50 Cunliffe Close

About 6 months before Nancy came to Oxford to work in Philip Randle's laboratory another American, Randal Hundley, came over. We became friends. He was a medical student at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. The first day I met him I remember his amused exasperation at the difficulty in finding a place to live in Oxford. Like all university towns, especially smallish ones like Oxford, there is a dearth of affordable digs. The ones he looked at were not quite what he expected or used to. Rat shit, cabbage, odd people and other phrases peppered his descriptions of the ones he went to see. I mention this because when Nancy came there was a British post-doc in the lab who had also just returned from a stint in the Physiology Department at Vanderbilt, which was where Nancy was working. Peter, god bless him, took charge of finding somewhere for Nancy to live. Having been an undergraduate and D. Phil. student at Oxford he was only too well aware of the the typical accommodations so eloquently described by Randal. The upshot of all this was that he found Nancy a luxurious flat in Cunliffe Close on the border of Summertown in North Oxford. By luxurious I mean central heating, built within the last 3 years, with 6 rooms and a balcony! By way of comparison I was living in a house in



A view from the balcony at Cunliffe Close

Iffley with three other people. One could call it small if you were drunk or generous. You could also call it cold, but that would be an understatement. Its architectural highpoint was that the bathroom, at the rear, was separating from the rest of the house. This left an ever widening crack, which I used to examine each morning whist brushing my teeth wearing my overcoat. To this day, Nancy maintains that the only reason I moved in with her was so that I could enjoy the central heating. A complete falsehood.