to expand globally from its US base. Shortly after that, John and Mary left the research industry and re-located to Guernsey. But this wasn't the end of his business interests. Over the next ten years he invested in, among other things, property, a wine business in Australia and a health screening company, not all of which were successful, but they certainly kept him busy!

But John wasn't just a commercial businessman. He was a larger than life character with a wide social network and interests in many fields. He was a major collector of Victorian watercolours, he loved opera and was on the Committee of the ENO. He was Chairman of the Arts Club in Dover St.; at one time he was an investor in a Covent Garden restaurant, Les Amis du Vin, and he supported a very talented goldsmith.

John was a unique personality who made a significant impact on the development of the British research industry as it matured and consolidated. He will be missed by many people in the research industry and elsewhere.

If you are interested in hearing John talking about his own perspective on his life, you can find his oral history interview [here](#).



We have recently heard of the sad loss of two members of The Research Network. David Wheeler passed away at home on 24th December 2019 and Richard Hyder died peacefully on 8th January 2020. We will source tributes to these respected colleagues for the next newsletter edition.

STEERING GROUP

The Research Network is directed by a Steering Group consisting at present of Adam Phillips (Chairman), Jane Bain (Website Editor and Events Co-organiser), Jane Gwilliam (Events Co-organiser), Linda Henshall (External Liaison), Roger Holland (Membership), Nick Tanner (Website News Editor), Gill Wareing (Secretary-Treasurer), Frank Winter (Oral History and Data Protection) and Graham Woodham (*Newsletter* editor). Their names, addresses, phone and email details are in the Members List. Please feel free to contact any member of the Steering Group on matters relevant to the areas they cover.