THE RESEARCH NETWORK NEWSLETTER

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# THE WAY WE ARE

As we are all trying to adapt and stay cheerful until we have the freedom to enjoy ourselves in all the ways that we like to do, I hope this Research Network newsletter will help to keep us in touch with our colleagues and friends. In the absence of our usual social programme, this is a larger edition than usual with a detailed overview of recent NED Talks and several feature articles from members, alongside the regular content.

In this edition, Peter Bartram reminds us of the often surprising 'old days' in the research industry ahead of his book which is due to be published in February 2021. We have some fascinating general interest articles from Sharron Green on her poetic creative writing change of direction, Colin McDonald on his strange but true adventures as a researcher in Russia. Adam Phillips also tells us about his amazing sailing escapades, including rounding Cape Horn, while Keith Bailey's article is about his recent rural experiences closer to home. We have our Members' Wine Recommendations to share with you, along with Jane Bain's lovely Nature Diary observations and photos.

This newsletter also includes tributes to Sue Nosworthy and Michael Warren, who sadly died during the second half of 2020. We have also recently received the news that Geoffrey Roughton passed away on 23rd January 2021. We will include a detailed tribute in the next newsletter edition.

Despite being trapped indoors, our social calendar has continued with our Research Network NED Talks and we have synopses to remind you of our entertaining evenings with Nick Tanner, Jane Bain and Penny Mesure. Accounts of Neil McPhee's January talk 'Musicology as a Socio-Cultural Journey—a personal timeline' and Phil Barnard's February talk 'A Village on Exmoor' will feature in the next newsletter. See the article below for information on future NED Talks and our hopes for resuming social events in real life later this year.

Finally as always, please make contact if you would like to contribute an article on any topic of interest to future newsletters via editor@research-network.org.uk.

# NETWORK SOCIAL EVENT PROGRAMME

Following the launch of the NHS vaccination programme, the Steering Group has been considering whether we might be able to re-start a more conventional programme of events later this year. A Spring Lunch still seems out of the question but, depending on how things develop, we are hoping we might be able to hold a Summer Lunch (in place of the usual Summer Party) in June or July.

Having cancelled last year's Autumn Lunch at the Savile Club, this has now been rescheduled for 14th October 2021. This is, of course, subject to confirmation but the Savile Club itself is holding the date for us. Please make a note of it now and keep your fingers crossed!

In the short term, we are continuing with a series of further NED Talks. The next two such events will be on Wednesday 24 March with Sheila Byfield, 'The Dark and Lighter Sides of Advertising', and on Wednesday 21 April with Graham Woodham, 'Non-verbal communication: the subtleties of social interactions'. These are both scheduled for 5.30pm and invitations will follow from Gill Wareing.

If you would like to give a NED Talk on any interesting topic, please make contact with Adam Phillips.

# ON OTHER PAGES

# THE WAY WE WERE

**Compiled by Peter Bartram**

Readers of this column may recall that six months ago, we were able to include some excerpts from a planned book of anecdotes from the last 50 years in research. We can now confirm that the book, 'The Life in Research' will be published in February 2021, with all profits going to the registered charity: the Archive of Market and Social Research.

It contains 125 such anecdotes, contributed by about 40 senior and retired researchers, and in addition to the ones shown six months ago, here are some more from the book:

**Executive Life:**
In the 1980s and 1990s, the most robust period of the Market Research Society's growth, all sorts of social groups were formed under its banner. In 1985, these covered sports such as:

- cricket, with a match against the Government Statistical Service,
- a squash competition and a badminton tournament,
- a bridge competition (held at the Charing Cross Hotel),
- a snooker competition (at the King's Cross Snooker and Social Club),
- an MRS Golf Day held at the RAC Country Club, Epsom,
- and later, darts and a sports quiz.

In one leading company, junior executives found that dating a girl in the charting department much improved their chances of jumping the queue of work in their in-tray. In the fieldwork department, booking work necessitated perilous negotiation with the all-powerful director, a fearsome lady who was also a retired senior police officer. And in the data analysis department, it was found that the Irish computer manager could become much more compliant after being treated to two pints of Guinness.

**Interviewing Realities:**
The dark side of the interviewing experience is illustrated by these two stories:

A fresh young 22-year-old researcher conducting interviews on long-term unemployment was sent to a rough estate in the north-east of England. Towards the end of her day, she knocked at the door of a tower block flat and on entering, found the whole family sitting there in candlelight—there was no money for 'the electric'. A deeply sad interview followed—they had run out of everything, including hope.

In the 1970s, a graduate trainee was sent to a run-down council estate with feral dogs and rubbish everywhere. She managed to get 20 interviews in the area, but at one house she was invited into the kitchen, where sat a large man in a vest and trousers who had clearly had too much to drink. Fortunately, his wife was also there, but it soon became evident that neither of them could read, so it was no use trying to get their reactions to show-cards.

**Qualitative Insights:**
The man who invented Bailey's Irish Cream started by commissioning focus groups to test reactions to the idea and to the liquid he had devised. Watching from behind the mirror with others from the research company, he could see one participant after another saying how much they disliked the idea. But after a while they also noticed that the same participants not only finished their 'taster' glasses of Baileys, but kept asking for more. And the rest is history, with Baileys becoming the world's largest-selling liqueur.

A focus group was being held in a hotel room, the recruited participants being young men. As they arrived, they signed in and were given a drink and the money they had been promised for attending. Half an hour into the discussion, one of them asked to go to the loo. Then another did so, followed soon by another, and another. They never reappeared, so the convenor ended up with a nearly empty room. Lesson for the future: give them their money after completion of the session.

**Client Perspectives:**
This was the era of taking clients to lunch, a long alcoholic affair, and work after lunch sometimes never happened. One researcher recalled being taken by their clients to Hyde Park for a food and wine picnic (acquired by their secretaries). "Afterwards we took boats out on the Serpentine, where we finished the wine."

The lady owner of one of the largest research audit companies placed strong emphasis on stylish client entertainment, to the extent that employees were reprimanded if their entertainment expenses were not high enough.

**Conferences:**
At the MRS Annual Conference, charitable sweepstakes provided significant prizes, on one occasion including a Sinclair C5 vehicle, which was later seen cruising the hotel corridors. A group of delegates took it outside to test drive it on the promenade. Unfortunately, they got too near the edge and it fell eight feet down onto the beach below. It then took them several hours into the night to retrieve it and clean it up.

And on one evening at a seminar on statistics, a long evening of drinking and singing was enjoyed at one of the Cambridge pubs, whose landlord was a friend of one of the delegates.

A report on the highly educational MRS Winter School held annually at the Grand Hotel in Eastbourne, described how in one year the 63 delegates and 13 lecturers started with "a formal sherry party of complete strangers" and ended with "a raving disco of permanent friends".

**International Happenings:**
In China, focus group participants were asked to switch off their phones because the purpose of the research was to test reactions to the client's highly confidential new drink, of which a bottle was visible to all on the table. Later, when the moderator briefly left the room, the participants quickly photographed it with their other phones and posted it on social media. She had not realised that it was common for young people in China to own two or three phones.

A researcher in Ouagadougou was testing (in French) reactions to some food products with a group of soft-spoken and charming men. All of a sudden, they got up and left the room and she was left wondering what she had done wrong. But ten minutes later they wandered back into the room, one of them explaining "Sorry lady, we had to go and pray." Lesson learned: choose your time of day carefully.

So many more stories of this kind have been submitted after the manuscript went to press that a second edition of the book is under consideration. If you have any stories to offer, please tell the Editor of this Newsletter.

# MONTHLY NED TALKS:

**Graham Woodham**

Our programme of NED ('Network Evening Drinks') Talks was launched in Summer 2020 as a way of maintaining some contact and social activity whilst physical gatherings were impossible. Below is a review of the three most recent such talks, held in the autumn months.

**Jamie in German (and a touch of Dutch) by Nick Tanner**

This theme resulted from Nick Tanner changing his career path from research to professional translation following his MA in translation from the University of Surrey.

Translators almost always work into their mother tongue, so Nick's focus was on how other professionals had managed the challenge of translating Jamie Oliver cookery books. This is relevant because his books are popular in Germany; at least 12 editions have been translated from his idiosyncratic style. It is a very different style to the gentle but meticulous, instructive 'domestic science teacher' approach of Delia Smith, who uses phraseology such as 'you need to…', 'always use…', 'always make sure you have…' and so on. Unlike Delia, Jamie 'writes like wot he talks like'…


Jamie mostly, but not always, adhered to the macro-structure of recipes, with the compulsory elements: the name of the dish, list of ingredients, the preparation instructions, along with some optional elements: a short preamble and an illustration of the finished product. Occasionally he would break the rules by omitting the list of ingredients. He always comes across as personal and fairly spontaneous in the way that he directly addresses his readers. He also talks about himself more than virtually all other cookery writers, regardless of their nationality.

As we know, Jamie's individualistic, uninhibited style suggests that he wants to be 'your mate', not the Delia-like authoritative expert. His approach to quantities could be summed up as 'You decide how much…'

'Add a lug of oil…loads of black pepper'
'A little splash of the cooking water…'
'A nice handful…another good sprinkling of cheese…'

German translators gave more precise instructions, such as 'one shot of oil' to sound slightly more exact, while their Dutch counterparts remained more colloquial. So German translations became somewhat tamer, depersonalised versions of Jamie Oliver.

Other amusing examples were:

- Referring to John Dory fish…'a really wicked fish' became a 'curious' fish in Dutch and just a fish in German.
- 'It's quick and bloody good, so try it' became 'quick to prepare and tastes really good' in German.
- '…cooked the hell out of it' became 'got the best out of it', so translators can make mistakes…

So overall, we learned that German translations adhered more to recipe conventions than Jamie's originals, being culturally more cautious and less chatty, and this is also necessary because the German language takes up more space on the page than succinct English.

This was a fascinating talk and Nick mentioned that his only regret after his original study was that he had not been able to talk to the original translators to gauge their opinions of the translation challenge.

Conversation and questions followed, spanning the nature of German TV cookery programmes where Jamie is dubbed with a perfect German accent and more normative regional styles of speaking in Germany, rather than our familiar 'class-related' differences which do not really exist in Germany or The Netherlands.

Questions were also raised about whether Dutch consumers actually need translation from English and the extra semantic difficulties created by the enormous nuanced vocabulary in English as a result of its multicultural heritage and subsequent US influences. At least for now, English is clinging on to its lingua franca status. Adam Phillips also observed from having worked in The Netherlands for three years, that there is a shortage of adjectives in Dutch, allowing for less quirky conversational styles; Jamie gets away with his approach because he is English.

**The Owls' Story – a glimpse into the life of a family of tawnies by Jane Bain**

Our Autumn NED Talk programme started on 14th October with a hugely enjoyable nature tale, inevitably illustrated by Jane's superb photography.

Jane revealed that owls have been a lifelong fascination, from watching barn owls as a child to tawny owls more recently, among all the other species which she captures in her photos. She doesn't count herself as a bird watcher, but she is a keen 'observer' of wildlife living near her home by the Thames in Hammersmith.

She first saw a female tawny owl in a hole in a large tree, which prompted daily visits during late March some years back—then she noticed an owlet outside the entrance to its 'tree house'. She followed the family until the Autumn and this started 10 years of owl watching. What has she learnt during this time?

Tawny owls typically have a 4 year lifespan, but the oldest recorded by the British Trust for Ornithology was 23. Jane can now recognise some individuals with confidence, particularly a female she has been watching since 2014. Sometimes individuals disappear and are replaced by younger birds which take over the territory.

Tawny owls have large forward facing eyes, giving them good binocular vision. They can't roll their eyes, so they turn their heads instead: side to side, up and down or over their shoulders. They are nocturnal and their eyesight is optimised for night vision.

They have soft feathers, offering little wind resistance and enabling them to hunt silently. They prefer to stay out of the rain as their feathers have no oily waterproofing. If they are rained on, they do become cold and bedraggled.

They are good at disguising themselves, but owl 'poo' on the ground may give the game away as to their perch overhead. Despite their excellent camouflage, you can occasionally be lucky enough to see two owls together, but if startled, they will move and hide in the leaves. Jane thinks one local owl now recognises her, as it looks at her and then goes back to sleep again.

Owls hunt by night and sleep by day, although they will fly in daytime to get away from interfering jays and magpies or other disturbances. They can be aggressive and may attack other birds and humans. When angry,

they stand up very straight and may fly at you…a wildlife photographer in the 1930s famously lost an eye as a result of an owl attack.

They nest in February or March, preferring to use holes in ivy covered trees, but they don't make elaborate nests and will improvise, perhaps taking over abandoned squirrels' homes.

Huge patience is needed to photograph them, occasionally rewarded by a tiny movement giving away an individual, or even two or three owlets close to each other or cuddling up together. Young owls take their time learning to fly and first go through a stage called 'branching', clinging on to branches with their large claws and flapping their wings to get some lift. Typically, the mother likes to sit protectively below her young offspring on a lower branch.

In London, parakeets may screech or fly at new owlets, protected usually by their ever-watchful mother. Sometimes you may find an owlet which has fallen on the ground. Only move it if it is in danger—it will scramble up to somewhere safe when it is dark, or even in daylight if there are low branches close by.

Fledging takes place about a week after leaving the nest and siblings can still stay quite close together, staring curiously back at human onlookers. On nice days, they like to sunbathe as this kills feather parasites. The mother stands guard until late Autumn, then the youngsters have to leave and find their own territory. But sadly, many juveniles do not survive their first year.

Jane has tried to keep up with her local owls in 2020, despite the lockdown. In March, a friend of hers found a baby owl on the ground, under threat by a fox. She wrapped the owlet in her jacket and took it home, where it perched on her sofa, before being taken to a rescue centre.

Jane was eventually able to go and search for its siblings. She noticed some giveaway tail feathers, then found a second owlet being guarded by its mother in an ivy covered cherry tree. She watched them for several weeks until they became hidden by the dense new foliage, but she hopes to meet the mother owl again in 2021.

The NED talk drew to a close after further discussion about Jane's favourite Lumix camera with its large zoom lens (but still lighter to carry than a Nikon or Canon), along with other fascinating aspects of these lovable and individualistic tree living creatures.

**OPERATUNITY! (A lifetime spent writing and producing comedy operas) by Penny Mesure**

On 11th November, Penny Mesure continued our NED Talk sequence with 'From 'La Triviata' to Shakespeare and Sullivan'. Here is her own synopsis of her highly entertaining talk:

"My unusual hobby started by accident. We were living in Singapore at the time. I had recently developed an interest in opera, having been part of a locally recruited chorus for the New York Met's touring production of la Bohème. With two feuding Divas, a to-die-for Tenor, the Artistic Director actually from New York and the chorus master from Covent Garden ... proper costumes and sets ... polystyrene snow ... it was fabulous! I was hooked. When the Raffles Group asked me to write a show for them, I decided that they needed a grand opera. La Triviata was born.

"I did my research. La Triviata incorporates time honoured operatic themes of incest, murder, mistaken identity, bullfighting and of course, death-of-the-Diva. But in this opera everybody dies, including the entire chorus. It has all the best tunes. I raided the Reader's Digest Family Home Grand Opera Songbook, or would have done if it had existed. I borrowed music from dead composers so they couldn't argue with me. Mozart, Gounod, Wagner, Puccini, Verdi, Bizet and the great Sir Arthur Sullivan all contributed. The words more or less wrote themselves. There are gypsies, an evil villain, star crossed lovers and a pantomime bull. And not forgetting the usual troop of soldiers, triumphantly returning from offstage battles. These ones didn't get much of a reception—one of their lines went: 'Where's the laurels for our leader? It wasn't like this in Aida …'

"Maybe because it only lasted 40 minutes, (Wagner, please take note), La Triviata was a surprising success. It made people laugh, and people like to laugh.

"Quite soon after this, we returned to the UK and I joined the Beaconsfield Operatic Society. A production of La Triviata soon followed, and then a series of five more comedy operas, under my Operatunity! brand name, which got to be quite well known in South Buckinghamshire. Four of the operas are based on stories from Shakespeare, a genre that I call 'Shakespeare and Sullivan' and the other one, which I could call 'Homer and Sullivan', is based on the Odyssey. My favourite, and probably the most successful, is 'Operatunity! in Venice', (OIV)—a comedy thriller featuring the evil Roberto Skydock and his dastardly plan to take over Venice and

turn it into a Skyworld theme park. If you know Gilbert and Sullivan, the music is a sort of Gondoliers meets Trial By Jury. But you don't need to know Gilbert and Sullivan. Or Shakespeare for that matter. Characters include Roberto's daughter Porsche Skydock, his three henchpersons: Garry Baldy, Harry Viderchi and Mack O'Velly, the hapless Gelati brothers Benvenuto and Geronimo (Ben and Jerry), and the immortal Barbara Seville, Editor of *Buon Giorno* magazine and friend to Signor Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, who naturally triumphs in the end.


Players raise £3,700 with comedy opera

"There is a serious side to all this, especially in this time of pandemic and lockdown. The Arts are very important to humanity and to mental health. I am sure everyone would agree with that, and the Government has finally parted with shed loads of money to shore up the likes of Covent Garden and the National Theatre. I would argue that the Amateur Arts are just as important as the Professional ones. Choirs, Amateur Theatre Groups and Operatic Societies give people, so often living on their own in later life, social contact, shared endeavour, singing, somewhere to go on a Tuesday night ... and the Community enjoys a local night out viewing the fruits of 6 months' hard labour, especially if there's a bar. I have spent my life in this world. As well as writing these shows, I have produced and directed them for a number of amateur organisations and had the joy of bringing together motley teams of people for six months of fun and becoming the best they can be. Some of the shows have been outstanding, thanks not to me but to these people. In all these years we have never asked anyone for money. All the shows have made a profit and over the years have raised about £30,000 for charity.

"It is so important that we can all get back to living this life again. Stay safe, everybody. And let me know if you would like me to post you a DVD of OIV with a copy of the libretto. There's no charge, but if you like it, there is probably a charity somewhere that could use a bit of help."

# NETWORK MEMBER WINE RECOMMENDATIONS

Continuing our series of good wine experiences to share with our members and hopefully brighten up the days (or preferably the evenings), we have four easily obtained wines to suggest for you. Our usual wine enthusiast contributors have put forward one wine each this time:- Jackie Dickens, Sheila Robinson, Nick Tanner and Graham Woodham.

## Jackie Dickens

**Piccini 'Memorio' non-vintage, 14% ABV**
**£8.00 from Sainsbury's but currently on offer at £6.50. Also available from Morrisons**


I browse wines and offers while supermarket shopping and I was pretty amazed to spot this wine with a 2019 Decanter 'gold medal' award on the label in my local Sainsbury's. After 9+ years of judging for the International Wine and Spirits Competition, we could quite often complete a judging day with no gold awards at all—just a few silvers and more bronzes.

So I grabbed a couple of bottles of this Piccini. Grape varieties not indicated but I suspect Sangiovese with other local and/or international varieties (possibly Merlot?). I found it to be a cleverly blended wine, both easily approachable and interesting. It has a seductive nose of blackberries, plums, gentle spice and with floral hints (roses?).

The palate is satisfyingly complex, with sweet red and black fruits at the start, followed by hints of plum, almonds and sweet spice. It has a long finish, embodying the palate elements described above. This wine is made from partially dried grapes (not uncommon in some parts of Italy) which provides intensity of flavour and enhanced fruit sweetness.

Their website is all in Italian (which I don't speak) but from school Latin, I gather that this is a long-term family business with vineyards in the Chianti Classico region and other top Italian sites.

Great with any form of winter stew, game, or roast beef lunch.

## Sheila Robinson

**Greco di Tufo DOCG Greco 2019, 13% ABV**
**£6.99 from Lidl**


Greco is an Italian white wine grape which may be of Greek origin (from 2500 years ago). Tufo is a town inland from Naples in the Campania region of Italy. The 'Tufo' refers to the vineyard soils which are derived from tuff, a rock formed from volcanic ash. Greco di Tufo, Falanghina and Fiano are the triumvirate of Campanian whites.

This wine has a mineral nose, is medium bodied and has medium to high acidity. It has substance and its clean and refreshing nature goes well with seafood and even with meatier repasts.

If the Lidl Greco di Tufo is out of stock, it's worth trying another supplier, although these may well be twice the price!

## Nick Tanner

**Stanton & Killeen Classic Rutherglen Muscat, 18% ABV**
**Half bottle: £17.50 from The Wine Society; £21 from pullthecork.co.uk**


I first discovered Australian 'stickies', as they're known, back in the 1980s as an alternative to French dessert wines. Not that there's anything wrong with French dessert wines, I was simply broadening my horizons. Muscat is in my view a wonderful and underrated grape, and one of the few that retain a distinctly grapey flavour when fermented. Alongside the grapes and raisins, this wine has marked caramel notes and, just detectable, some vanilla that betrays its ageing in oak barrels.

The comparison with dessert wines is not entirely accurate, however. This is a fortified wine (hence the massive alcohol content) and perhaps more akin in some respects to port. This may not quite be the time of year to point out that Rutherglen Muscat is an ideal accompaniment to Christmas Pudding and mince pies, but the wine merchants also suggest it is "the perfect pairing for rich chocolate tart with raspberry coulis".

## Graham Woodham

**Les Hauts de Castelmaure – Corbières 2018 Red, 14.5% ABV**
**SCV Castelmaure; Grenache, Syrah and Grenache grape varieties**
**£13.99 from Majestic**


This is a very friendly welcoming wine (call it Les for short if you prefer!) which has an 'Outstanding' score of 95 from Decanter. It is made in a tiny village to the south of Corbières with only about 150 residents, all grape growers.

The grapes are from high altitude vines, up to 80 years old and the wine is open and expressive, complex, full bodied and very fruity. It's beautifully balanced and smooth with hints of spice. Majestic tasting notes add that it has elements of damson jam, cassis, heather and wild thyme, but with my untrained palate, I'll just take their word for that. As far as I'm concerned, it's just delicious with all types of food apart from fish, of course.

# NATURE DIARY

**Extracts from Jane Bain's Nature Diary: January–June 2020**

*Covid-19 infection levels have fallen, some restrictions eased and a new sort of normal begins. Outdoor eating is encouraged and the riverside pubs are busy again. I walk early to avoid the crowds and the summer heat.*

**July:** The little egret which comes to fish by Chiswick Eyot as the tide goes out is joined by a juvenile. The owner of the patch tolerates the newcomer up to a point, but if it comes too close a furious chase ensues.

Temperatures soar and I seek out cool and shade in the woods by the tow path. Sitting quietly on a log, I notice a beautifully camouflaged tree creeper on a nearby tree trunk. It is the first time I have seen one in London.

**August:** The intense heat causes critical damage to Hammersmith Bridge and it is closed completely. I can no longer cross to the tow path, but there is still much to see on the north side of the river. Gulls fly high in the air with molluscs they have found on the foreshore, repeatedly dropping them until the shell breaks.

Unable to visit the reservoir, I spend more time walking in the local cemeteries. In Margravine cemetery I come across this dramatic red and black six spot burnet moth, feeding on a clump of bright yellow ragwort flowers.

**September:** Berries and fruit begin to ripen. There are crab apple trees in the local park and I watch a squirrel pick a whole bunch of the fruit. It holds them tightly in its paws, guarding them as it eats them one by one.

Round heads of ivy flowers replace summer blooms as a key source of pollen and nectar. While watching the bees and other insects which rely on this autumn food, I notice a grasshopper, resting on a dead leaf in dappled sunlight at the base of the ivy bush.

**October**: Starlings gather in the autumn sunlight on the weather vane at the top of Chiswick Church steeple. They jostle for position chattering to each other, then suddenly one bird flies off, promptly followed by the rest.

Loud squawking is coming from a dense yew tree in the churchyard and I take a closer look. I have often seen squirrels in that tree eating sticky yew berries and I now discover that parakeets are partial to them too.

**November:** Cormorants feast on the abundance of fish in the Thames. Between fishing sessions, they rest on tall riverside piles to dry their wings and digest their meal, then fly back down to the water to start again.

Green woodpeckers nest in Chiswick cemetery and I always watch out for them in there. They are extremely wary but, just occasionally, I can get a close look at one.

The swan family from the reservoir return to the river. The cygnets are now fully grown and ready to leave home. After a few days together as a family the adults depart, leaving the juveniles to fend for themselves.

**December:** Flotsam collects beside the houseboats and a pair of pied wagtails flit about on it finding food. A thick mooring rope makes a perfect perch for a brief pause, before the bird resumes its search.

House sparrows almost vanished from London in the 1990s and became shy and secretive. A Christmas treat is finding a small group feeding in full view in the park.

# WINTERS IN RUSSIA

**Colin McDonald**

In the mid-1990s, I was involved in a major scientific study which covered most of Europe and significantly, Russia. This study was originated and run by my friend Professor William Keatinge of the Department of Physiology at Queen Mary & Westfield College in London. Bill was an international authority on the relationship between cardiovascular diseases and exposure to cold. He was the person who, during the Falklands War, was interviewed on the radio to estimate how long Argentinian sailors would survive in the water after the Belgrano was sunk—about 13 minutes if I remember rightly.

The aim of the study was to combine mortality statistics, temperature change data and (where I came in) survey data showing how people dealt with the onset of cold weather, both indoors and outdoors in a range of temperature zones. The first study, spread through the winter months of 1994-5, took place in eight zones in Europe, ranging from northern Finland down to Palermo in Sicily and Athens. The results led Bill to seek further funding to repeat the work in an even colder area, and this took us twice to Russia: Ekaterinburg in the Urals (winter 1995-6) and coldest of all, Yakutsk in Siberia (winter 1996-7).

First Ekaterinburg. Bill recalled; "We sent an email to the company running our survey, Marketing International Centre (MIC). Our flight would reach Ekaterinburg at midnight, and we asked who would meet us there. We waited many days for an answer. When it came, it told us that because of the 'criminality situation' in the city, it was unsafe for women (who made up most of MIC's staff) to go to the airport to meet us. They would try to arrange for a bus with as many men as possible to get us to the hotel safely."

We were duly met at the airport by Constantine Khilov, a member of the MIC staff, with a minibus and a few other men. We drove into the city and found a large building surrounded by a security fence. Our letter from Moscow confirming our booking had warned us that it had a security fence and that under no circumstances should we attempt to climb it. We should ring the bell, but in reality, there was no bell to be found.

Constantine, an ex Red Army officer, then showed himself to be a man of energy and resource. First on his own, and then with us, he went out into the surrounding smog to make enquiries from people in neighbouring buildings. There were security guards in military type uniforms employed by local residents to protect them and their homes from robbers, and two of them joined us as we walked. Most of the people we aroused at two in the morning were understandably grumpy, but one lady, who took in lodgers, was helpful. She told us that the building with the security fence was an eye hospital, but it sometimes also acted as a hotel. Constantine then climbed the security fence. Fortunately, it turned out to contain no lethal devices. At the hotel, he was told they had been waiting for us. "Why were we so late?"

Bill was later shown round the eye hospital's operating rooms by the surgeon and found them supplied with up to date, state of the art equipment, mostly from Western Europe. But clearly they were strapped for cash, and letting out spare rooms for visitors was helpful. The `hotel wing' was comfortable enough, but we were the only guests. In the dining room, while we ate our cabbage soup in one corner, we would watch the patients in hospital clothing and bandaged eyes trooping in for their meal at the other end.

More troublesome was the chemical smog we had noticed on our arrival. We were told in the morning that it appeared in the area every night around midnight and cleared at dawn. We asked what it was but no-one knew. Some people suggested it might come from a rocket fuel factory, others that it might be from a poison gas plant. We kept it out as far as possible by shutting the windows and blocking all ventilation until dawn.

The town was pleasant to walk around (we were there in September). It felt as if it was waking slowly from a long sleep. A few shops were open, including a supermarket and in the centre, young smartly-dressed people were walking busily about. But moving out a bit and poverty was very evident; several streets were full of makeshift kiosks where basic groceries were being sold by individual small traders. People lucky enough to have a car would respond to signals from the pavement and do deals for much less than the official taxi fares (and they were also much more reliable). We queued at a bank to get some roubles and found that everyone else in the queue was desperate to exchange their roubles for `safer' dollars.

We were taken to the site of the Ipatiev house, where Tsar Nicholas and his family had been murdered in 1917. Boris Yeltsin, when he was the region's Commissar, had had the building pulled down. On the site now, there was a small shrine with candles burning, and a plaque with an inscription describing the family as `martyrs' – a more permanent chapel was to be built there.

We wanted to take a trip into the countryside, but were warned that people never went there and it was 'dangerous'. We managed to find a taxi driver who agreed to take us for double the normal fare, and drove us about 40 minutes through the local taiga as far as the Europe-Asia border (marked by a big signpost in the middle of the road saying 'Europe' pointing west and 'Asia' pointing east). Why this concern about going into the country? The main reason seemed to be that the area was surrounded by military installations and secret weapons factories, and there were frequent explosions and other accidents. Anybody found nearby would be suspect and very likely find himself sent to the gulag.

The findings from Ekaterinburg were so interesting that Bill decided to seek funding for a confirmatory study in the world's coldest city. So next winter in February, four of us (Bill, his colleague Gavin Donaldson, Constantine and myself) set off from Moscow on the 5-6 hour flight to Yakutsk in Siberia, where temperatures could be anything between -20 and -50C. Bill had wisely insisted that we keep all our (somewhat makeshift in my case) arctic weather gear with us in the cabin. As we prepared to land, other passengers started to dress up, so we did too. We landed before dawn and were kept waiting outside in the dark, at a temperature of -35C, for over an hour until the baggage was unloaded, and only then was the terminal building opened to let us in. Fortunately, Dr Moyakunov, who worked at the university and was MIC's representative running the local survey for us, met us and had brought a car in which we were able to huddle while we waited. When we finally were allowed into the terminal building, glasses steamed up with moisture which immediately froze to a thick layer of ice.

Bill's memory again: "Dawn was breaking as we drove to the town centre. Our hotel turned out to be new and comfortable, but the receptionist told me that the booking I had made by phone was not valid. They did not accept phone bookings. They could provide us with other rooms, but we would have to pay a booking charge of a hundred dollars. I asked why there was a booking charge when there had been no booking. The reply was short. "Nachalnik skazal" (the boss said so)."

Faced with remaining outside at a temperature far below that of our deep freeze at home, I paid the charge. We were then allowed into our rooms, but the receptionist told me that we would have to get official permission to stay in Yakutsk when the Town Hall opened at 9am. I said that we already had entry visas from Moscow, valid for the whole of the Russian republic. This was brushed aside. I asked what papers we would need to take to the Town Hall to get entry permits. The reply was again brief: "A hundred dollars".

The Town Hall, only a few hundred yards away, was an austere building with a statue of Lenin outside. When we found the right office, the secretary said we would have to see the nachalnik, the boss. The nachalnik was a young Yakut man who spoke politely, in English. He started with some pointed questions. Why were we here? Why did we have a Moscow company, rather than local people, doing the survey? Why were we making the survey only in and near the town, and not through the Sacha Republic, as the region (an area the size of Western Europe) was now called. I said that a survey over the whole district would have been interesting, but its cost was beyond our resources. He said that he thought that capitalists had plenty of money. We declared that our own resources were, unfortunately, limited.

I was not in fact asked for money, but I gave the hundred dollars I had brought to the secretary, as our contribution to the local budget. The secretary took it gratefully: "It means I may get paid next week".

We walked around the town where there were buses but few cars. In the centre, most buildings were modern, often surrounded with huge pipes which supplied hot water from municipal gas-fired boilers. Often these had begun to melt the permafrost, so that the structures had begun to sink and were at crazy angles. In the suburbs, more of the buildings were traditional wooden houses heated by wood burning stoves.

People clearly took a lot of trouble to keep warm. Outdoors, most people wore heavy ankle-length coats and fur hats. We learnt that getting your fur hat was something of a rite of passage when growing up. A local factory made these hats and they had to fit correctly, so when you came of age, you would be carefully measured and your hat ordered. Local fur was often used: sables and other beasts are wild in the area and fur -trapping was a recognised occupation.

Bill and Gavin met members of the university medical school, one of whom invited them to visit the frostbite clinic. People were very alert to the dangers of frostbite, but its incidence seemed unusually high for the population: three serious cases a day in winter, mostly young men. The guide was reluctant to explain this,

but asked about one case, the young doctor shrugged and said he had fallen down at night in the street when drunk. Obviously a major local problem, especially since the treatment on offer was usually early amputation.

I enjoyed my week in Yakutsk. My only regret was that I did not visit the mammoth museum. When we came to fly back to Moscow, I was shocked by the appearance of the plane that was to take us; unlike the French-built Aeroflot plane which had brought us in, this was an ancient looking Tupolev aircraft that looked as if it was held together by string. Inside was little better; the seats were deck chairs with backs that folded flat down. Still, it flew, and we were provided with a meal consisting mostly of horse meat pate (from the local shaggy horses which were farmed for food) and very tasty it was. Being daytime, we could look out as we flew across the rim of the Arctic Circle over miles of white 'nothing-ness'. When after several hours, we crossed the Urals, Constantine, who was sitting next to me, said in a gloomy tone, "That is good. Now, if we come down, someone will find us!".

The whole Euro-winter study was published in the Lancet and the BMJ, and has been very influential—it is still being cited frequently. I wrote a paper, which is in the Archive, about the survey aspects. I am proud to have been part of something which produced genuinely new insights and in which a survey approach was used (unusually) to illuminate the reasons for the findings from the data analysis.

# NEW BEGINNINGS

**Sharron Green**

In the late 80's, following a degree course in modern languages, I embarked on a career in international market research. This took me from BMRB, where I started on their Graduate Programme in 1987, to TRBI where I left as a Director of International Qual in 2000 to start a family.

I then combined motherhood with freelance research and rediscovered a hobby that I had enjoyed as a child—writing poetry. In June 2019, I began to post on Instagram and Facebook as @rhymes_n_roses, and my friends and followers there have gradually increased to over a thousand.

It is a vibrant international community that offers daily inspiration and support. With their encouragement, I've written two poetry booklets, run a rhyming poetry workshop, I regularly participate in live readings and have poems featured in over ten anthologies.

Helping on the Research Network stand at the MRS Conference in 2020 was my last daytrip into London before lockdown in March. Shortly after, I started writing my latest booklet, Viral Odes, a collection which traces responses to COVID-19 and its impact on daily life, along with the gradual realisation that it will change society for ever. It was published in December and is for sale in over 150 countries—with the main outlet being Amazon in the UK. I'm thrilled with the wonderful reviews that it has already received.

The dramatic impact of Covid on the research industry, and a car crash that triggered back pain, spurred me to follow my dreams, so I decided to hang up my market research hat last summer and apply for an MA in Creative Writing at the University of Surrey.

I have completed my first semester and am thoroughly enjoying it. There were some hiccups with IT to start with, which meant that I wasn't on the study platform as soon as I should have been, but I managed to catch up and find my way around.

In Autumn, the course delivery was hybrid—a mix of online and in-person, but next month it will all be online to start with. This doesn't bother me now that I have met most of my fellow students and am comfortable with them, but I feel extremely sorry that they are missing out on the social life and university experience that I had at their age.

It feels such a treat to be learning again and I am trying to make the most of all the opportunities that come my way—in April we are holding the Surrey New Writers Festival online and I'm helping to promote it.

I will always appreciate my market research years; it was a career that took me around the world, gave me amazing experiences, taught me invaluable skills, and most importantly, introduced me to wonderful friends. However, I feel grateful for this freedom to do something that I love and to be creative and safely distracted at this extremely difficult and anxious time.

Here are a couple of poems, the first a toast to life before (taken from Viral Odes) and the second, written in the first week of my course, to 'New Beginnings'.

**When We Were More**

*Here's to the life we led before…*

when we could stroll into a store,
without a queue, and maskless too.

When trains were packed
and lifts were jammed
and people into theatres crammed.

When we could watch a TV host
and not think
'He's a bit too close.'

When we could plan a holiday
an awaycation,
not a stay.

When gathering family in a room
didn't mean
we had to Zoom.

When greeting meant
one kiss or two?
Or will a hug or handshake do?

Now all taboo.

*Here's to a life we led before –*
*when we were more.*

**New Beginnings**

Unlace the rope,
embrace the flow.

Gently ripple on silken tide,
beautiful bobbing,
dreamy detachment.

Shush the turbulent voices,
in this no-man's zone,
in this anyone's haven.

Breathe
and breathe again.
No need to choose a port.
Let it choose you.

*Where you gravitate to*
*is your destiny.*

Sharron can be contacted via email at rhymesnrosespoetry@gmail.com, on Instagram as @rhymes_n_roses or through her website https://rhymesnroses.com. *Viral Odes* is available in paperback and eBook, and is currently free with Kindle Unlimited on Amazon.

# WATCHING THE WORLD CHANGE

**Keith Bailey**

There's a lot changing in our world at the moment, but lockdown and working from home for the past several months has provided an opportunity to watch how little things change with the season and how construction projects come to fruition.

One of our favoured dog walks is Whitewater Meadows SANG outside Hook, Hampshire (https://www.tbhpartnership.org.uk/greenspace/whitewater-meadows/). Back in the spring and summer, the dogs delighted in the chance to paddle in the river there to cool off. Cue cute, if out of focus, dog photo (right).

A SANG, for the uninitiated, is a 'Suitable Alternative Natural Greenspace'. No wiser? Well essentially it's a piece of land that developers provide for the community when they want permission to build on existing greenspace. In return for getting the land to build a new housing estate, the developers provide an alternative

area of greenspace for leisure and walking. In this case, the land comprises water meadows which would be viewed as prone to flooding and not suitable for housing, while at the same time not really being viable agricultural land. The area is also criss-crossed by electricity pylons.

They have laid footpaths around the SANG, fenced it off with new gates, provided road signs and a car park, a few benches and a couple of bins. They have also built a couple of board walks over the boggiest sections—it remains to be seen how wet and muddy the rest of the paths get in winter.

During lockdown, the area proved very popular with people looking for somewhere for their daily exercise. Initially, people were very good at closing the gates in line with the Countryside Code—my wife took to wrapping her hand in a (clean) poo-bag to avoid having to touch the handles on the gates! Gradually however, some walkers started to leave the gates open (and a few have now had their catches removed) so now it's very rare to find one shut, but there's no livestock present so in the circumstances it's probably not a concern.

There's a field adjacent to the SANG where we have watched with interest as the farmer grew a crop of sweetcorn. I don't recall what was in the field initially, but we watched several massive tractors plough the land one week, and then they were running a harrow over it to break up the clods of earth ready for sowing. A couple of weeks later and green shoots were peeking through the soil. What would they turn into? They grew and grew…they were clearly plants with a broad stem rather than thin stalks of barley or wheat. They kept growing and then we could see the sweetcorn kernels developing. The dogs were very excited on one occasion and their barking flushed a small deer out from between the stems and off across the (safely fenced) field.

Then a few weeks on and all of a sudden, the crop was gone. We didn't get to see the corn being harvested unfortunately, but all that was left were dry, brown, foot-high stumps of the plants. I'd love to know if they ended up as animal fodder or for human consumption. For some reason I've always remembered my old geography teacher saying that in this country, we only grew maize (as we used to know it) as animal feed. Sweetcorn on the other hand, was something that came in cans imported from America by the Little Green Giant. That was half a century ago and he had probably studied another half-century before that…how times have changed!

I have regretted not documenting the changes with my camera (phone). On a recent visit, I took a couple of snaps on what was unfortunately a rather miserable grey evening. To the right, the corn field (and some of the pylons) looking down to the river.

Every few weeks, the council (I assume) has been cutting the grass paths and removing the worst of the litter left by local youths—it seems that the Meadows were a great spot for a barbecue and some beers. (Is that something else in our world that has changed? Has BBQ now become the accepted term?) The developers appear to have also committed (or been compelled) to provide some sports fields for the local kids. While the sweetcorn/maize was growing, we watched the workmen busily levelling off another area with some pretty high-tech kit that appeared to be using lasers and GPS to create level ground, with robotic machinery undertaking endless dance-like manoeuvres as they attempted to create a billiard table surface—the proverbial level playing field indeed!

Topsoil was brought in and also levelled, and grass seed was sown. Initially it looked like the weeds that had covered the area previously were going to win, but I guess weedkiller must have been applied as the grass flourished and they've now taken to mowing it to stop it getting too long. No goalposts or white lines yet, nor indeed any changing facilities…

Back at the beginning of lockdown, the hedgerows were covered with blossom from the myriad brambles and promised a good crop of blackberries, come the autumn. Unfortunately, this was not to be – spring turned out to be exceptionally dry (good for dog walking) and the berries just did not fill out. They ripened very early but were so small it was tedious trying to pick enough for a fruit crumble. This is where (unscented) poo-bags come into their own again – if you've not thought to take anything for blackberry-picking, they are perfect! But having struggled just once to collect enough for a small serving, we did not repeat the exercise. In any case, our apple tree has been a disappointment this year with very little fruit to accompany the blackberries.

While these local fruits were a disaster (and the remaining ones withered on the brambles), there is a

bountiful crop of acorns—and I've never seen them so huge. I don't know what to do with acorns although I am aware that if it tickled our fancy, we could make sloe gin from the equally abundant sloes. And talking of culinary matters, I always look out for any fish in the river—they're very elusive although the water is wonderfully clear, but with a gravelly bed against which any fish just blend in. I've seen a few tiddlers and a couple of halfway-decent six-inch specimens—trout maybe? Also I think, a crayfish appeared scuttling rapidly out of sight.

Over the months, the housing development that has given birth to the SANG and the playing fields has been completed with pantechnicons frequently blocking the road, but indicating someone else moving in. The pandemic caused a bit of a slowdown to the building works in the early days of lockdown, but the builders are now moving out. Their compound with its Portacabins, shipping containers, assorted paraphernalia and piles of building materials is being razed. What will take its place? Will they throw up a few more houses? Have they undertaken to provide a doctor's surgery? Or will this be the missing changing rooms? Or even a pub…? We wait to see…

I suspect a pub is unlikely as the Crooked Billet is not far away and has a footpath passing by, which leads into the SANG. When I started this article, I wrote that we had generally frequented the water meadows during the day and that I'd not managed to engineer a visit to the pub after our walk. That's not to say we didn't know the pub—there is another favoured walk along the banks of the Whitewater river on the other side of the road from the pub and we have been known to adjourn there on occasion following a walk. It has a nice garden with picnic tables alongside the river (and it does excellent pork scratchings which go down well with me and the dogs—crisps for the wife!). However, the other week we were there on a miserable, dark evening and I was quite taken aback when my suggestion of a quick pint was agreed to without any substantial or long -lived objections!

I guess it's odds on that we'll be walking around the SANG and enjoying seeing nature and agriculture (maybe also football?) in all their glory in 2021. I shall have to remember to take more photos, and in better light next time.

# SAILING AROUND CAPE HORN

**Adam Phillips**

On Sunday 5th February 2006 at 11:47am, as I sailed past Cape Horn with two friends in Sadko, a 42 foot Bermudan cutter, my friend Laurence thrust a plastic glass of champagne into my hand and said "Now you can wear a gold earring in your left ear and put your foot on the table". It's an old seafaring custom that when you have rounded the Horn you can wear a gold ring in your left ear. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope then gets you a ring in the right ear and both feet on the table.

That night we anchored and tied our boat into a sheltered bay on one of the islands behind Cape Horn. We dined on homemade tortilla and several glasses of Chilean Carménère. There was no room in the small cabin to put my feet anywhere but under the table. It had been a tiring couple of days, and we slept well.

Jane and I had owned several sailing boats. While our children were young, we had a few sailing holidays on the South Coast, but only my eldest son really enjoyed sailing and Jane enjoyed the walking and exploring ashore more than the actual getting there. Most of my sailing tended to be with friends. Over the years, I had explored both sides of the English Channel, the Inner and Outer Hebrides, including St Kilda, Orkney and the length of the East Coast of Britain. When I retired in 2002 from full time work, I thought that I could use the extra time to go on longer trips and further afield.

As an experiment, I joined a Swan 55 that was planning to do the ARC, an annual friendly race across the Atlantic from Gran Canaria to the Caribbean. There were about 200 other boats in the fleet and a complex system of classes and handicapping so that everyone had a reasonable chance of winning something. The sea was moderately rough for the first couple of days and most of the crew were seasick, but once we got further South, closer to the Cape Verde islands than the Canaries, we met the Trade Winds blowing steadily from the East. We turned West towards the Caribbean, the sun came out, the sea was a rich blue, the wind was warm and blowing quite hard (Force 5-7) and we scooted along, surfing down 2-3 metre high waves that were slowly overtaking us. The only downside of trade wind sailing is that a boat going downwind surfs, weaving and rolling slowly from side to side, 25 degrees each way. Everything that is not tied down or padded rattles, you must hold on at all times when standing and wedge yourself into your bunk when lying down. We did that for almost 10 days. It is regular movement and less uncomfortable than it sounds, once you get used to it!

As we got closer to St Lucia, the daytime temperature rose to around 34 Celsius and only dropped to about 28 at night. Night sailing was beautiful once the moon rose. With the waves overtaking the boat and rolling slowly ahead downwind, it looked like we were riding on the backs of great black glossy sea serpents. As you enter the Tropics, you start to get squalls where the wind rises to gale force and heavy warm rain hoses over you for about 20 minutes as the squall blows past. If that happens, you have to reduce sail rapidly, and concentrate if you are on the helm. When sailing downwind in strong wind, the rudder becomes less effective and you can easily gybe the boat and break things as the boom crashes across to the other side. Another random event at night is that flying fish, trying to escape Swordfish and Marlin, come skimming across the deck in the dark and hit the sails. In the dark, you don't see them coming and they hit you if you get in the way. One night we had half a dozen come aboard.

It took us just under two weeks to reach St Lucia. Arriving in Rodney Bay, St Lucia, was the first time we had sailed hard into the wind since leaving Gran Canaria. The boat was heeled 30 degrees to port, the wind speed over the deck was 30 knots, spray was flying, and it was fun for half an hour, but not nearly as pleasant as sailing downwind. There was about a week of partying while we waited for the slower boats to arrive, a final prize giving ceremony and then back to cold, wet Britain about three weeks before Christmas.

After that trip, I decided that I really would like to try more long distance sailing.

I was interested in getting off the beaten track. The Caribbean is a wonderful place to sail, but very crowded. I talked to various people about long distance sailing in less frequented areas. You need experienced crew for long passages; ideally two, one of whom is competent to sail the boat if the skipper is incapacitated. Good crew are hard to find and even harder if you want to enjoy sharing a very confined space together for 2-3 weeks. Jane can sail but does not enjoy long passages. I decided to start by crewing for boat owners who wanted to visit interesting places, or have someone else deliver their yacht to nice destinations.

This was a good decision and I learned a lot. I met some excellent sailors and many interesting people. In the years after my Atlantic crossing, I sailed:

- from Orkney round Iceland and back to Scotland via the Faroes and Shetlands with a North Sea diver and an ex-investment fund manager who owned a 32 ft Nicholson.
- from Nova Scotia to Qeqertarsuaq on Disko Island (the West Coast of Greenland, about 200 miles North of the Arctic Circle) and back to Newfoundland. There were just two of us for most of the voyage: myself and Noël Marshall, a retired diplomat who was on his second circumnavigation in Sadko, his 42ft aluminium cutter designed by Mike Pocock.
- around the northern end of the Black Sea from Sevastopol and Ochakiv to Varna in Bulgaria via Odessa and the Danube Delta, with a Greek skipper and two Oxford professors of Classics. This was an interesting trip because of the political situation in the various states we had planned to visit—we had to avoid Georgia because it was at war with Russia and the Ukraine was also very difficult, also about to be at war with Russia.

I also a made a lot of shorter, warmer trips along the West Coast of Italy and around Greece and its islands, plus occasional forays across the North Sea.

During the Greenland trip, Noël and I had talked about sailing to the Antarctic. We felt confident that we could deal with icebergs and cold. Sadko had been designed to deal with reasonable amounts of ice. In mid-July 2005, I received a note from Noël saying that he was planning to be in Patagonia over Christmas until about March when he would be leaving Sadko in Ushuaia and coming back to the UK. Would I like to come and explore the channels and islands at the bottom end of South America and get the boat ready for a trip down to the Antarctic Peninsula the next year?

I arrived in Punta Arenas, the largest port in the Magellan Strait on 6th January, my birthday, and we went out to celebrate with a meal of Centolla crab (a spider crab which is the local delicacy) and roast beaver. There was not much wind, which was fortunate since Punta Arenas has no harbour and only a single, very exposed jetty. Sadko was at anchor and the only way to get to her was by inflatable dinghy from the shingle beach. Two days earlier, the dinghy had capsized while landing, dumping Noël's family who had been sailing with him over Christmas, in the water.

We spent the next three weeks exploring the islands around the Magellan Strait and the Beagle Channel, with a brief foray into the Pacific Ocean. Southern Patagonia is where the bottom end of the Andes meets the sea. The scenery is wonderful. It consists of a cloud of islands penetrated by channels. The islands have snow-capped mountains with glaciers flowing into the sea. It was a bit like sailing through the Alps.

There was not much ice, but there were regular gales, even though it was summer. We used long distance radio and satellite phone to get weather forecasts. If we received warnings that a major blow was imminent – about once a week—we would find a sheltered bay and tie the boat into it with long floating ropes which could be secured to trees or rocks on the shore. The trees were stunted by the winds and cold. In exposed places, the trees were no more than a metre or so high and were hundreds of years old.

During this part of the trip, there were only two of us on board. At the end of January we were joined by a friend of Noël's, Laurence Giovene, who joined us simply to tick off Cape Horn on his bucket list.

Sailing at the Southern end of South America was heavily controlled at the time because Argentina and Chile were in a perpetual state of near war. We had arranged our travelling so that we spent the whole time in Chilean waters, which meant that in the Beagle Channel, we always had to be on its South side. It is quite narrow, and being in a sailing boat following the wind, we inadvertently crossed the unmarked line twice. The first time the Argentinian Coast Guard had shouted at us over the radio to get back. The second time a few days later, they threatened to arrest us and tow us back to Ushuaia where Sadko would be impounded until we had paid a large fine if we did it again.

Cape Horn is on an island at the southern tip of Chile. Getting permission to visit it required us to file a plan, very similar to an aircraft flight plan, covering the track we would take, our timing (5 days) and the location of any stops. Finally, we were told to sail anti-clockwise round the island and only on a day when the winds were expected to be fairly light. The Chilean Armada presumably wanted us to sail from West to East, running down the prevailing wind in order to ensure that small boats did not spend more than absolutely necessary in an area where there is still quite a lot of shipping. This now includes cruise liners taking tourists to see the Cape.

We set out from Puerto Williams. This is a very small town on the Beagle Channel only accessible by boat or small plane. It is about the size of a small English fishing village with no paved roads and a tiny harbour. It is the most southerly port in the world. We spent three days there waiting for a weather window. When we were finally allowed to leave, it took us two days to sail the 100 miles to Cape Horn. It was easy sailing and we only sailed during the day, anchoring at night. The wind changed on the second afternoon and we spent a very bumpy night tied to a buoy. The next morning the wind was still blowing Force 5 from the Northeast, something we had not expected. We had an early breakfast and set off downwind as the sun was rising, arriving at the lighthouse and tourist office about 11am. This is sited at the top of a cliff on a headland just East of Cape Horn. We had hoped to land there, climb the staircase up the cliff and visit the sculpture of an albatross, a memorial in remembrance of all the sailors who died while attempting to round the Horn. Unfortunately, there was too much swell for us to land in our dinghy, so we carried on round, sailing comfortably downwind past the Horn itself. Soon afterwards, we were called on the radio by the Coast Guard who told us that we were going the wrong way. We should have been sailing West to East and must turn round and go back. We pointed out that we were a sailing boat and that it would be impossible to sail the other way in a strong Easterly wind. We carried on and it took us three days to get back to Puerto Williams. We stayed for one day in a small bay behind the Cape, went for a walk ashore, took some photographs and visited a couple on the boat anchored next to us who had rounded the Horn the same day as us.

Once back in Puerto Williams, we reported our return to the Coast Guard who agreed not to fine us for going the wrong way. I had to leave almost immediately to get back to England because I had been away for six weeks and I was working part-time for the Financial Services Consumer Panel. I planned to return the next year and sail down to the Antarctic peninsula and Elephant Island with Noël, but unfortunately, I had accepted the job of Chairman of the Panel by then and could not take 7-8 weeks holiday. Noël sent me some nice photographs!

# SUE NOSWORTHY

*Sue Nosworthy, a long-standing member of the Research Network who served on the Steering Group with responsibility for Membership Development, died in August last year.*

**Ian Brace writes:**

I first met Sue when she joined BJM in the 1990s as a director, with the brief to create a significant international research business within a dedicated division. And she was very good at it. With her energy and drive, she didn't take long to build that business and a team to go with it.

My role was to look after the UK consumer business and we worked in tandem, becoming good colleagues and friends. An excellent researcher, she always knew exactly what she wanted and would argue for it strongly and passionately when necessary. This was equally true in the board room where she was prepared to stand up to the chairman and argue her point with him, which not all of us would always do.

But Sue was also always great fun. The first on the dance floor at any opportunity, and often the first to the beers too, happy to party into the night at any conference or event, generally outlasting me.

BJM evolved into NFO, then TNS and then Kantar. Sue had a spell in New York where she moved to manage the Gillette account and she had a great time for a couple of years. Typical Sue, the client was based in Boston, but she reckoned New York would be more fun. When Gillette was taken over by P&G and the account management moved to the P&G team, it was time to head back to London.

She was a good friend, always ready to help, to listen and give advice when it was wanted. Many times, she told me to stand my ground when my inclination was to give in for a quiet life. She urged me to have backbone, and she certainly had plenty of that herself.

When she became ill, that resilience served her well. She continued to do as much as she could. I would see her mostly at our book club dinners until she became too ill to manage those. But she would still get to the theatre thanks to her family, and well into her illness, she worked for the Archive of Market and Social Research, setting up and managing a team of scanners.

It was very sad to see her decline, but we will always think of Sue as a vibrant personality, always prepared to throw herself wholeheartedly into whatever she was doing—whether that was working or having a good time.

**Adam Phillips adds more on her work for AMSR…**

In 2016, despite her decreasing mobility, Sue agreed to take on the role of team leader to digitise the paper materials contributed to AMSR. She introduced us to Google Sheets, recruited more volunteers, organised training, set up a roster and got the whole thing rolling in the space of two months. Since that time, the team never stopped producing scanned documents at the rate of 1500–2500 per month until Covid-19 and lockdown closed the office. By then, the team had relocated to the Ipsos MORI office in Harrow because they needed more space for document sorting and a second scanner.

Eventually, Sue became too ill to organise the team herself and handed over to Pam Walker, but her spirit continued to inspire the team. They had regular Zoom meetings with Sue until a few days before she died.

Without Sue's organisational skills and inspiration, the Archive of Market and Social Research would not have become the successful and thriving place for people to find out what market research has learned in the past. All of us who were involved in setting it up will miss her intelligence, drive and good humour.

**And a final personal addition from Nigel Spackman…**

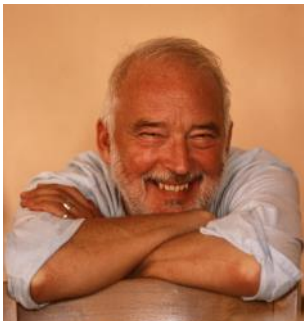
In 1992, John Goodyear, Chairman of the MBL Group which owned BJM, suggested recruiting Sue to help the Company's expansion into international research. She was an immediate success, bringing some big clients with her, running her projects with great efficiency and best of all, being profitable from year one. Her division of the company continued to expand, both in numbers and revenue, and this influenced NFO's interest in buying the MBL Group in 2000.

But Sue wasn't just a hard working profit machine; she was also great fun. To illustrate this, I can only quote from a speech I made on my retirement in 2008: "Sue was one of the best party animals I have ever met. She was so expert at this skill that she rarely needed a room at the MRS Conference, since she never went to bed! I'm not sure if being a world leading party animal is a key management skill or not, but I think I improved a little under her tutelage."

I last saw Sue at a memorial event I organised last December for John Goodyear and it was so sad to see how badly affected she was by her illness. But it was typical of her that despite this, she was determined to turn up and have as good a time as she could. She will be missed.

# MICHAEL WARREN

**Nigel Spackman writes**:



Michael Warren, who died in November aged 75, will have been known to many Network members as a former Director General of the MRS. But probably few know that he initially trained and worked as an actor, which may well be a unique combination of careers.

After growing up in Upminster, in 1965 Michael went to the Central School of Speech and Drama in Swiss Cottage. Those of you who heard him talk will have recognised the benefits he gained from this training, since he spoke beautifully and always stood as if on centre stage. Sadly, however, his acting ambitions came to naught and following a couple of years in Rep in Manchester, he decided to pursue another career.

An actor's life always involves many unpaid breaks and during his, Michael trained as a business and industrial interviewer for Research Services Ltd. So eventually having turned his back on acting, he moved to London to begin a career in research, and became a full-time employee of RSL, rising to be an Associate Director working on Social and Public Sector projects.

In 1980, he moved on to be Director of the Survey Unit at the Consumers' Association. Michael stayed at the CA until 1987 when he took on one of the most senior research roles in government, as Director of Research at the Central Office of Information. The COI had a well-deserved reputation for conducting the highest quality work into the effectiveness of government advertising, and Michael's role as Director was to ensure this continued, which he did for the following six years.

Then in 1993, he became Director General of the MRS. This was at a time when the Society was growing into a much higher profile organisation, having invested in its own premises. Michael was already an active member, having worked on the Professional Standards and Education Committees, served on the Management Committee of the IQCS and was a founder member of the SRA. The role of DG was certainly challenging, as the finances of the Society were not strong at the time, but with the support of the Chairman, David Smith, the situation gradually improved.

Michael left the MRS in 1997 and spent the rest of his working life as a consultant, mainly in social research, and as a visiting Professor at the University of Surrey.

I spoke to David Smith recently, who said that Michael was "the epitome of what I like most about people in the market research industry. He was a kind, decent, clever and artistic man who put integrity at the heart of everything he did. It was a pleasure to work alongside such a gentle, eloquent and talented colleague." I think hat says it all.

I first met Michael when he was at the Consumers' Association and he became a good friend. He had a wide range of interests, particularly in the arts, being a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts. He and his wife Lindsay made an annual pilgrimage to the Aldeburgh festival, where he would spend every day for a fortnight listening to concerts. He also flew model gliders and spent many a happy hour at airfields around the country. But most notably, he was just a really nice guy: interesting, knowledgeable and empathetic. And I am sure the Network will forgive this personal note; I met my partner, with whom I have spent the last fifteen years at Michael's 60th birthday—so I owe him my thanks.

Sadly, he was diagnosed with dementia four years ago, and spent his last years in a care home. He leaves his wife, Lindsay, and a daughter, Rebecca.

# 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), 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 Research Network Membership Directory. Please feel free to contact any member of the Steering Group on matters relevant to the areas they cover.

**The Membership Coordinator role is currently vacant: any member who would like to take this on is encouraged to contact Adam Phillips or another member of the Steering Group.**