

Chris Anthony

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HOME

BACK to HOME

FAMILY

I have made this page for distant friends especially my friends in India
Summaries of our lives during 2005 - 2021 are given in our Christmas letters

Family pictures			
From my autobiography bits			
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Christmas letters	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	
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Christmas letter from the Chris, Liz, Clive & Hugh Anthony Christmas 2005

MAKING LIFE BETTER FOR YOU

Written by Chris for Chris. For those of you who warmly treasure these letters in your hearts(kidneys etc) you will recall that for the last few years this letter has started with comments about the dull grey November day that has reminded me to start writing. This year I am looking out at a bright frosty dawn with promises on the radio for a bitterly cold day and the coldest weather this winter since records began etc. I feel so English – starting with weather stuff.

To save you reading further, last year was similar to the previous year etc. For the squeamish amongst you, we should emphasise that this letter is not setting out a claim to have had a better year than you; it is not a claim of greater achievements; it is not a challenge to you to do better; it is not an exquisite example of *Belles lettres*. This letter does not intentionally describe persons living or dead [one has to be so careful in this increasingly litigious society – I blame John Grisham]. I will merely summarise a few key points for the curious [which some of you seem to be].

Hugh, who remains the youngest of us, still works at the Hospital library [*WORKING FOR YOU*]. His interests include music (mainly classical), reading, and formula 1 motor racing and talking to his computer. He continues his violin playing, now learning Beethoven's Spring sonata and yet more fiendish scales. He performs with two orchestras (usually one at a time) – Southampton Concert Orchestra and Southampton Youth Orchestra [*PLAYING FOR YOU*]. If *you* want to be part of Hugh's global network then go to him via msn via hughf1@hotmail.com.

PC 20914 (Clive) completed his training with the Hampshire Constabulary in February and is now established in Hythe, enjoying car races round the New Forest, manhunts through the undergrowth [*ARRESTING FOR YOU*]. The wheel-less car, decorating his front garden (a tradition where he lives) can still be seen from space at earth.google.com.

Liz continues to be up before dawn, cycling down to church, followed by swimming etc etc. She flutes in the church band and continues to be some sort of prayer leader [*PRAYING FOR YOU*] and a member of the church pastoral team. While we were looking the other way she seems to have set up a church Home group in our house one night a week. Highlights this year include a weekend contemplating the psalms in the Chilterns and attendance at the New Wine festival. [We gratefully note that her life also includes cooking, cleaning, gardening, sending the Christmas cards and discarding empty wine bottles].

I (Chris) still play cello in the City of Southampton Orchestra and continue as the publicity officer [website: www.csorchestra.org]. The University has evicted me from my nice office and moved me, along with 5 other 'retired' Emeritus Professors, to a shared office ["The Saga Suite / The Elysian Fields / The Extinct Volcanoes / the Elephants' Graveyard / The Creche"] where I continue to provide coffee for friends, write papers etc. My usual teaching trip to South India, soon after the tsunami, started with a couple of days at a beach hotel in Mahabalipuram [*SUNBATHING FOR YOU*]. When we arrived at 3 am the receptionist told me "we have had a spring clean special for you professor chris – so you have new furniture". The tsunami had

swept away their gardens and beach restaurants and washed right through the hotel. No one was badly hurt although there were a lot of casualties amongst the fishermen just down the beach. My most recent academic treat was a trip to Awaji Island in Japan to a conference and a visit to Niigata to lecture to Mitsubishi (who provide us with cars, vitamins and holidays). I find I have to travel further each year to get the respect that I deserve.

Our campervan continues to do its job giving us our annual holiday in France. This time Hugh joined us for the first part including La Loire, the Col du Larche near the France=Italy border, the Verdon gorge region, the mosquitoes of the Camargue, and Argeles sur Mer; he was then sorrowfully given up to Flybe at a village airport at Perpignan to get him back to work to pay for our pensions, while we dawdled back home by way of the Pyrenees and the Auvergne where I broke a tooth on a rabbit. So, another happy year for which to be grateful [THANKING YOU].

With Love from Hugh, Clive, Liz and Chris

WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TOP

Christmas 2006

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE SOUTHAMPTON ANTHONYS

Dear friends: this is written by Chris on behalf of Liz, Clive and Hugh.

Christmas 2006

I write now while watching the sun rise on a clear cold December morning. I have noticed that, being British, I always start with a comment about the weather that is prevailing while I write. Your collections of these letters have therefore become a valuable historical and meteorological resource; treasure them. We have already received some of your letters, so I write my unworthy contribution weighed down by your accounts of deeply spiritual, industrious and fruitful lives with grandchildren spreading all over planet as we now have to call it. As all great writers do, I start by considering my readers and thinking of those I had earmarked for personal visits this year but have subsequently ignored; this is a way of saying why have you ignored us this year? I have just heard that the goats given on various schemes by *us* to some of *you* last Christmas have now eaten the corn that *you* gave *us*; think again.

I have had trouble sitting here thinking of highlights of my year (lived in the glare of my family's highlights). As usual I started by visiting Tirupati in India to teach, etc (the etc is the best bit) in Sri Venkateswara University. The place I stay for a few days on the Tamil Nadu coast is recovering from the tsunami. There are many new fishing boats painted gaudily with "gift of people of Munich (etc)" written in German. I met a man on crutches on the beach who told me that he could not go back to being a fisherman as "me and my boat was been shipwrecked togetherly". He explained that he could now speak English because he was training to be a policeman; more police are needed because of the crime-attracting tourists who visit to see how their tsunami aid had been spent.

Here in Southampton I spend less time in the Saga Suite in the University although I still have some work not quite finished (and some friends still needing my coffee). A lot of time is spent on orchestra publicity [www.csorchestra.org] and playing cello, including playing piano trios once a fortnight (violin, cello & piano) with two ladies who play. The highlight of my musical year was taking part in Beethoven's great choral 9th Symphony.

Clive told me that one of the highlights of his year is that he is about to end his probationary period in the Police Service (for PR reasons it is no longer Police *Force*); he will then "get paid better and be a proper copper" (*sic* as they say - although Microsoft tried to stop me spelling that properly). He says that one thing he has learned in the last year is that all criminals are very stupid. I kindly didn't point out that he only manages to apprehend the stupid ones. After 6 years on the famous 'flower estate' in Southampton he has moved to a nice house in Hythe, a few minute walk from his station and convenient for his after-nightwork photographic phorays into the phorest. The house will also be convenient for Tiffany to move into with our first grandchild [to be born next June].

Hugh continues to work in the General Hospital library. A highlight of his year was his trip to Poland playing with the Youth Orchestra. He has had special dispensation to remain a member although older than usual. He made a little speech to the orchestra in which he explained that this would be his last year with them, noting that he was playing in the Youth Orchestras before some of them were born; the younger members will now have to find an alternative willing buyer of alcohol for them. He continues playing in his other orchestra - Southampton Concert Orchestra [who gave an enjoyable performance of the Planets yesterday]. We sometimes hear him practising violin, tearing up his music in frustration like a demented Beethoven. Hugh likes to think he leads a more independent life nowadays; this means he sits in his room with his fish and violin, playing computer games, together with very loud Shostakovich symphonies and becoming quite a star in his international on-line stock-car racing game

(NASCAR), the other drivers also providing a world-wide resource of chatting friends.

Liz continues in her work in Highfield Church, looking after prayer strategy, rescuing waifs and strays, visiting people who need stuff, leading a home group and playing flute in the band. All this involves lots of phoning, cycling etc [Phoning, cycling and praying for you, remember?]. Of course her really important and much appreciated activities are the Martha-esque ones (Luke 10:38-42) of looking after me and Hugh.

Our ageing campervan continues to provide us (Liz, Hugh, me) with great summer tours around France laden with mountain bikes and kayaks.

As you see, we have had a great year and are grateful for it.

With love from Chris, Liz, Hugh, Clive & Tiffany (but no chinchilla; gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds).

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Christmas 2007

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

From the Southampton Anthonys [Christmas 2007]

Dear friends and family: this is written by Chris on behalf of Liz, Clive and Hugh.

I am writing this on a gray wet windy morning, struggling to convert duty into art, but compromising into entertainment. The weather forecast promises a lifting of the depression and unusually high temperatures for the time of year, so off we go, cheerful and globally warmed. I just heard a phrase on the news "Scavenging for cauliflowers", perhaps a suitable title for what I must do to fill the glaring white empty space stretching below me on the computer screen.

I start with an apology to those who may be offended that you do not appear in our annual highlights. Unfortunately, space is limited so you should apply now for inclusion in next year's letter. Of course, applications must include an outline plan of the highlight to be provided, together with Risk Assessment, Health and Safety at Work and Equal Opportunities aspects appropriately delineated.

These letters are prepared in early December our account of the year starts with Christmas, celebrated at home with family augmented by a nice mix of Indian, Chinese and Korean student friends. It was especially nice to get to know our two sets of new neighbours with their lovely children.

My year started with my annual visit to India to teach in the Microbiology Department in Sri Venkateshwara University in Tirupati. I responded to their invitation, given at the end of last year's visit: Please celebrate the "Silver Jubilee of your Indian visits by bringing Madam for us all to enjoy". I certainly enjoyed sharing my love of the place with Madam. We arrived in Chennai airport at four in the morning, and were immediately met by a man with a placard for 'Professor Chris'. He whisked us passed the queues of tired befuddled ordinary unprivileged passengers to be met by my old wheeling-dealing-import-export friend John Prabakhar, whose minions adorned us with garlands and silk shawls before whisking us away in a flashy police car through the broad streets of Chennai to a hotel on a beach in Mahabalipuram, 50km away, comforted by music from the Billy Graham era [Blessed Assurance; Great is Thy Faithfulness]. All the way I was thinking what a wonderfully comfortable safe start to Liz's Indian experience, only to be told that it was the most horrifying drive of her life. Our first walk down the bazaar in Ghandi Road in Tirupati was a similarly contrary experience; my thrill of euphoric reunion with the noise and colour and variety and smells and crowds was balanced by Liz's shock and horror at the noise and colour and variety and smells and crowds. Of course within a couple of days hers became a similar joyful experience to mine. Particular highlights for her were chatting with the lady students in their hostel, joining me as the official photographer in the nearby village of Thumullagunta, and meeting Surya's family and my good friends Gopi, Madhu and Imran. After ten days we returned to Chennai to post Liz back home leaving me to 4 weeks of lectures.

After this encouraging experience Liz boldly joined a Highfield Church team on a two week working visit in September to Nkunga village near Meru in Kenya. The work included medical stuff, Christian teaching and setting up a huge tank to collect water from the school roof. The rain has now come, the tank is full and the half hour trek to the local Sacred Lake for water is no longer needed. It was a wonderful experience, frequently and happily shared with us [and with you if you stray within range]. At

home Liz continues with her hectic life, cycling back and forth to Highfield Church, visiting the sick [ughhh], mentoring, running a home group, helping with a holiday club, fluting, praying, working on the PCC and Diocesan Synod, and looking after me and Hugh. A final highlight was her Nice Niece weekend when all six Elliott nieces drove Hugh and myself out of the house for the weekend. After 40 years with an old NAAFI piano she now has a beautiful Yamaha U1 and fills the house with her Mozart and Beethoven.

In June the first phase started of the demolition of the Biological Sciences building in Boldrewood [opposite our house]. So far the only thing to happen is that we retired professors have evacuated our shared Saga Suite. So I downsized again, retaining a computer terminal and bookcase in the main building, and moving other stuff to home. I still do some stuff there, mainly near coffee times. Outside UK they do not know I have retired so I had enjoyable lecture trips to Switzerland and Germany. I continue doing publicity work for my orchestra and the most recent change in my life has been starting my own website, helped by pioneering Hugh'.

Hugh has had a good year, still working in the Hospital University library and playing violin in the *other* orchestra [Southampton Concert Orchestra]. The first part of his year was spent under the shadow of his expected heart refurbishment operation [all valves needed adjusting and a new pulmonary valve created]. After a very energetic camping holiday in the Italian Alps and kayaking in France he went for surgery in September as the fittest patient they had. It all went perfectly and 3 months later he is back at work and getting seriously fit. Of course that is the brief version of a very stressful period, during which we were all grateful for your support.

LONG LIVE THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE; THANK YOU NYE BEVAN.
Hugh's interest in Formula 1 racing continues [long live Lewis] and he is flooding the internet with useful information about it. Type his name + formula 1 in Google and his glowing orange website will soon hit you.
Clive still enjoys his work in the Police, stationed five minutes walk from his home in Hythe, guarding the New Forest, which provides his playground for energetic dirty biking and photography with his D-SLR. He has quickly overtaken me as the family photographic expert. Searching for more photography subjects he and Tiffany have at last faced up to their responsibility and have passed on my selfish genes to our lovely granddaughter [Kennedy Ellis Anthony; born 28th June].

[TOP](#)

Christmas 2008

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

From the Southampton Anthonys [Christmas 2008]

Dear friends and family: this is written by Chris on behalf of Liz, Clive and Hugh.
Risking allegations of autoplagiarism I start by noting that this is being written on a grey wet windy November morning. We have just received our first Christmas card [from Karen and Roy], provoking seasonal panic. The past year is not so different from last year but with fewer dramas. My happy endorphins have just been raised by hearing Maria Callas appropriately singing the mad scene from Lucia di Lammermuir; so off I go.

Christmas was celebrated as usual with various oriental waifs and strays, providing a vegetarian challenge to the generously tolerant turkey [Hugh says that is no way to speak of his mum]. Sadly for us Rams and Alan and Lydia have now returned to Chennai. Almost immediately after this wonderful Christmas I was off to Tirupati in India for 5 weeks teaching molecular biology in Sri Venkateshwara University. After all the inevitable stress of preparation and strain of abandoning my home and family it was so heart-warming to be met at 2.0 am in the exciting heated dusty noise of Chennai airport by my friend Gopi to be driven off to a couple of days recovery on the beach at Mahabalipuram. This joyful experience was sadly balanced five weeks later when I was delivered back to the airport at 2.0 am by my friend Madhu. The previous visit had been very special as Liz came with me. This year arriving in Tirupati I was greeted by Guest House staff, and University staff and students with the disappointed question "But where is madam sir?" I will be repeating the experience next year in January/February, this time accompanied by the small booklet of snapshots of the birds of Tirupati that I have been compiling this year from 5 years of pictures [see also website, below].

Madam has had a good year doing her thing in Highfield Church, playing flute in Laura's band, organising her home group, mentoring, praying [for you], working on the PCC and Diocesan Synod, and looking after me and Hugh and our friends. As if keeping fit by cycling or walking everywhere is not enough, she swims 30 lengths of the University pool every week. Our camper van continues to serve us well and Liz shared it with a neighbour and friend at the New Wine Conference this year in Somerset. Another highlight of her year was a „retreat“ in Holy Island off the coast of Northumberland. A stained glass window in the little church there commemorates her Great Grandmother on her mother's side of the family and has provoked internet searches into family trees and led our greying web-wise woman to the satisfaction of knowing that her family once owned much of the Island. The

retreat was „silent“ but subsequently made up for by enthusiastic recounting of the wonders of the place. Liz’s 18 year old Peugeot finally died [the traditional disaster of a broken timing belt wrapping itself round the big end - whatever]. By a wonderful piece of logic this led to its replacement by a newer Mondeo for me [OK, I know, Me as Mondeo Man], leaving Liz to enjoy driving our 18 year old Rover which remains too healthy to put down yet.

Although the School of Biological Sciences will not vacate the Boldrewood site until summer 2010, they are saving money by moving out of as many rooms as possible, so I was finally evicted. I left 3 metres of book shelves in the office of a generous friend but had to

“decant” the rest of my academic life into the small space I have been allocated in Oaklands Way. Much had to be finally discarded including 35 years of academic diaries; a final flick through them reminded me of what a lot I have to be grateful for – especially for all the great colleagues, science collaborators and competitors, and thousands of students. The Boldrewood bureaucrats have not noticed that their process of “Decanting” [their term] obviously implies that the best is decanted – leaving the unwanted dregs behind. I still attend research talks and coffee in the staff room whence I can survey the demolition of the best lecture theatres in the University. A lowlight of the year was the need to take part in a celebration at the University of Warwick of the life of my best friend in Science who died in January [Sir Howard Dalton]. I was later contacted by a member of the audience – “for 30 minutes I listened to your lecture wondering if you are the boy from my class in Watford Boys” Grammar School”. I was, and so I was captured to publish my lecture in his review journal. I suffered a minor operation [hernia] in April [boy, how I suffered] but was assured by Hugh that it was nothing compared to his major heart surgery of last year; of course I explained that I am more sensitive than him. I have continued producing publicity materials for the City of Southampton Orchestra and playing wonderful music with them, a highlight being a performance of Dvorak’s Cello Concerto with an outstanding young cellist Pei-Sian Ng; our most recent concert contained a brilliant bit of programming [I chair the program committee] – Britten’s Sinfonia da Requiem, VW’s the Lark Ascending and Elgar’s 1st Symphony.

Hugh has had a good year, completely recovered from his huge heart operation, maintaining his fitness by walking 3km to work at the hospital library, often accompanied by Liz. While I was safely away in India Hugh fulfilled a small dream and rescued a cat from the

Blue Cross. After a vetting process more thorough than that for adopting a baby, our house and family was grudgingly conceded to be suitable for Peggy, although doubts were expressed about the absent parent. To protect my birds she is only allowed in the back garden where Hugh has trained her using a toy with feathers on a string to leap up and grab hedge sparrows from their nests. She has [as they do] taken over MY house but I have to concede she is usually a positive addition to the family. Hugh continues playing violin in the

Southampton Concert Orchestra, a highlight being an outdoor performance of the 1812 overture with fireworks and genuine cannons from Waterloo, manned by gunners in original uniforms. He is going through a stressful time as he faces possible redundancy, inevitable

with the easy electronic access to academic literature. He is remaining cheerful and relishing the prospect of changing his job through the University redeployment scheme. A highlight of the year was his visit with a friendly insider to McLaren’s headquarters in Woking. AND the final formula 1 race of the year that, in the last seconds of the last lap, sealed the World Championship for our hero Lewis Hamilton. AND Barack Obama was elected in the same week, allowing us to love and admire the USA again.

Clive’s busy life continues in the Police, stationed near his home in Hythe on the edge of the New Forest. Our grand daughter Kenny grows most enjoyably [as they do] with Tiffany’s children Carrington and Bailey. On their recent birthdays they were introduced to Lego which Clive found so stimulating that he went out and bought himself a bulldozer kit. He also raided our loft to find some of his old stuff [You see, it is worth keeping stuff in the loft].

Our summer highlight was, as usual, campervanning down through France, starting with Liz, Me and Hugh and losing Hugh half way through as he returned by air from Perpignan back home to earn our pensions. We set off in June during a long period of rain which meant that our Dordogne river kayaking was impossible, the river and its rapids being metres higher than usual. We found alternative idyllic sunny lakes further south, and eventually forgot our wet English summer in the Pyrenees and on the Mediterranean coast. After decanting Hugh [leaving the dregs?], Liz and I drifted gently back up through the Languedoc and the Auvergues, eating, drinking and walking, to home.

Liz’s brother’s daughter Clare chose the wettest day in Wales this century to marry Andy in a mountain barn, the reception being held in a flooded tent in Pembrokeshire. Spirits were not dampened of course and we had a wonderful time which we followed by visiting an old cellist friend near Aberystwyth on our way home.

As you see, it has been a very special year for us all. Thanks to you all for your friendship and support, with love from Liz, Chris, Hugh, Clive, Tiffany, Carrington, Bailey, Kennedy and Peggy the cat.

TOP

Christmas 2009

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

From the Southampton Anthonys [Christmas 2009]

Dear friends and family: this is written by Chris on behalf of Liz, Clive and Hugh.

Waking up to a wet wild windy November morning reminded me that it is time to write this seasonal letter. If you discard this contribution to Joyful Noel before reading further can I urge you not to burn it; you know you don't want to be the butterfly who precipitates calamitous global warming. Last Christmas day was celebrated in a perky sort of panic as we woke to a local power cut. Liz of course coped well with the help of guests who carried our nervous turkey to various ovens around Southampton to get him cooked in time. Our eight guests included very special neighbours, ex-neighbours and displaced orientals [also very special].

As usual, I was soon off to Tirupati in India for 5 weeks teaching with Prof. Sai Gopal in Sri Venkateshwara University. British Airways at last acknowledged my importance and upgraded me to business class. As previously, my visit started in Mahabalipuram on the coast (with my friend Gopi). It is always a very heartwarming experience to meet up with old friends and students in Tirupati, and I was soon at home in the chaotic Ghandi Road and the peaceful Sindhuri Park hotel eating cashew nuts with everything [to please my friend Moin]. Every year the town expands and sadly [for me] it is gradually fusing with the small rural villages, paving over my beautiful countryside. I am now scanning in my 25 years of photographic slides to produce a small picture history of this process. I missed my friend Madhu who has moved for two years to Dubai as a water engineer for a 2km long building in the desert; fortunately, in April, my friend Leigh was able to give me a free flight to Dubai where I spent a few days with Madhu in a traditional Arab hotel. We didn't go to the more flashy part but spent most of our time in the old town.

Liz's year reads almost the same as last year: doing her thing in Highfield Church, playing flute in Laura's band, organising her home group, mentoring, praying [for you], working on the PCC and Diocesan Synod, and looking after me and Hugh and our friends. As if keeping fit by cycling or walking everywhere is not enough, she swims 30 lengths of the University pool every Thursday. Our camper van [Kontiki] continues to serve us well and Liz shared it with a friend at the New Wine Conference in Somerset. Last year while I was away she and Hugh imported Peggy. This year while my back was turned [in India] she arranged the replacement of my scruffy wild hedges and derelict fences [my bird sanctuary] to be replaced, leaving room for runner beans and a patch of wild flowers.

Clive's busy life continues in the Police, stationed near his home in Hythe on the edge of the New Forest. Phone conversations with Clive usually have a happy family background of changing nappies, feeding and controlling Kenny, Carrington and Bailey. His energy is so impressive; after a picnic in the new forest with them all I needed two days to recover. They are all doing well and Kenny has just started "School".

Hugh's year started very well. At the end of 2008 he was told that he and 3 library colleagues were being made redundant. Fortunately the University has a policy of re-location. This worked well although the wisdom of the policy was not matched by the competence of the Human Resources department which was rarely humane and remarkably unresourceful. After a lot of very impressive work [by Hugh and his excellent Union representative] he is now very happy - on a higher grade, full time, double salary, doing a much wider range of interesting work, with excellent colleagues in the wonderful National Oceanography Centre. A musical highlight of Hugh's year was a recent performance of the 2nd Symphony of Sibelius, with the Southampton Concert Orchestra.

My musical highlights include playing [in private] piano trios of Schubert, Shostakovich and Smetana, string quartets of Beethoven and Shostakovich, and performing Nielsen's 4th Symphony and the 1st Symphony of Walton in the City of Southampton Orchestra. Hugh and I shared in a special experience last week in a performance of the Organ Symphony by Saint Saens; the first time that we have performed together [in the Charity Symphony Orchestra]. Needless to say this was also a musical highlight of Liz's year (she says).

I was reminded that this year is special when I received a formal invitation from my niece to attend a celebration of my twin brother's 70th birthday, asking me to share any memories that I might have. Fortunately I am still able to remember him and we had a great time, brilliantly organised by Pauline and helpers, in Leavesden road Baptist Church Hall where I had spent my teenage years in the Boys Brigade and church youth club. I was embarrassed, and Hugh greatly amused, by an elderly lady who had to remind me that she had been my first girlfriend.

As well as that celebration I used this special year as an excuse for further self gratification. Liz took me to stay for a week in an AgriTurismo converted farmhouse in the Tuscan countryside overlooking San Gimignano. I asked our host Stefano, while drinking his wonderful wine, if he had seen the film Tea with Mussolini [set in that town]. "Yes of course, many of the cast stayed here - Franco Zefferelli [the director] parked his campervan over there". This led to the idea that we would return there in the late summer with Hugh and our campervan; if it is good enough for Zefferelli it is good enough for us. So we three set out with bikes and kayaks in the Kontiki at the end of August through France to Italy. After a wonderful journey drifting through the Dordogne, the Auvergne and the Cevennes, we arrived at one of our favourites sites beneath the pines on the edge of a lake at the end of the Verdon Gorge. Early September is well past the French camping season so we shared a 450 place camping site with

12 others including an especially nice young couple from Belgium [Bep and Michel], Michel being a greengrocer from whom Liz learned all about her favourite Jonagold apples. The weather forecast for Italy was very bad so we cancelled our original plan and stayed longer under the hot pines. We eventually dropped Hugh off at Nice airport. We have childishly re-named Nice as Nasty as it has almost no helpful road signs, and is full of traffic jams, as was the motorway and every road around. It was sad to fling Hugh out onto the road by the airport [no parking for high vehicles] but a relief to leave this less attractive area of France, setting off North, over the Col de la Bonnette [2,800m] to Larche - a favourite site at [1800m] in the mountains. We then meandered back home by way of Les Hautes Alpes, Drome and the Ardeches. A new feature this year was our two nights in France Passion sites [not what you may think]. These are places to camp our van free for a night, on farms or other rural places. Both were excellent. One was in the car park of a fromagerie where we had a dinner of 3 courses – all of cheese. We have now completed our own rough guide to our campsites of France [email me for a copy or download it from our website], based on about 20 years of travelling in our old Merlin and new [18yrs old] Kontiki.

As you see, it has been another very special year for us all. Thanks to you all for your friendship and support. With love from Liz, Chris, Hugh, Clive, Tiffany, Carrington, Bailey, Kennedy and Peggy the cat.

[TOP](#)

Christmas 2010

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

From the Southampton Anthonys written by Chris on behalf of Liz, Clive, Hugh and Peggy the cat.

Dear friends and family: Do not read this letter out of a sense of duty; feel free to screw it up, discarding it, muttering it's the same as last y Correct, and you could use the saved time to save the world or put out the bins. We have had a wonderful year and been spared living in inte times, so highlights suitable for bragging or eliciting sympathy were relatively few. [Is anyone else irritated by people on TV only empathising I prefer sympathy if you have any to spare.]

As usual I went off in January for five weeks to Tirupati in South India to teach in SV University and to meet my old friends there. The cr friendly streets of Tirupati really feel like a second home. The dining room in the University guest house was being refurbished so breakfast a were brought in by bike from restaurants in unattractive little polythene bags tied with string from which I squirted my luke-warm curries onl wiped clean on the cyclist's shirt tails. While there I met Dr Chowdappa who had been a student with the present Head of Department [SaiGc first visit in 1982; he asked advice about a good place for his son Vinay to study in the UK. Vinay earned my admiration by driving my friend me to Mahabalipuram on the way home, proving him to be the only safe driver in India. Predictably he is now in Southampton as an MSc stu welcome addition to our family. As he seemed to be living in hall on a diet of cornflakes and pizza my interest in cooking Indian food has bee Wednesday night is curry night, please come.

1st August was our 40th (Ruby) wedding anniversary. Liz suggested that our 40 years together were so enjoyable because we are somet complementary; I agreed – she cooks, I eat; she does the garden, I sit in it etc. ad. inf. To celebrate, I was planning exotic holidays in Istant but heard Liz muttering quietly that she would prefer to go camping in Scotland. We had a wonderful time there, in September, driving our K camper van a total of 1600 miles in rain and gales and a little sun, protected from the famous Scots midges by Avon's Skin-so-Soft. We visite Sheffield (John & Barbara Guest) and Northumberland (Nigel Chandler) on the way, followed by a few days in the Cairngorms, eventually rea North West coast near Ullapool, Enard Bay and Clachtoll where we sat in the van, rocking in a force 9 gale with gusts of hail, watching flocks dive-bombing the mackerel. On the way home we stopped off to play string and flute quartets with friends (Colin, Alison & Sophie Mather) in cradle of civilisation).

In spite of unusually bad weather we enjoyed our annual adventure in France in June, after an inauspicious start. Setting off to catch the a threatening red dashboard light suggested the alternator was broken which would soon give us a dead starter battery, preventing anyone t disembarking from the car ferry [etc etc etc]. With doubled heart rates, dry mouths, adrenaline dripping out of our ears we drove to our mec [Jonathan Willis] who, after loaning us a box of spare parts and a huge charger, found a loose wire going to the alternator. Out went the red we went with 3 pairs of eyes challenging it to come on again during the drive to Portsmouth. No Problem. This year we kept to the West, goir Pyrennees by way of our friends in the Dordogne, arriving in Argeles on the Mediterranean before releasing Hugh to fly home to earn our per drifted back by way of the Corbieres, the Camargue, Causse Mejean and the Auvergne, stopping at a France Passion site at a bison farm on t Noir; our target auberge was not open but they sold us delicious tinned bison stew, best eaten with spicy Corbiere red wine in a camper at 7 howling gale.

Liz has continued doing her thing in Highfield Church, playing flute in Laura's band, organising her Home group, mentoring, praying [for working on the PCC and Deanery Synod, looking after me and Hugh and our friends, and providing a drop-in centre in the camper van at the Conference in Somerset. As she does not have enough to do she joined the Communicare group in the church doing what it says on the tin. ! by walking, cycling or swimming everywhere. While I was in India she went with Hugh on a pilgrimage around her 4 brothers, braving blizzar way.

Together we recently met up with my godson Matt Smith in Birmingham to celebrate his Civil Partnership with Martin, a wonderfully gay a

another special shared highlight was Mary's Cowbridge Music Festival in which she played [cello] beautifully, alternating with an excellent trui and a rather manic tenor from Welsh National Opera [the Go Compare singer].

Hugh's new job as library assistant in the National Oceanography Centre is as successful as he had hoped, with the bonus of watching g coming and going, including the new Queen Elizabeth. His violin playing is getting faster, higher and a pleasure to hear, especially as an alter sounds of his X-box military activities. We enjoyed sharing the Formula 1 Grand Prix season, exciting to the end. We have now met 2 more o internet friends, one a Belgian Grand Prix enthusiast and student of sports journalism, and a lady acquired by grooming on a cat forum webs indulges in a sort of martial arts roller skating in fishnet tights. She visited us to hear Hugh play in a concert and was great fun and a biophei The concert was by the Charity Symphony Orchestra in which Hugh and I both play; six hours rehearsal in St Mary's Church at about 7 degre by a concert the same evening which included Mahler's Songs of a wayfarer and Holst's Planets. Hugh's Southampton Concert Orchestra cont improve, giving challenging concerts including Brahm's 2nd Symphony.

Highlights in my musical year included a glorious performance [with City of Southampton Orchestra] in the Guildhall of Dvorak's Cello Co played by a great young cellist Pei-Sian Ng, and the recent concert in Thornden Hall which attracted a full house by including Rachmaninov's concerto and Prokoviev's Romeo and Juliet Suite [with Alan Sugar's theme tune]. We also played a short piece by our composer/conductor Jo which included many half hidden quotes and adaptations of other composers, including Shostakovich's 5th Symphony and Richard Strauss's / Symphony. This explained why it felt familiar in parts as I had played that in a one day orchestra performance in Oxford a few weeks earlier. Rachmaninov concert was special in that it attracted a friend to come here from Japan for his honeymoon; it was good to be able to make so to repay the hospitality I enjoyed with Daisuke a few years ago in Nagasaki.

Clive's busy life continues in the Police, stationed near his home in Hythe on the edge of the New Forest with Tiffany and our 3 grand chil Carrington (9), Bailey (8) and Kenny (3) who were all great company during New Forest picnics and a memorable day of biscuit cooking. Cliv up kick boxing with success and broken toes in competitions in which he usually comes 2nd. When I asked about what he enjoys about his jc said not working nights and occasional job satisfaction like breaking into old ladies flats to rescue them from hypothermia.

Our neighbouring Boldrewood Biological and Medical Sciences building, my home for about 35 years, was finally vacated for demolition, by demolishing a Boldrewood cake. A consolation was a gift of a couple of good microscopes [Wild and Zeiss] enabling me to become a real t again, hunting for protozoa from our pond etc.

I shall end by listing bits and pieces that got left out: We were injected against flu, the house was injected with insulator to keep it warm some beans, the neighbour's cat took to eating Peggy's evening dinner, we got a new boiler, the chimney was swept for first time in 20 years wood shed with the help of Carl, we all fell over in the snow, Darren (a previous research student) came to visit from New Zealand, we had d 1st December.

As you see, it has been another very special year for us all. Thanks to you all for your friendship and support. With love from Liz, Chris, I Tiffany, Carrington, Bailey, Kennedy and Peggy the cat.

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Christmas 2011

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys written by Chris on behalf of Liz, Clive, Hugh and Peggy the cat (Christmas 2011)

Dear Family and Friends: Don't Panic, no need to read all this: in summary we are all well and happy and had a good year.

As usual I went off in January for five weeks to Tirupati in South India to teach in SV University and to meet my old friends there. The driver of my old friend John Prabakhar somehow helped me to by-pass immigration and then I was met by my good friend Moin, who came with me, by way of Mahabalipuram on the beach, to Tirupati. I visit India to work (honestly); this year I did 32 lectures and wrote a 'historical' review of a part of my subject that has required 50 years for its recent solution. Of course what is memorable are the relatively simple life in my guest house cell, the morning walks photographing birds, my visits to friends I have seen grow from babies to teenagers in 'my' local village, visits to the crazy overcrowded, aggressively friendly student hostels, the autorickshaw rides and the crowded, dusty, noisy, colourful, happy streets of the town, filled to overflowing with celebrating nervous families of pilgrims come from all over India to visit Sri Venkateshwara in Tirumula in the hills 15 km away.

In July we celebrated Hugh's 30th birthday in a series of parties; one of these was shared with his friend Paul Hand, who he met during the same week 30 years ago. Although Paul is more than 6ft tall and Hugh somewhat shorter they convinced the restaurant owner that they were twins. Hugh celebrated personally by flying for a holiday to Seattle, visiting ex-neighbours, Mike and Kay Gordon (see his excellent photos on his Facebook page). Highlights included a visit to the Boeing factory and a tour of the University of Washington and Seattle restaurants with my friend Mila Chistaserdova. He was particularly pleased with his mastery of the Seattle transport system, as much of his time there was self-propelled, away from his busy hosts).

Hugh continues with the Charity Symphony Orchestra and Southampton Concert Orchestra, with a most memorable performance of Mahler's 1st Symphony. My orchestra (City of Southampton Orchestra) has just started our new season with a performance of the 70 minute 5th Symphony of Mahler which was wonderfully challenging, the necessary intense practising giving

me tendonitis, which I am courageously overcoming to write this.

On the day of the royal wedding our neighbours (Cheryl, Lee, Elisha & Jac) organised a street barbecue to which all royalists, republicans and mere students were invited; so we met neighbours we rarely see.

Liz continues (as I say every year) with her constant faithful work in Highfield Church, including running a home group in our home etc etc. Highfield Church (the building) has been refurbished (Out pews; In chairs) and now the Church (people) is aiming to refurbish itself (Good luck or do I mean God Bless). She celebrated my departure for India to tour the happy families of her four brothers, and recently became a great aunt to Owen George Elliott Triggs. All this in addition to making a happy home for Peggy the cat, Hugh and myself (in that order). Of course, we continue our policy of Division of Labour in our household; Hugh earns our pensions, I spend them, Liz does the good works (supported of course by Faith).

Liz and I followed up on last year's epic Scotland trip with a week in September visiting the South West Mull of Galloway, the Lake District (Keswick) where the typical rain had led to a rise of Derwent water into the campsite itself. On the way we had a memorable reunion (after 48 years) with David and Ruth Ingleby. While a research student at Reading University I drove on my splendid 350cc single cylinder BSA motorbike with David to Portugal to visit his mother. This was my second reunion of the year; the first was when I met up with Derek Bailey who had driven me in 1958 on his 150cc Lambretta scooter 4000 miles around Europe in 28 days.

Clive continues in the police on the mean streets of Hythe. His children Carrington (10) Bailey (9), and Kenny (4) who grow, as they do, fast and fascinating and a great pleasure to be with. Kenny started school. Clive's latest project has been the erection of a vast shed across the width of his garden for his keepfitstrong stuff and kick boxing, liberating the house for family activities.

Boldrewood (our adjacent Medical and Biological Sciences Building) was demolished during the year with all the expected violent noise and dust (and that is just the complaining neighbours). To try to be positive about such a horrible disruptive experience we made a record of the process; rushing with camera to the bedroom window every time the tremors exceeded some critical point on the Richter scale. This was then put into a film on my website.

Our Kontiki campervan continues its faithful service taking us on our annual trip to France. This year we took the Eastern route by way of the Alpine border with Italy, and our favourite lake near Verdon Gorge, to Avignon. We lost a bit off the side of the van when we met a large aggressive campervan on a very steep hill in a very narrow tunnel (guess its nationality; Ja). The wonderful RAC helped us out when we had a puncture in Dignes, putting on our old spare to help us to limp to our lakeside campsite where they arranged for both rear tyres to be replaced by a competent chain-smoking French mechanic who was then thrown out of the campsite for aggressive misogynist language to our female campsite owner. We dispatched Hugh back to Southampton from Avignon by way of Flybe. We returned slowly for another 2 weeks through the centre of France.

In October our friend Vinay finished his MSc course (Pass with Distinction) and returned to India; as a result my Indian cooking has now lapsed.

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Christmas 2012

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Peggy the cat

Dear Family and Friends: November, grey skies, drizzle; must be time to initiate Christmas. Last Christmas continued the tradition of broken oven, helpful neighbour's oven, Indian and Chinese guests; wonderful.

As usual I went off in January for five weeks to Tirupati in South India to teach in Prof Sai Gopal's Virology/Microbiology Department in University and to meet my old friends there. This year I was welcomed by my friend Moin in Chennai, and then in Tirupati by a banner across the entrance of the lecture hall where I gave about 36 lectures. Of course what is memorable is the relatively simple life in my guest house cell, the morning walks photographing birds, my visits to friends in 'my' local village of Thumulagunta where I have seen some grow from babies to teenagers and others from ten years old to young men preparing for marriage; I have been their only photographer until cell phones with cameras have become common. These peaceful aspects are balanced by visits to the crazy overcrowded, aggressively friendly student hostels, the thrilling autorickshaw rides and the crowded, dusty, noisy, colourful, happy streets of the town, filled to overflowing with celebrating nervous families of pilgrims come to visit Sri Venkateshwara in Tirumula in the hills 15 km away. Observant readers will see that this section has been lifted complete from an earlier letter, illustrating that, I am happy to say, nothing changes.

When I asked Liz how she would like to celebrate her 70th birthday she said she would like to take Hugh to San Gimignano in Tuscany stay in the farmhouse we had enjoyed so much previously. They kindly invited me to come as chauffeur. I cannot think of any highlights as

everything was highlit; altogether wonderful.

Hugh continues working in the library of Southampton National Oceanographic Centre, and playing with Southampton Concert Orchestra with a most memorable performance of Dvorak's 9th Symphony, as part of the Titanic Memorial concert. We played together recently in the Charity Symphony Orchestra (Hugh's first Beethoven Symphony, the Pastoral). My orchestra (City of Southampton Orchestra) has just started our new season under our inspiring conductor, John Traill, with an evening of American music including Gershwin's piano concerto and the challenging 3rd Symphony of Aaron Copland. This includes the more familiar *Fanfare for the Common Man*. Remarkably, I later heard this played on US election night accompanying Mitt Romney on to a campaign platform as he was being described as a very unusual, very gifted and extremely rich man. The Americans were never hot on irony. Great feeling of relief the next morning when we heard that a small majority of Americans (excluding Billy Graham) are sane enough to vote for Obama.

Liz continues (as I say every year) with her constant faithful work in Highfield Church, including running a home group in our home. She is involved in extensive discussions aimed at getting an appropriate vicar to replace the essentially irreplaceable Graham Archer, who has learned all that we can teach him and has gone off to be Spiritual Director at the Church Pastoral Aid Society in Warwickshire. She works with Communicare, taking elderly gents and ladies to social clubs, and maintains herself by cycling, swimming, cooking and caring for us. To get help with this letter I asked her what she had done this year; "sorry I am too busy to *do things*".

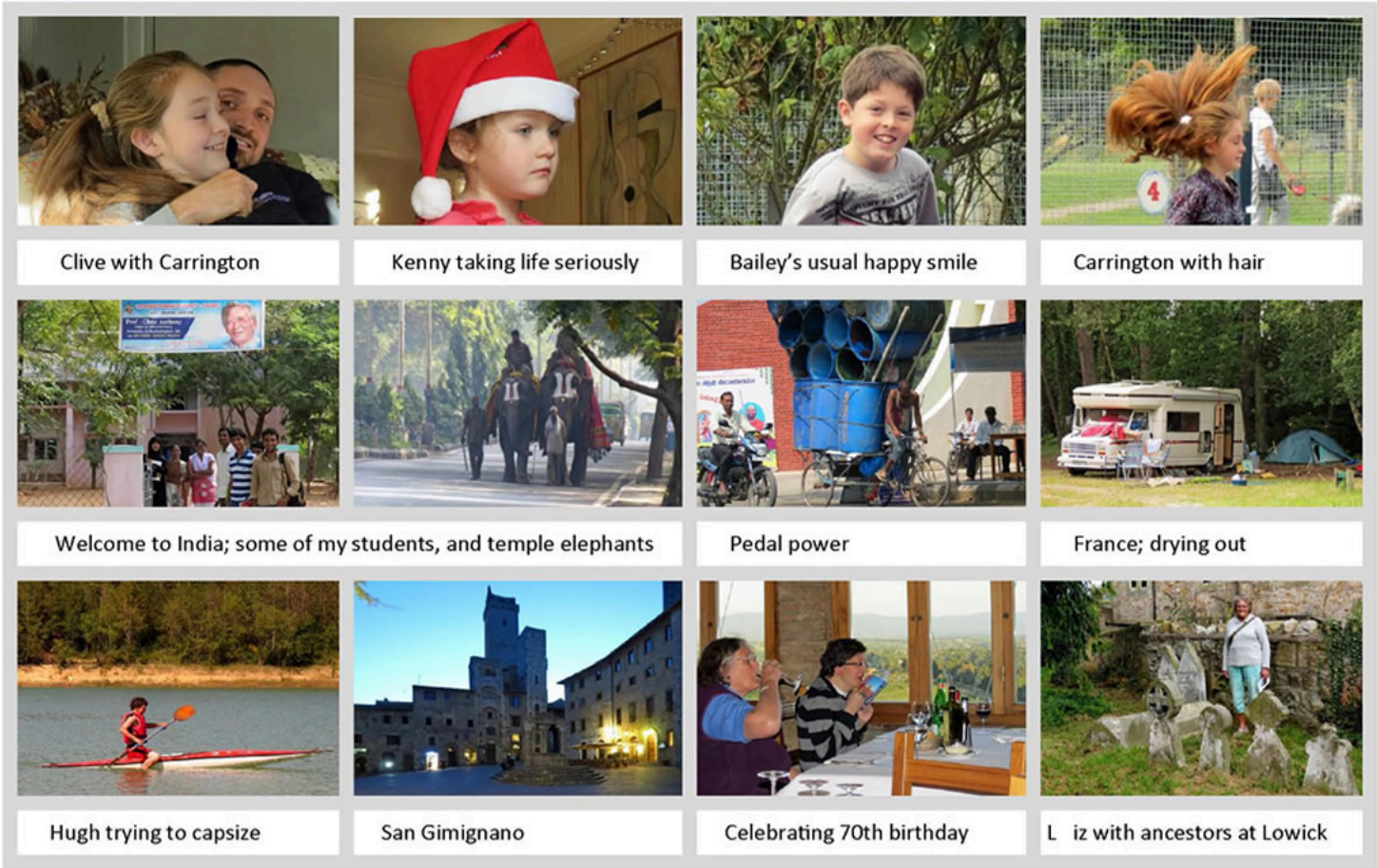
Fortunately our Kontiki camper van is struggling on. We celebrated its 22 birthday and 17 years of loyal service by going off to France in June on the wettest day of the year. On the first morning the bolts holding part of the hot water system in place finally rusted through, flooding the van. We emptied it by jacking up the van and draining out all water. We were distracted while mopping up by a happy family of black redstarts and spotted flycatchers, and interrupted by the small green and brass steam train puffing around the campsite. The rest of the trip went well, with stops for Kayaking, eating, drinking, walking, swimming, then up in the Pyrenees and down to the Mediterranean coast. After putting Hugh on a flight at Perpignan, to get home and earn our pensions, Liz and I drifted back through the Corbieres and Auvergne to home.

Soon after this Kontiki provided a home for Liz and Barbara at the New Wine event, 'camping' with 10,000 wet Christians in the mud and floods of Yeovil. Prayers for a let up in the rain were met with a huge clap of thunder, heavier rain and tents washed away. Hugh and I enjoy a week camping in our nice home.

Liz and I spent a nostalgic afternoon in Reading University celebrating, as past graduates, 60 years of Microbiology, and the naming of a building for the first Professor of Microbiology in the UK, the memorable B.C.J.G. Knight. It is always a bit shocking to meet friends from 50 years ago, all of us slightly surprised that we had all had happy careers. Another re-union was organised by the Southampton University class of 1969 (Physiology and Biochemistry) where I met up again with previous students and research students. They were my first students and engraved on my memory; they say the same about my lectures but it seems they only remember the jokes.

In September Liz and I went up North in Kontiki to friend Nigel on the Scottish border. On the way we visited Lowick church in Northumberland to pay respect to Liz's ancestors buried there, including 4 small children (out of the 17 siblings of her maternal grandfather). Then down through the Pennines in mist and rain, arriving a week later in South Wales for the Cowbridge Music Festival to hear niece Mary play cello in string sextets by Brahms and Tchaikovsky. Well worth driving 1000 miles for; one of the year's musical highlights.

Clive, Tiffany and family continue to thrive, Carrington, Bailey and Kenny being so energetic and great fun. Clive mocks my Christmas letter so I will refrain from saying what wonderful imaginative intelligent beautiful grandchildren we have. PC Anthony continues to plod the streets to keep us safe in our beds at night.



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Christmas 2013

WISHING YOU ALL a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY 2014

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat

November; so it is time for showing-off, lamenting or rejoicing. Whatever it is, I am told I have to do it. I start with an important change to our lives. Sad farewell to dearly loved Peggy (RIP) and Happy welcome to young Kizzy. She started life on the streets of London, leaving her with a slightly suspicious nature, using attack mode when feeling threatened. She is a dark tortoiseshell and is camouflaged against almost all back-grounds in the house (to avoid misunderstanding I should tell you that Peggy and Kizzy are cats).

My January India visit was as wonderful as usual; five weeks in the sun with old friends, new friends, students/teaching, bird photography and my local village friends competing for time, all in the context of noisy hot colourful spicy friendly Tirupati. The tigers reported to be on campus were merely leopards. A highlight of this year was the visits of young friends from Thumulagunta village who came and danced to the music of Kid Ory's Jazzmen.

Because of a late CSO concert we set out for France in the campervan later than usual; some of our favourite sites were therefore full so we now have some new favourites. A memorable event was a miracle/happy coincidence (according to taste); the gas fridge in the van had stopped working and the van further celebrated its 23th year by forgetting how to use 4th gear. No problem as the next day we made new

friends (Andrew and Di Webb) in a new favourite camp site (lac Naussac) where Andrew helped fix the gear lever system with WD 40 and Halfords 3 in 1 oil, then returned next morning to give the fridge its first service for more than 18 years.

Highlights with the City of Southampton Orchestra were Beethoven 9th (Choral) Symphony, Stravinsky Rite of Spring, Sibelius 7th Symphony, Walton Belshazzar's Feast and Shostakovich 8th Symphony. Hugh's highlights with the Southampton Concert Orchestra include Tchaikovsky Pathetic 6th Symphony, and two concerts in June, one outdoors with fireworks and the other with the successfully negotiated challenge of Dvorak 7th Symphony.

Other highlights of Hugh's year included a memorable stag night (not his) in Sheffield, some pub quiz victories, a meet up of international friends, first made on a Formula One forum, including Australian Scott Russell (for a day at Donington Park race track), a weekend under the snow in London, visiting Ali, a sporting biochemist first met on a cat forum and the recent memorable party sharing a wonderful celebration of Phil Hand's 60th birthday (sorry again Phil that I could not make it).

Clive and Tiffany continue to be healthy and fit (as in diet, gym, running etc); their family in Hythe (Carrington, Bailey and Kennedy) continues well and happy and achieving great things, which I refrain from bragging about; Hugh and Liz enjoyed hearing all about them on a family trip in August to the Brainiac Live Show in London.

We are still suffering from our University neighbour, building on the Boldrewood site. Two buildings are nearly finished but a new one has started. It is a ship-towing tank that stretches from the top of the road to the bottom, located as close to the boundary fence as is legally permissible. It is a very noisy business, but mitigated by the two beautiful slender cranes waving at us over the fence. It should be finished in September next year, with a field on its roof surface; the residents of Oaklands way are planning to develop this as allotments, golf course, wild life park etc. The surface of our unmade road had achieved 40% pothole bomb craters so in an inspirational upsurge all the residents clubbed together to buy 13 tons of Mendip stones to fill them in. On a glorious sunny Saturday morning we joined the cast of Shawshank Redemption to batter the road into submission.

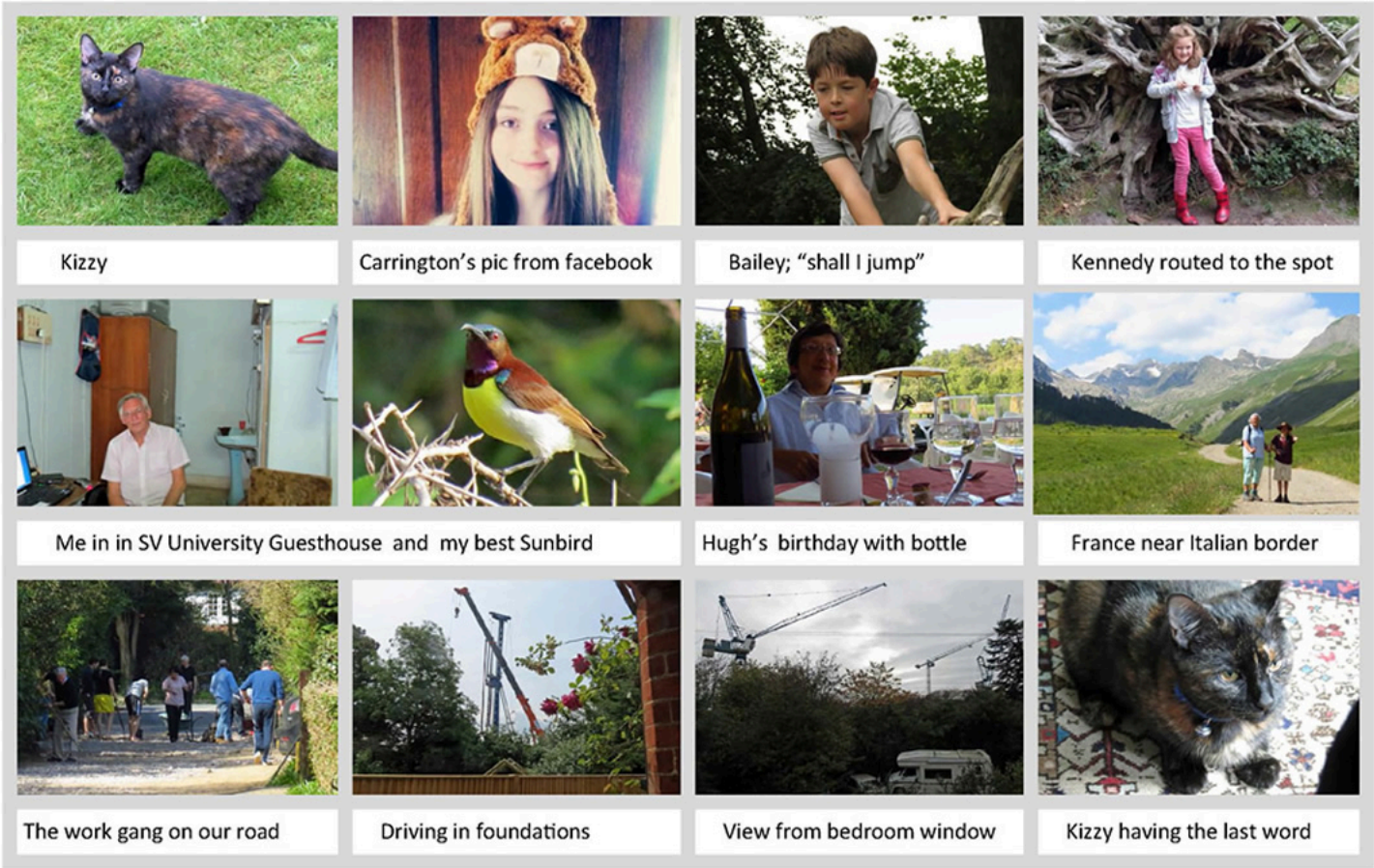
Last year lost our vicar at Highfield Church (Reverend Archer) (Hugh wanted me to amend this as he thinks it indicates carelessness), and acquired a new one (Reverend Archer), reflecting the higher levels of the C of E in getting our very own new pope, The Most Reverend Justin Welby who started Well-by attending the New Wine jamboree and immediately asking for the Least Reverend Elizabeth Anthony, who missed for the first time in years, to go drinking old wine in La Belle France with les beaux Chris and Hugh. Liz continues to work in Highfield Church on the PCC, running a home group (running me out of my home occasionally), doing a lot of prayer-related stuff and working with Communicare, taking elderly gents and ladies to social clubs; she remains tethered to the earth by cycling, swimming, cooking and caring for us.

Liz got very excited at becoming a great aunt for the second time when Samson was born to Claire and Andy Triggs; I hope they knew what they were doing when they named him. On my side of the family we enjoyed celebrating my little brother Richard's 70th birthday and the wedding of Paddy and Louise (Richard's daughter).

A very special event was the Cowbridge Music Festival organised by Mary and Andrew (Elliott). Liz and Hugh went and heard a wonderful performance of Mendelssohn's Octet for strings, while I languished at home with stupid labyrinthitis which had caused me to fall and to slightly damage my beautiful 200 year-old Forster cello. All ended well when the fingerboard was glued back on and it had its first spring clean for about 50 years; it now glows happily golden (as do we all).

So a good year with much to be grateful for; which we are.

Final rant: Communication with Anthonys: We find it frustrating to receive Christmas letters with no way of responding so here is an example for you all.



15, Oaklands Way, SO167PA; 02380766484. C.anthony@Soton.ac.uk; lizanthony@soton@hotmail.co.uk; hra@soton.ac.uk; ac.anthony@virgin.net. We are all on Facebook but Hugh is the o page worth visiting.
This letter is available to download on my website for better pictures and website links. <http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk> . France pictures: <http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk/camp2018.html>
India pictures: <http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk/WEBPAGES/INDIA/indiapics.html>

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Christmas 2014

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat (Dec. 2014)

Dear Family and Friends: By the nature of these things the year starts with Last Christmas: Surya (a friend first made in Tirupati nearly 20 years ago) and his wife Saru joined us with Wayne, a Chinese student friend who was soon to leave UK for HK, but only after he had succeeded in solving my computer problem that had baffled the University for weeks.

Too soon after Christmas I was planning to abandon my family: I was paid a grant (yet again) to visit Tirupati in India "to encourage microbiology teaching and research in a less developed country". After more than 20 years of such visits it must be concluded that I have been failing. But if at first you don't succeed then go and have a wonderful time again and again and again. I was met as usual by my dear friend Moin at the airport who escorted me to our hotel then on to Tirupati. The much improved road was no faster as the driver had had a

heart attack a few days earlier and did not want stress. Teaching was spasmodic because of demonstrations against the proposed splitting of the State of Andhra Pradesh. A small threatening mob tried to close down my guest house but were told to go away because there is a famous Nobel Prize-winning scientist (me) in residence. They confirmed this by noisily coming upstairs to find him on the roof throwing biscuits to the monkeys. Photographing the birds continues to be an enjoyable challenge, and Barath and other young friends in 'my' village of Mallepalle (the 'Scheduled caste' part of the village of Thumulagunta) often cycled to the guest house to provide entertainment.

We set off with bikes and kayaks at the end of May for our usual tour de France in our 25-year old Kontiki camper van. After one day the gear changing became very difficult because "*le synchromesh est mort*". So we bravely drove, double de-clutching over the Pyrenees, having a great holiday in the mountains and on the Mediterranean coast. Hugh flew home from Perpignan while we set off for a relaxed drive home. But 700 miles from home a horrible noise from the engine was diagnosed as a smashed drive bearing. We crept home at 50 mph free-wheeling as much as possible; ten very stressful days, mixed with all good things French. Safely home, we repaired the van with old spare parts and sold it to a one-eyed Asian Welsh conman. Very sad to wave goodbye to our 20 year friendship with loyal brave Kontiki, which had taken us 60,000 miles in 20 years.

When I asked Liz about her year she said "just the same as last year"; so here it is, copied from last year's letter.: "Liz continues to work in Highfield Church, running a home group (running me out of my home occasionally), doing a lot of prayer-related stuff and working with Communicare, taking elderly gents and ladies to social clubs; she remains tethered to the earth by cycling, swimming, cooking and caring for us".

Three days after collecting our replacement camper van she boldly drove off to New Wine camp, sharing our new home with Barbara Leppard. Our first family camp was in West Pembrokeshire to celebrate the wedding of our niece Sophie to Adam in Manorbier Castle, celebrated before and after in the bars and on the beaches. This followed an earlier celebration of the marriage of another niece, Mary, to Johannes; this had to be held in the parents' garden as there was insufficient space in the lighthouse where the wedding was held.

Hugh continues working in the National Oceanography Centre Library. A memorable event in Hugh's calendar included joining Liz on her annual *Brothers Tour* during my India absence; a highlight was their stay in The Shippen, the holiday cottage owned by Liz's brother Hugh and his wife Mary (see website below for hiring). He managed a few extra days holiday to join us in September for a camping trip up to Northumberland to visit Nigel and Holy Island where the church has a window depicting his great great grandmother. He flew home from Edinburgh airport while we meandered South down the misty Pennines. This was enough experience for us to become bonded with our new van, the old Kontiki becoming a happy memory rather than a recent tragedy.

Hugh's musical year playing violin with the Southampton Concert Orchestra has included memorable performances of Rachmaninov's 2 Symphony and Shostakovich's rarely played final 15th Symphony. He is at present devising quiz questions for his orchestra's Christmas party. My highlights, with City of Southampton Orchestra have included Shostakovich 8th symphony, Walton's Belshazzar's Feast and Stravinsky's Petrushka.

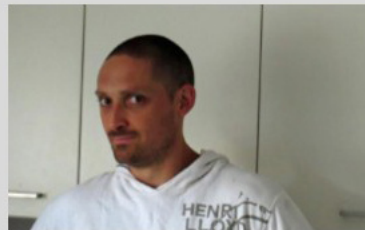
Clive, Tiffany and family continue to Thrive in Hythe (What?). He has recently changed his job description, now working in the Custody Investigation Team in Southampton Central Police Station, alternating between good and bad cop. This enables him to plan more convenient his time at home where he has laid a new floor and started an Open University Degree in Natural Sciences. Memorable times shared with the grandchildren include kayaking at Calshot, and kite flying and bird photography at Pennington marshes where Liz and I were camping. Carrington has become a teenager, Bailey (12) started secondary School and Kenny (7) swam 400 metres (certified). Like everyone else's grandchildren in Christmas letters, all three are exceptionally beautiful, intelligent, witty, imaginative and utterly exhausting after half an hour.

Other achievements: I cleared out the garage (with the help of Matt); the long saga of the noisy fall of Boldrewood, and Rise of the new University buildings in our front garden, is reaching its welcome end. During the summer Liz achieved a swim in the Dordogne, Lac Rille, Lac Thieux, Mediterranean, English Channel, North Sea, Bristol Channel and Southampton Water. I read all others' (very welcome) Christmas letters without sneering, cheering or jeering; please pay me the same compliment. Kizzy now manages at least one mouse per day, usually presented alive, to be warmed up and thrown back into the wild for tomorrow's action (it keeps her off the birds).

So, we are all grateful for a safe and enjoyable year, and for all our family and friends who may have read this far (not meant to be exclusive – we are grateful for everyone and everything).



Carrington's pic from Facebook



Clive is doubting my story



Kenny and Bailey



Kennedy testing new camper



Farewell to our 25 year old Kontiki (60,000 miles in 20 years)



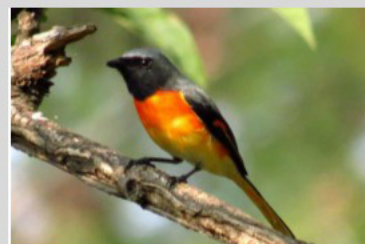
New camper at New Wine



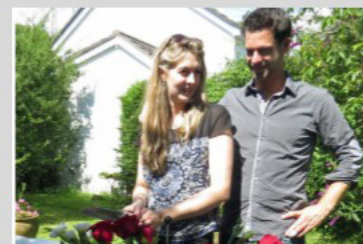
Grandchildren with Clive



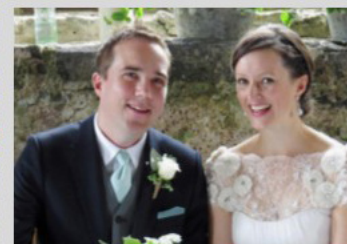
My friends in Tirupati



Best Indian bird—Little Minivet



Mary with Johannes



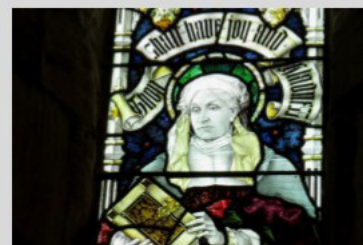
Adam and Sophie



Kenny with uncle Hugh



Bailey with kite



Hugh's great great grandmother



The Shippen, Shropshire

15, Oaklands Way, SO167PA; 02380766484. C.anthony@Soton.ac.uk; lizanthony@hotmail.co.uk; hra@soton.ac.uk; ac.anthony@virgin.net. We are all on Facebook but Hugh is the only page worth visiting. This letter is available to download on my website for better pictures and website links. <http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk>. India pictures: <http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk>

anthony.co.uk/WEBPAGES/INDIA/indiapics.html .
Mary and Hugh's cottage, The Shippen: <http://www.theshippencantlop.co.uk>
[TOP](#)

2015

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2015 CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat.

I am writing this on a wet windy misty murky afternoon in November (as usual), while listening to Beethoven's great opera Fidelio (someone turned it off to watch Andy Murray play tennis) Life!

Christmas was our usual happy confusion with our friends Surya and his wife Saru munching nuts and veggies, leaving us to eat wonderful to some Chinese student friends (Michael and Isaac). Then off for five weeks to India for the last of 30 years of wonderful visits. Every year becomes more chaotic, packed with motorbikes and cars, and sadly expanding out over the farmlands and attacking the villages. It was to be greeted by my friend Moin who I first met as a young student and who is now a very successful researcher in Hyderabad, improving rice world. I earn my 'holiday' by giving a couple of lectures every day for four weeks to slightly bewildered but enthusiastic microbiology and bio students. My village friends (Bharath Kumar etc) are now energetic teenagers, visiting the guest house to entertain me or dragging me off to take family photos. As always my days started with long walks taking bird photos; this was rewarded this year by a one page spread in the Express "A multifaceted birdwatcher" where I am credited with "discovering 130 bird species".

Clive continues working in the Police while working for a Natural Sciences degree with the Open University, now based in Southampton. Tiffany continues working in a local school with children with disabilities. Our grandchildren are, of course, grand, enjoying skiing, swimming, guiding and stomping through New Forest bogs. A particularly memorable (exhausting) day was spent at Kimmeridge with Kenny, energetically finding, rockpooling, pasta cooking in the campervan and chatting about her new project of learning the flute. Hugh continues as library assistant at the National Oceanography Centre Library, I am busy being retired and Liz looks after Hugh and me and many many others in the church.

Hugh continues playing violin in the Southampton Concert Orchestra while I remain in the City of Southampton Orchestra. I have just played my favourite concert of the year- including the great Sibelius violin concerto and 'The chairman dances' from John Adams' opera Nixon in China - more special as it was Liz's first outing on her bionic knee. A special event for Hugh was joining old friends (total of 250 performers) in a performance of the last movement of Beethoven's 9th Symphony, celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the Southampton Youth Orchestras. We also shared a great experience, spending the day with the Oxford Rehearsal Orchestra learning, then performing, Shostakovich's 7th symphony (The Leningrad).

I had a science/sentimental journey this year writing the Biographical Memoir of Rod Quayle for the Royal Society which they have now accepted. This was a privilege for me as he was my hero, the 'godfather' of my subject, and later the Vice Chancellor of Bath University. The completion of the project was happily marked by a celebration dinner with Rod's widow Yvonne and daughter Susan who had enthusiastically supported me in the project.

In June we set off on our first France trip in the new van. We soon overcame the sadness of losing our 25 year-old Kontiki, with its useless steering, lost synchromesh and absent drive shaft bearing, enjoying its replacement with its wonderfully easy driving and super comfort. The van was only room for one real kayak on the roof (Hugh's) so I had to make do with an inflatable kayak; I missed my big white-water kayak but it was good for drifting about on the lakes which was all I was inclined to do in the absence of Clive as backup on more aggressive water. We got meandered towards the southern alps, arriving in the only wet part of France at Larche, 2000m up the mountain near the Italian border, late in the day. Hugh off in Avignon to fly home to Southampton. Liz and I continued, drifting slowly North by way of some of our favourite sites which all memories of last year's stressful drive home in the dying Kontiki. We made some enthusiastic new camping friends who helped encourage Liz to have her damaged knees 'done'.

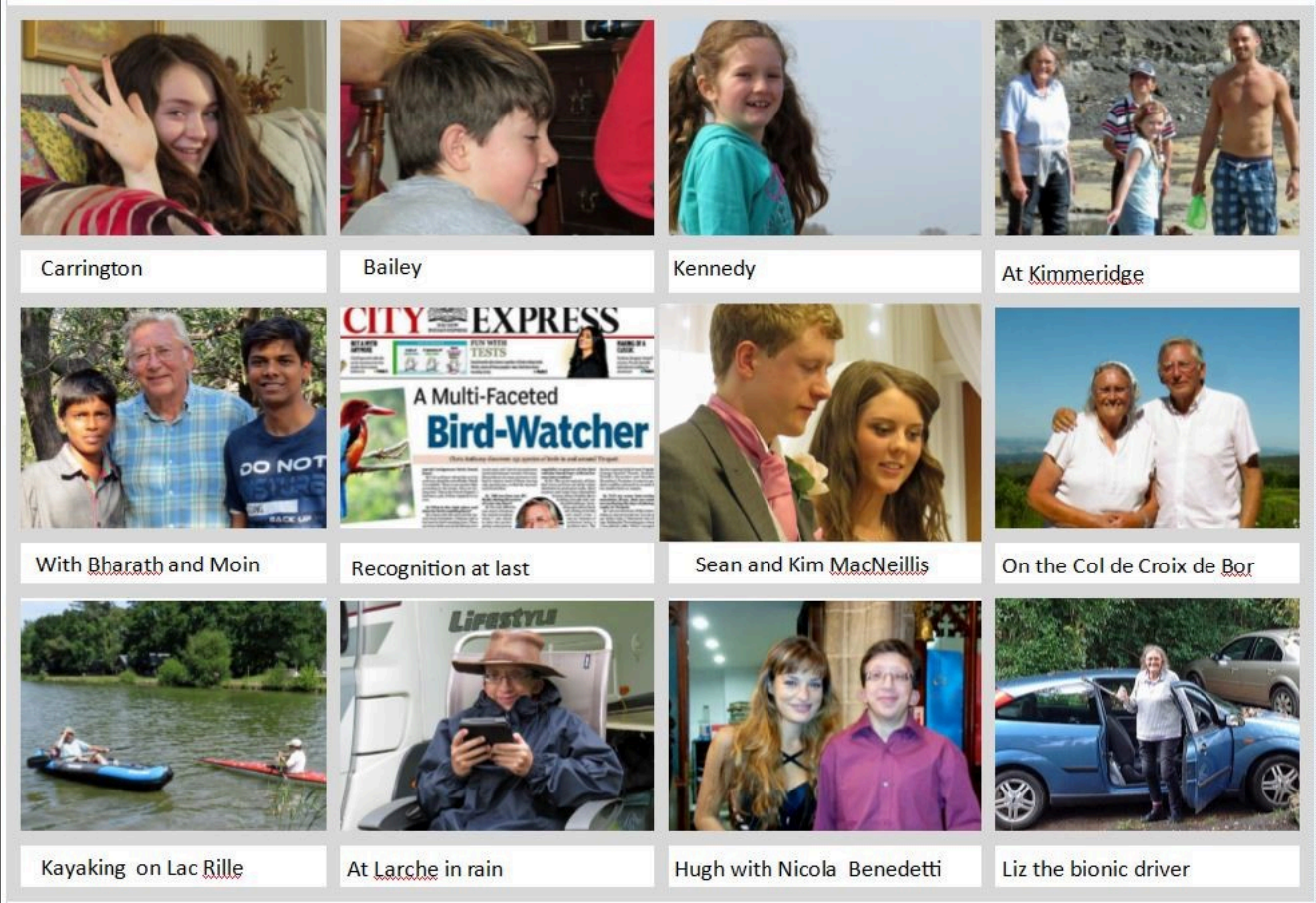
Soon after we returned home Liz repeated her annual camping trip to New Wine with Barbara which prevented her from travelling with Hugh to attend the wedding of my niece Kim to Sean McNeillis; I particularly enjoyed the joy on the faces of the new Mr and Mrs McNeillis, matched to the faces of Kim's parents Richard and Pat.

In September we celebrated (a bit late) our 45th wedding anniversary, by camping near our honeymoon site that we had occupied in Au with a tiny tent, a rubber boat, a flute and a cello in a wild wood near Arthog on the Mawddach estuary opposite Barmouth in North Wales. Clive and I had a memorable visit to the home of our great friends Sharon and Hywel, with its huge beautiful gardens all cared for by Sharon. This made me slightly guilty about our own garden-neglect, leading to us to accept a contract to sort them out from our friend Stuart, who had regularly hired people to do small gardens needed attention. After removing aggressive climbers and creepers and uprooting the holly and the ivy we now have a 30% increase in room to plant things (plants probably).

Liz now has a metal replacement knee, having to wait only a couple of weeks between decision and September incision. After 8 weeks she did for the first time AND cooked dinner, marking the beginning of the end of my 2 months education, - doing washing, washing up, cleaning, cleaning, cooking, shopping, cooking, washing, dishwashing, cooking, shopping, cleaning, emptying, and serving with a smile. Liz has been v

and dutifully doing exercises and smiling bravely when required (special thanks to all who have kindly supported her – and me and Hugh – d adventure). The second knee is due for replacement in January. As soon as it was safe to do so Hugh and I abandoned her to fend for herself went to his cousins at Trerhyngyll near Cardiff to attend a concert by the Patron of the Cowbridge music festival which was founded, and is of cousin Mary. The Patron is the great violinist Nicola Benedetti who performed Schubert and Brahms Trios (with her *Benedetti Elschenbroich G Trio*) before her photoshoot with devoted disciple Hugh.

SO a happy eventful year; Thanks to family and friends for their support in this project (life), and to God be the glory.



Pictures:

These are links to more pictures on my website (or go to my home page chris-anthony.co.uk and following links.
India: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/WEBPAGES/INDIA/PICSgeneral/INDIA2015WEBpics/india2015pics.html>
France: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/france2015.html>; Wales: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/campwales2015.html>
Rod Quayle Memoir: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/quaylememoir.html>
15 Oaklands way, Southampton SO167PA. hra@soton.ac.uk; ca1@soton.ac.uk; Lizanthonyson@hotmail.co.uk
02380 766484.

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2016

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2016 CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat.

We had just set out for a short walk but were driven back indoors when we discovered that winter has arrived; we crept back into the warm cowardly excuse that I must write this Christmas letter.

Christmas was our usual happy confusion with our special friends Surya and Saru, and Ram and Deepa munching nuts and veggies, leaving us to eat wonderful turkey with a Chinese student (Kim) and a friend from Liz's Church homegroup (John Imeson).

For the first time for about 30 years I did not visit India in January to teach in Sri Venkateswara University and meet up with all my special friends there. I missed this very much but thanks to FaceBook I can keep in touch, watching my village friends growing up and student friends scatter across the world. I had already decided that 2015 would be my last visit, and this year it was not possible anyway as Liz had her second knee replacement in January. Her first operation (previous September) was at last beginning to feel a success as she staggered bravely through Christmas preparations. Facing the second operation required a lot of courage (all that shopping, cleaning, cooking, washing etc) and Liz also needed some courage. A great success. She is now back to her routine of Churchy things, home group, ferrying decaying elderlies about the town and, most important, back to work with cooking and looking after us.

Clive continues working in the Police, now based in Southampton, while Tiffany works in a local school with children with disabilities. Our grandchildren (Carrington 15, Bailey 14, Kenny 9) are, of course, grand: Carrington went on a school trip to South Africa! Bailey has taken up country running and is a Master of Diabolo, while Kenny hurls herself enthusiastically into stomping through New Forest bogs, building shelter and learning to cook. Clive uses his spare time (an inappropriate concept really) working for a Natural Sciences degree with the Open University, now studying molecular biology and biochemistry, so giving me a bit of teaching to make up for losing my usual January lectures in India. Their back garden is a complex rabbit runs, a large wooden gym (built by Clive) and now a pond, duckhouses, four ducks and two geese. These all add their squawking and quacking to overheard outbursts of television laughter. Clive is even more welcome when he drops in now with freshly-laid duck eggs.

Hugh remains happily working as library assistant in the National Oceanographic Centre in Southampton docks, using his lunch times to study for exams in music theory, regularly showing up my ignorance. He had planned to visit friends in Australia at Easter time but was thwarted by some problem (all sorted by a very unpleasant period serving at Her Majesty's Pleasure in Southampton General); he is now counting down the days until Easter for his postponed visit to Brisbane and Sidney. His Southampton Concert Orchestra has performed some excellent concerts during the year, the remarkable highlight being Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite*. As well as playing violin with them he has taken on the task of running the orchestra's group.

I remain in the City of Southampton Orchestra (Cello), recently playing in my favourite concert of the year- including challenging exhibition by Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* and Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*, the light-weight filler being the *2nd Piano Concerto* of Shostakovich.

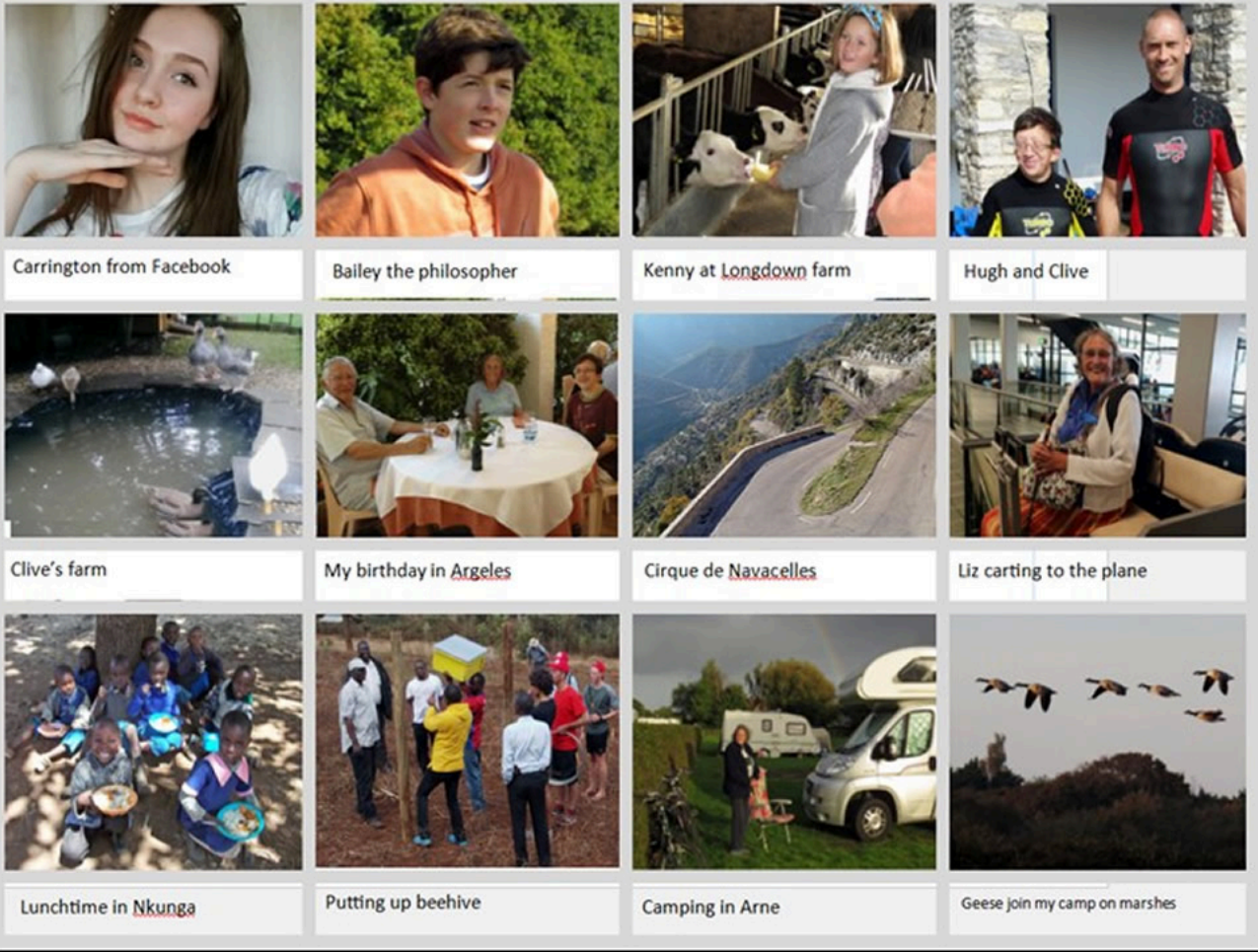
The previous year I had enjoyed a science/sentimental journey writing the Royal Society Biographical Memoir of Rod Quayle (my hero, the 'godfather' of my subject, and later the Vice Chancellor of Bath University). I repeated the experience this year, sadly writing the Memoir for a friend in Science - Howard Dalton whom I had known since he was a research student. My co-author was Colin Murrell who had been my tutor in violin in my string quartet many years ago, and later Howard's research student. Howard had a very successful career becoming Head of his department in Warwick University and Chief Science Advisor to Defra. Sadly he died at the age of 63, a year after being knighted.

We had our usual holiday in France, 'camping' in our newish van. We drifted gently Southwards, meeting Hugh in Perpignan (Languedoc) for a two-week tour of some favourite sites in the Pyrenees and on the Mediterranean coast, delivering him back to Perpignan for his flight home. He then meandered Northwards by way of the famous Cirque de Navacelles, misinterpreting a Warning sign as a Diversion direction. Fortunately no others as stupid as us, hoping to get past us, on the extremely narrow, steep, winding 8 km route down and up the mountain. I appreciate that efficient memory tends to diminish with age but this sort of experience is a warning that sheer stupidity is tending to rule more often.

Soon after we returned home Liz repeated her annual camping trip to New Wine with a new companion (Marion). Then within weeks she was off again, this time to Kenya. Highfield Church, Southampton has been supporting the village of Nkunga under the auspices of Food for the Hungry since 2005. Liz went with the first group in 2007 and returned for this final church visit from 1st to 13th September this year. It was good to see the results of her earlier work on providing a water supply had solved an important problem. Elephants had become a menace in the village as carefully tended crops were being wiped out by their inconsiderate hungry trampling, no affordable fences being strong enough to deter them. This year their hatred of bees was exploited by putting up relatively inexpensive fences with simple beehives on them. These have now been colonised and are effectively deterring the elephants. During this visit Liz was able to go on a day's safari to the local National Park, providing a good opportunity for wild-life photography (the result being excellent impressions of wide open spaces, the wild-life visible as small rhino- or giraffe- shaped dots (Liz had forgotten she had no camera lens)).

My year ended with another stupid act when I got my computer infected so badly that I had to abandon it. A local company (Novatech) recovered my important files, returned the computer to a workable state (for use by Liz) and provided me with a wonderful new laptop which is now loaded with new software, just in time to complete this letter (blaming my tools?).

SO a happy eventful year; Thanks to family and friends for their support in this project (life), and to God be the glory.



Pictures: links to more pictures on my website (or go to my home page chris-anthony.co.uk and following links.
India: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/WEBPAGES/INDIA/indiapics.html>
France: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/france2016.html>
Nkunga: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/PICTURES/Nkunga2016.html>
Sir Howard Dalton memoir: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/WEBPAGES/Dalton/dalton.html#royal>
15 Oaklands way, Southampton SO167PA. hra@soton.ac.uk; ca1@soton.ac.uk; Lizanthony@soton@hotmail.co.uk 02380766484

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2017

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2017 CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat.

I have been contemplating re-circulating last year's newsletter but I guess a few things have changed. Summary for those who cannot face healthy (with a few "what do you expect at your age"); no births, deaths, weddings or disasters, and activities similar to last year. So the res

letter is a self-indulgent wallow in happy memories.

Christmas was our usual welcome confusion with our special friends Surya and Saru, munching nuts and other veggies, leaving us plus door neighbour and two friends from church to eat a bird.

My friends in India have not accepted that I shall not be returning so I have streams of Christmas messages from my many student friends asking "when are you coming to us sir, we miss you". I miss them; sad.

Liz is maintaining her routine of Churchy things including her home group, working with Southampton Communicare ferrying decaying about the town and, most important, looking after us. A special Tuesday activity involves walking 5-7 miles with a group of friends from her teaching at Itchen College.

I remain in the City of Southampton Orchestra (Cello); my favourite concert of the year included the huge exciting 5th Symphony of Prokofiev. Another highlight was a day learning and performing Mahler's enormous Resurrection Symphony in an orchestra made up of amateurs plus the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. It is wonderful that, while some things drift downhill, the one thing that seems to continue is my cello (and me), so we spend many happy hours playing string quartets and piano trios as well as the orchestra.

Hugh remains happily working as library assistant in the National Oceanography Centre. His hard work on music theory led to a Merit on his grade 5 exam so he can now concentrate on playing: in an informal concert by his teacher's pupils he played some beautiful unaccompanied but fumbling the last phrase and ending on a magnificent final note accompanied by a silently mouthed expletive. He was playing on a borrowed violin (?!). His Southampton Concert Orchestra has performed some excellent concerts during the year, a remarkable highlight being Shostakovich's enormous 12th Symphony (1917). As well as playing violin with them he has taken on the task of running the orchestra's FaceBook group. The violinist Hugh was taken during a recent concert by his teacher's pupils. He does a great job by way of his extensive FaceBook activity, keeping in date with family matters.

In March he succeeded in visiting Australia (postponed from last year), having a wonderful three weeks with Scott, Tess, Sue the grey gary the cat in Brisbane with explorations to Sydney, Surfers' Paradise and Mooloolaba (!). Look up Hugh on Facebook for a great selection of photos.

Clive continues working in the Police, in Southampton, while Tiffany works in a local school with children with behavioural problems. Our grandchildren (Carrington 16, Bailey 15, Kenny 10) are, of course, Grand: Carrington has now moved up to Taunton's College, following in the footsteps of Clive and Hugh. Bailey has spent his time building a magnificent computer (paid for by washing cars), and energetic cycling in the New Forest with friends, while Kenny hurls herself enthusiastically into stomping through New Forest bogs, building shelters, wild cooking and kayaking. We had a memorable Kayaking and Krabbing picnic on the Solent near Hythe with Clive and Kenny; we had dull sandwiches while Kenny cooked her favourite chicken tikka masala on a little camp stove, soon disrupted by a violent rainstorm. Clive uses his spare time (an inappropriate concept) working towards his Natural Sciences degree with the Open University, now writing a project on the hydrodynamics of kayak paddling. Farmer Clive has expanded his garden agriculture project, adding 3 miniature sheep to his rabbits, chickens, ducks and geese.

Spoiler Alert; proud grandparents: Kenny won a competition to name a newly-launched Meercat workboat to be used in towing operational service in the Solent; she named it *Spartina* after the marsh grass that stabilises the shoreline Solent marshes.

In September Liz went on a church camp weekend while I went with Hugh on a long overdue visit to my godson Matt (son of David and Liz, long-suffering room-mate in my first year at Reading University and essential companion during PhD years). We very much enjoyed staying in his built house that he and his partner (PJ) had spent 7 years building.

Project Loft Clearance: I recently faced up to this, leading to 10 huge carloads of recycling, 3 loads of charity stuff and discovery of little treasures (meccano, trombone, tapes of CSO concerts, vast number of vinyl LPs, original copies of the Times from March 1945 reporting the evacuation of the Rhine with pictures of one of my earliest memories – vast numbers of aircraft towing troop gliders over Watford). We said farewell to box notes, teaching/lecturing notes etc etc.

In April Liz and I spent some days in the North, including a wonderful stay near Malham Tarn, and in September we explored Eastern Europe in the van, spending two peaceful nights in the RSPB carpark at Frampton Marshes (near Bolton), surrounded by huge numbers of Godwits and usual 'camping' holiday in France was slightly strange as Hugh was unable to join us. We set off East, past Burgundy, over the Col de Galibier to our favourite site 6000 ft up in the Alpes Hautes-Provence on the Col de Larche, South to a lakeside forest site near the Verdon Gorge then West to a Flamingo-strewn Camargue where we celebrated my birthday with church friends Laura and Phil who we later visited in their up-market campsite way home, by way of the Auvergne and La Brenne. We stayed at a total of nineteen different campsites, eight of which were new to us.

In August Liz repeated her annual camping trip to New Wine with Barbara and the Holy Trinity Weston crowd (and with 12,000 other people) for a free afternoon Hugh and I collected her to attend the 90th birthday celebration of a nearby friend (Yvonne Quayle) and then returned to the van to explore it (Hugh's first visit there). The wet windy week climaxed as we arrived in a torrential battering downpour, causing us to abandon our leaving brave Liz to swim back to the van.

SO a happy eventful year; Thanks to family and friends for their support in this project (life), and to God be the glory.



Hugh with upside down Australian cat (Gary)



Hugh's favourite restaurant (Australian of course)



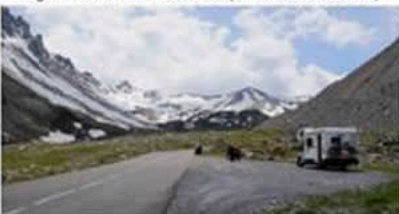
Hugh in concert with teacher (Annastasia Radford)



Our campsite at Malham (N. Yorks)



With Matt in his house (whole wall is an OS map)



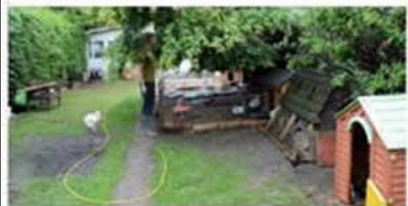
Near top of the Col de Galibier



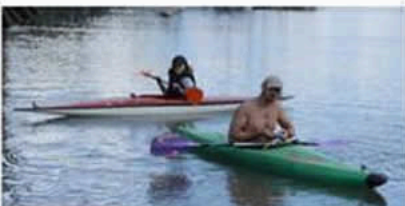
Us in the mountains



Black-tailed godwits at Frampton Marsh



Clive in his garden farm



Kenny and Clive



Kenny at the naming of the Spartina

Pictures and links to our activities go to my website <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/index.html> and search or go to direct links
France: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/france2017.html>;
Orchestras: <https://www.csorchestra.org/> <http://www.concertorchestra.com/>
Highfield church: <https://highfield.church/>
15 Oaklands way, Southampton SO167PA. hra@soton.ac.uk; ca1@soton.ac.uk; lizanthonsoton@hotmail.co.uk 02380766484

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2018

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2018 CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat.

I assume that you all treasure elegant leather binders holding our past Christmas letters. Please consult to remind you of our routine activities which remain the same. We were fortunate that, for Christmas, our Indian friends Surya and Saru, and Ram and Deepa joined us together with friends and next door neighbour Robert – (price of admission a huge barrow-load of logs for the fire).

THE event of the year was the visit by Liz and Hugh to his cousin who is a diplomat, living on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem. Half the year spent excitedly planning, then a week in the Holy (ish) City, and the rest of the year talking about it. It was clearly wonderful. Hugh's diary provides an appropriate Christmas entry: "Singing Christmas Carols won't ever be the same after this trip... Our attempt to park in Manger Square in Betlehem failed. Never mind no room at the Inn, there was no-where even *to park!* No wonder Mary and Joseph were desperate".

I still do a little science (the odd seminar and helping Indian friends writing up their research). In the summer I was sent a research paper in *Frontiers in Microbiology*; it was a description of a newly-discovered marine bacterium "named *Marinibacterium anthonyi* in honour of the British microbiologist Chris Anthony". To put this in perspective remember that this is not like a new species of tiger etc – if 200,000 joined hands they could just about stretch across this page.

I played some great music in the City of Southampton Orchestra including symphonies by Sibelius (2nd) and Mahler (1st). Our last concert included Vaughan Williams 4th Symphony, one of the most exciting and challenging we have ever played. The excitement was stoked up by a series of horrors. At short notice we had to change our venue. The pianist was delayed by a fallen tree on the line but this did not matter because the piano was delivered from London; they had to drive back and get the correct one. So we had a late rehearsal with an old Sunday school piano. And it was pouring with icy rain. And Southampton were playing (Watford) at home in the stadium nearby. And the programme pages were in the wrong order. All went well in the concert.

Liz's bionic knees are keeping up; she has now clocked up 52 long walks (6-8 miles) with her walking group - made up of retired staff from the College. She continues with her pastoral work in Highfield Church and with Communion (ferrying the elderly), and as I always note – feeding grateful men in the family.

Clive continues in the police, keeping us safe in our beds; Tiffany has a new job looking after children with severe learning and behavioural problems at a local school; Kenny is enjoying her new secondary school; Carrington is not; Bailey is happy. Clive and Tiffany continue to keep very fit, using the small back garden which also houses their small farm – with 2 geese, 3 ducks, 12 chickens and 5 miniature sheep, 2 of the lambs borrowed from the farm.

Hugh remains happy working in the library of the National Oceanography Centre and playing his violin. He has regular lessons but probably sometimes fails to compete with brilliantly realistic computer games and building enormous high-tech lego trucks which are filling his room. His Southampton Concert Orchestra include exciting performances of Respighi's Pines of Rome (with scored nightingales) and Holst's Planets. This year, on March 16th 2019, his orchestra will be performing Beethoven's mighty Symphony No. 9 with full chorus and soloists (tickets now available on website below).

After 40 years of neglecting the well-being of our home we had the loft properly insulated - after removing 12 huge carloads of unwanted stuff helped by a shocked visitor (Josh Asokan). Anyone who finds car boot sales attractive is welcome to come and safely browse to help dispose of remaining stuff (old books too sentimentally valuable to turn out, unwanted paintings etc). We also had our 80-year old metal windows replaced. The house is now warmer and brighter but we miss the windy whistling during winter storms. Liz found herself locked into a bedroom early one morning and had to spend 20 minutes using a nail file to dig out part of the latch mechanism to escape (I failed, with chisel and crowbar). So now our 80-year old locks have been replaced. As I am approaching a similar age I am nervously thinking about my windows, roof and doors. My loft certainly remains a dusty useless rubbish that is difficult to access.

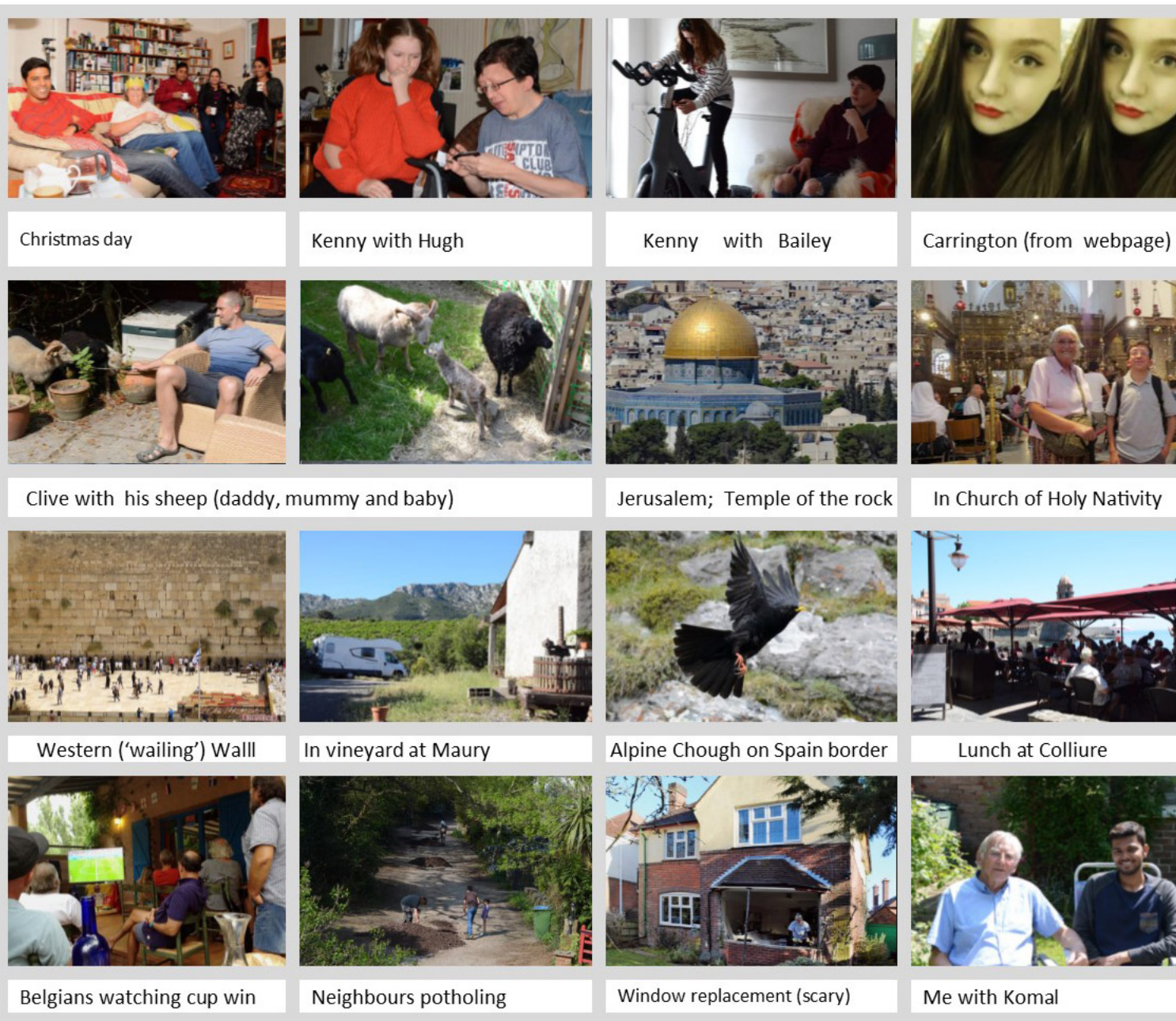
We had some memorable trips in the Camper, including an early spring visit to friend Nigel's at Duddo near Berwick, across to the Mull of Galloway then home by way of Tumbly in Lincolnshire to meet up with Hugh, visiting friend Steve. Our most recent autumn trip to East Anglia was to visit two lots of previous neighbours (the Evans and the Shepherds) who thought they had escaped us, and Liz's cousin Judy, and to stay on a RSPB reserve up by the wash (Frampton Marsh). I continue to camp on the marshy coast near Pennington to spend time with the geese; In a special visit, being joined by Komal Vendidandi, a friend from Tirupati.

Our annual visit to France (Liz and Chris) was excellent, travelling down the West side past the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean then back over the Massif Central. We had an inauspicious start, driving more than 200 miles in the rain with no windscreen wipers. At our first stop, on the A63, the RAC provided a repair man who worked for 90 minutes before warning of a 4 day wait for repair but returning next morning with a huge 5 amp fuse that solved the problem. A special part of the trip was meeting up with friends near Perpignan (Laura and Phil) who provided an unusual luxury of being driven to wonderful meals in nearby Mediterranean towns. The wet French weather led to a slow drive up the Pyrenees accompanied by flocks of sheep on their annual summer transhumance. It was as cool and misty and damp at the summit so we marched down with happy memories of Alpine Choughs who loved posing for photos at the top.

Family health is generally good but for one week in August we were all confined to barracks with fierce attacks by a Norovirus causing widespread illness (description redacted).

Sadly, Grace, the wife of my twin brother John, died in April. It was good to be reminded at her funeral of her selfless life, her faithfulness and her artistic work, and to meet up with the wider Anthony family.

SO, Thanks to family and friends for their support in this project (life), and to God be the glory.



Pictures and links to our activities go to my website <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/index.html> and search or go to direct links
 This letter – for high quality pictures (this is a private page only visible to those receiving this letter:
 Camping in UK pictures <http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk/campUK.html>. France: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/france2018.html>

Pictures from our 'birding' camp trips: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/birdsnikon.html>

Orchestras: <https://www.csorchestra.org/> <http://www.concertorchestra.com/>

15 Oaklands way, Southampton SO167PA. hra@soton.ac.uk; ca1@soton.ac.uk; lizanthony@soton@hotmail.co.uk 02380766484

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2019

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2019 CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat.

Last Christmas was celebrated with next door neighbour (Robert) plus neighbour Rob with his Chinese student tenant (Jerry) plus a church fr and Liz's Italian godson Guido and his mother. It is wonderful how such a variety of ingredients blends together so well with turkey and wine.

I was born in 1939, our house being only a few years older - so we (including my twin John) are ageing together; poor surface weather falling off, creaking and leaking a bit and so on. Unable to do much about myself I have been sympathetically dealing with the ageing house tiles, loose mortar, insulation, windows, soffits and soft water system.

My 80th birthday celebrations started with a kind speech by Bernard, principal cello of 'my' City of Southampton Orchestra announcing about to enter my 9th decade and presenting me with a magnificent cake. We had many small celebration dinners with local friends and family save distant friends the embarrassment of refusing an invitation to travel from the far corners of Britain to a big Southampton party I toured to visit them all one by one. Truly wonderful. A generous gift of a close-up (true macro) lens provoked a renewed interest in little creatures in - especially the damsel flies that arrived the day after we filled our new small pond created by our friendly garden helper (Stu). An unexpected year was the successful nesting of nuthatches in a nestbox on our wall.

Recounting the problems I had writing a biography of a Fellow of the Royal Society, Hugh pointed out that he knew little of my early life my Biographical Bits (1939 - 1970) with pictures. It is online (see below).

This year Clive became half my age and told me that he was concerned that he has reached the age of 40 and does not have a camper bought an oldish van and is doing a fantastic job of converting it into a fully equipped camper, acquiring transferable skills which will be direct kitchen (promises promises). This project is in addition to life with his family including their goose, ducks, chickens and miniature sheep. He with his Open University degree (Natural Sciences) and keeping us safe in our beds as a policeman. Carrington has been having fun (we hope) hopping to find one she enjoys, while working as a check-out chick. Bailey is starting A levels while working in his spare time in Tesco. Kenny award for her first year in her new secondary school and is enjoying her second year.

Hugh celebrated his 10th year working in the library of the National Oceanography Centre. A musical highlight both for Hugh, and us, was performance of Beethoven's great choral symphony No. 9 with 'his' Southampton Concert Orchestra. Another highlight for all of us was his performance as a soloist in Bach's Double violin concerto with his teacher. In July he went to Gliwice in Poland to visit his friend Paul Martin and his wife Zola. Paul lured him out to a nearby forest so that he could have his first experience of driving: verdict - good experience but as he can't clearly more than 10 metres this was not a transferable skill.

My routine music includes playing cello in small ensembles and in the City of Southampton Orchestra.

Liz continues her involvement with the Centering prayer group and pastoral care work, including Communicare. Early in the year she kept up the tradition of visiting her four brothers and their families in the West Country and Wales.

In the beginning of June we three (Liz, Hugh and me) went North in the camper. This included a memorable Yorkshire camp where we were in fields with nesting Curlew, Redshank and Oystercatchers. Then a great time eating, drinking, walking and playing music with friends Nigel and near the Scottish border.

At the end of July Liz enjoyed her week Christian-camping with Marion at New Wine which had moved from the West of England Agricultural showground to the East, near Peterborough. She continues bravely with her weekly 6 mile walks around Hampshire and West Sussex with her ex-teachers from Itchen College. I nearly forgot to mention what we too easily take for granted - that she feeds and clothes us and sorts the

At the end of August we abandoned Hugh, going much later than usual on our France tour. Our first special place was the top highlight staying with Liz's niece Mary and her husband Johannes in a small village in the hills outside Lausanne in Switzerland. Mary was expecting a baby now, as expected, has a beautiful baby, Olivia. From Switzerland we drifted South through the Cotes du Rhone, staying in a vineyard with views of Ventoux. Proudly showing me around his huge fermentation vats, he told me that as a microbiologist "you might know the theory but THIS is the reality". Then South and West through the Vercours and the Cevennes to one of our favourite places - Argeles Plages on the Mediterranean, near the border with Spain where, as usual, we met up with Laura and Phil, eating and drinking in nearby Colliure. Thence North West in the foothills of the Pyrenees in the Landes and the Cognac region where we learned about the making of cognac while staying in a vineyard. Almost home, near Mayenne, we came to a field next to 1 million snails who were restrained from attacking us by an electric fence. One, now named Brian, did escape into our van and is now in his own little paradise on our lawn. It was, as usual, wonderful but, being so late in the year, sadly no nesting or singing birds and relative flowers.

SO a happy eventful year: Thanks to family and friends for their support in this project (life), and to God be the glory.



Cognac in Cognac



Seafood in Saumur



With Granddaughter Kenny



With brother Richard and Pat on my birthday



Pretty bug on my watchstrap



Our nuthatches



Clive in his van



Hugh's philosophy and resulting concert with Anastasia

Pictures and links to our activities go to my website <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/index.html> and search or go to direct links
 Camping in UK pictures <http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk/campUK.html>; Pictures of our France trip <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/france2019d>
 Pictures from our 'birding' camp trips: <http://chris-anthony.co.uk/birdsnikon.html>
 My autobiographical bits with nice family pics and early pictures of Watford etc: <https://tinyurl.com/rjqubpc>

Orchestras: <https://www.csorchestra.org/> <http://www.concertorchestra.com/>
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2020

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2020 CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat.

Christmas was shared with Ram and our neighbours Robert and Rob, with Rob's Chinese student tenant Jerry, now a good friend who has sac return home. Thanks as usual of course to Liz for all her hard work.

My highlight with the City of Southampton Orchestra was a wonderful performance in the Turner Sims Concert Hall. We played Lutoslawski's *for Orchestra*, Tchaikovsky's *3rd Symphony (The Polish)* and Liszt's *2nd piano concerto*. We had never played these before and our conductor outstanding Dominic Grier had searched for evidence of other performances by equally great orchestras and found that they were very rare were delighted that we were able to fill the hall. The cello section of 'my' orchestra has joined together (separately) to produce YouTube perf music by Byrd (<https://tinyurl.com/y3j79qzu>) and Mozart tinyurl.com/yxaphsnh). I have spent many playing cello sonatas, piano trios and s quartets, playing along with performances on YouTube. My companions have included Rostropovich and Richter, the Beaux Arts piano trio, Th quartet and many others who I feel have deserved my company.

Liz and I have spent many hours playing flute/cello duets, most written for violin and cello so difficult for flute. She is spending a lot of time a pleasure for all of us. She and Hugh keep fit by long walks every day, competing for the greater number of steps recorded on their wrist de fit playing cello and getting up from my computer to go downstairs for coffee etc. I have also been doing more cooking – mainly Indian dishe

Hugh's Southampton Concert Orchestra highlight was a sold-out performance in the same concert hall a few weeks earlier. His programme in *Adagio from Spartacus and Phrygia* (Khachaturian), Excerpts from *Romeo & Juliet* (Prokofiev) and Rachmaninov's *2nd Piano Concerto*. He cor his violin lessons, learning Bach's *A minor violin concerto*, Beethoven's *Romance in F* and Elgar's *Chanson d'Amor*. He does these on Zoom so just fly by. He has been treating us to weekly filmed concerts by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (subscribing to Digital Concert Hall) eg. S by Mahler, Nielsen, Walton. We are always amazed that we have also performed these, perhaps we were following Gustav Holst's advice to hi "if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing badly". He continues to enjoy his work in the National Oceanographic Library (part of the University mainly working from home. He helps out at the main library (Hartley) for half a day on 3 days a week, mainly ensuring that students underst obey the rules.

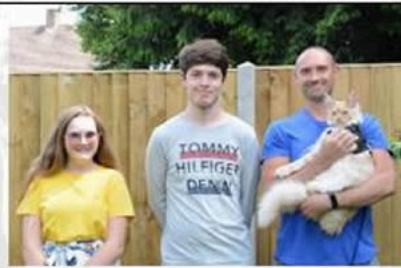
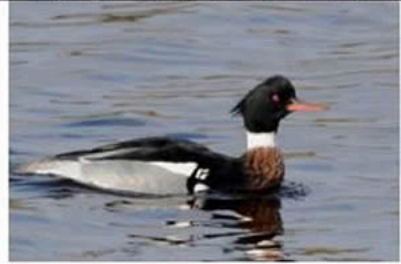
Although I have stopped going to India I have not got it out of my system. I had previously put my photos on my website each year. I have r them on my site under subject headings as My Tirupati History pages (1982 – 2015): tinyurl.com/y69cn9ys. Please click and enjoy so I do n have wasted too many hours.

We enjoyed an exceptional sunny summer with hours spent lazing in the garden playing scrabble, reading and, accompanied by Kizzy and re flies, watching our 4 adult and 8 baby goldfish in the pond.

We didn't go on our usual France trip this year but managed a 10 day trip up North in our motorhome to the most southerly part of Scotland England Bay on the Mull of Galloway. Our stay there was cut short by Red Severe Weather warnings which drove us Northeast to Berwick to v friend Nigel for bracing walks and energetic music – mainly cello duets. Our last camp stop at a farm near Banbury included special fish and c Paul Martin and his girlfriend Georgie; Paul is a good friend of Hugh's, recently returned from a few years in Poland; a wonderful re-union. C itinerary and pictures: tinyurl.com/y3lmbjue. Libby and I went for a final camp this year (so far) at Hurst View campsite near Pennington, o Canada Geese, and shared with wonderful marsh and shore birds and a magnificent Red-breasted Merganser.

Clive's garden 'zoo' became too heavily populated and his 12 chickens and 6 miniature sheep were threatened after a long wet period in a sw garden so he found new happy free range homes for them in fenced fields. Tiffany has converted their muddy zoo into a beautiful garden wit flowers. They now have a new form of wildlife - a Maine Coon cat. When a very young kitten he was larger than our Kizzy. Clive has built him huge garden home which he accesses from within the house. Clive's project, modifying a commercial van into a camper van is nearly finished encouraged to apply his new skills as carpenter, electrician and plumber to another project, just completed, of a refurbished kitchen. He has job within the police to something more challenging like collating 'secret intelligence'. Carrington is doing A levels in Taunton's College; she li friends nearby and so meets up with Liz and Hugh for chatty walks in the local cemetery. Bailey drives to Barton Peverell College to study Ma computing stuff, while earning his living working as a trolley wallah in a supermarket. Kenny has become a teenager, full of enthusiasm and e acquiring life skills, helping Clive in his projects.

SO, a happy year: Thanks to family and friends for their support in this project (life), and to God be the Glory
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Libby painting on her birthday	Kenny, Bailey, Clive and Dustin	Hugh in Dustin's home
		
Carrington at the cemetery	Kizzzy sharing our pond and fish	My pond damsel fly
		
Near our early camp in forest	Camping on the Mull of Galloway	Silver campers
		
Vigorous walk in Northumberland	Red breasted Merganser and Canada Geese flypast at Pennington camp	

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2021

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2021 CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat

Our last Christmas newsletter contained my response to a challenge from Hugh: to write the letter without mentioning the Covid pandemic. I but included a hint at my plan with a watermark of the unmentioned 'elephant in the room', but this went completely unnoticed (unless you knew).

Because of the virus we had a limited edition Christmas Dinner with only 2 guests: John Dover, a good friend and musician, and our neighbour Robert, between them making up for lack of quantity by providing great quality. At the last minute miracle worker Robert cooked dinner as our neighbour maliciously broke down late on Christmas Eve (Note: he had been invited to dinner the before cooker collapse event).

Sadly, no France trip again this year but we had good camping visits to East fleet, Bexhill, Pennington Marshes and the Welsh Marches. we celebrated Hugh's 40th birthday in June going to East Anglia, camping on the Sandringham estate, then staying with friends (the Shepherd) in a beautiful small village in Suffolk then camping in the shadow of Sizewell nuclear power station before visiting Liz's cousin Judy, whose home is amongst the rape fields of Suffolk. During our trip to the Welsh Marches we discovered an excellent large campsite next to a foodie pub and a short walk from the Slimbridge Wetlands Centre. Other highlights of this trip included meeting up with Hugh (Liz's younger brother) and Mary, and godson, Matt in his wonderful home, which he built with his partner Martin.

After a long time working from home Hugh spent a few days each week at the main campus library, returning happily in October to 'his' the National Oceanography Centre. In the summer he officiated as 2nd Best Man at the wedding of Jon and Ruth in Derby; he knew Jon from the Southampton Youth Orchestra more than 20 years ago. Hugh's Southampton Concert Orchestra started performing as soon as it was legal, a concert in Romsey Abbey featuring Shostakovich's 1st piano concerto. This was followed by an outdoor 'Prom' concert at the Hilliers Garden then in Thornden Hall which had been closed for a few years while a fallen ceiling was repaired. For the first time in more than 40 years I attended the City of Southampton Orchestra as audience instead of playing with the cellos; I was able to appreciate that it was as good as I always said it was without me playing).

Liz continues to struggle with metal knees and worn hip and shoulder but she ignores all this to maintain her step count. She kept up with their daily walks during the time he was working from home but he has surged ahead after returning to work. She is glad that she can now walk again with friends. She says that she 'does not do much worth mentioning'. It IS a lot to us – especially wonderful dinners, playing piano and (separately) and keeping our lives organised. She goes on weekly visits to two rather decrepit elderly ladies in 'homes' which makes her feel nervous of becoming elderly.

My new toy this year was a pair of 15x 50 binoculars with essential image stabilisation, giving inspiring views of the cosmos. Sadly I no longer have the strength to set up my very heavy 8" reflecting telescope so have downsized to an 80 mm apochromatic refractor which I am still learning to use – generously helped by members of the Southampton Astronomical Society. My Meade 8" telescope has found a good home with my nephew who came with Roger to collect it – a great weekend.

Minor Miracle Report: After 16 years the problem with my hands (Dupuytren's contracture) recently became worse when cello playing so I had for a small expensive operation to solve it; a week before this was due the condition suddenly improved enormously, so I cancelled the operation and bought an extra eyepiece for my new telescope.

Clive continues to enjoy his job 'collating secret intelligence' in the police, mainly working from his home and garden in Hythe. He recently received a Superintendent's Commendation for 'swift intelligence resulting in apprehension of an illegal firearms /explosives manufacturer'. Tom has a second Maine Coon cat – called Arlo. In my last letter I reported that his work converting an old commercial van to a camper van is almost finished. This is more true now – it really is nearly finished. What an achievement. Carrington has deferred University entrance and about to start until then in a local up-market hotel. Bailey is studying Maths with Education at the University of Winchester, living at home so that he can do his with paid work. Kenny continues to enthusiastically enjoy school, and helping with Clive's projects, walking through bogs in the forest and becoming bigger and better every day.

We continue to be grateful for a road full of wonderful neighbours with whom we join together in repairing the road and pruning unruly growth. We are especially happy to welcome our new neighbours – Jessie at No. 17, and Tom, Chrissie and baby Edie at No. 3. SO, 2021 has been a happy year: Thanks to family and friends for their support in this project (life), and to God be the Glory

		
Kenny with Hugh	Clive at work with Dustin	'Camping' in Norfolk
		
Camping at nuclear power station	Hugh in a recent concert	Matt at his beautiful house
		
'Camping' at Pennington Marsh	Me with Clive	Clive's hand-built camper van
	 	
Hugh as 2nd Best Man	Carrington Bailey	My new telescope

Remember – you can increase size of this Word document to get better view of the pictures.

If you are desperate for more holiday pictures click here:

<http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk/camp%20eastanglia%202021.html>

<http://www.chris-anthony.co.uk/camp%20welsh%20marches%202021.html>

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TOP

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2022 CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat

We first thank all my friends in Oaklands Way for being such wonderful neighbours, and to welcome to Rob, Ame, Daniella, Michael and Ryan, settling here in Oaklands way from USA, China, Hong Kong (etc).

Looking through our visitors book I note special visits from Ali and Kieran, and David O'Keefe and Patrizia (now living in Germany). David was my PhD student and post-doc when I was writing a book (c.1980). Not only did he do important research but he also kept the lab running. It was so good to see that he has retained his energy and enthusiasm and sense of humour (Thank you again David).

In April Liz and I went 'camping' in Wales, our first stop being in Slimbridge next to the Wildlife Centre. Thence to fields in the Brecon Beacons and on the coast of Fishguard bay where Liz was roped in to capture an escaped Shetland pony. Most memorable was a visit to Liz's niece Claire with her three wonderfully energetic sons – Ebon, Sam and Owen who baked us a beautiful cake.

In the first week of September we went North to visit my friend Nigel in Northumberland where we played cellos with him and his partner Frances. On the way we stopped off near Thirsk to visit Angela and Richard, friends we met in France.

Angela is an artist who gave us a demonstration of how she makes silk-screen prints of her beautiful pictures

(<https://www.artfarm.uk/>). We went for our annual eye test near Barnard Castle (remember creepy Cummings?), staying at our favourite campsite on the farm of Wendy, Mark and Josh.

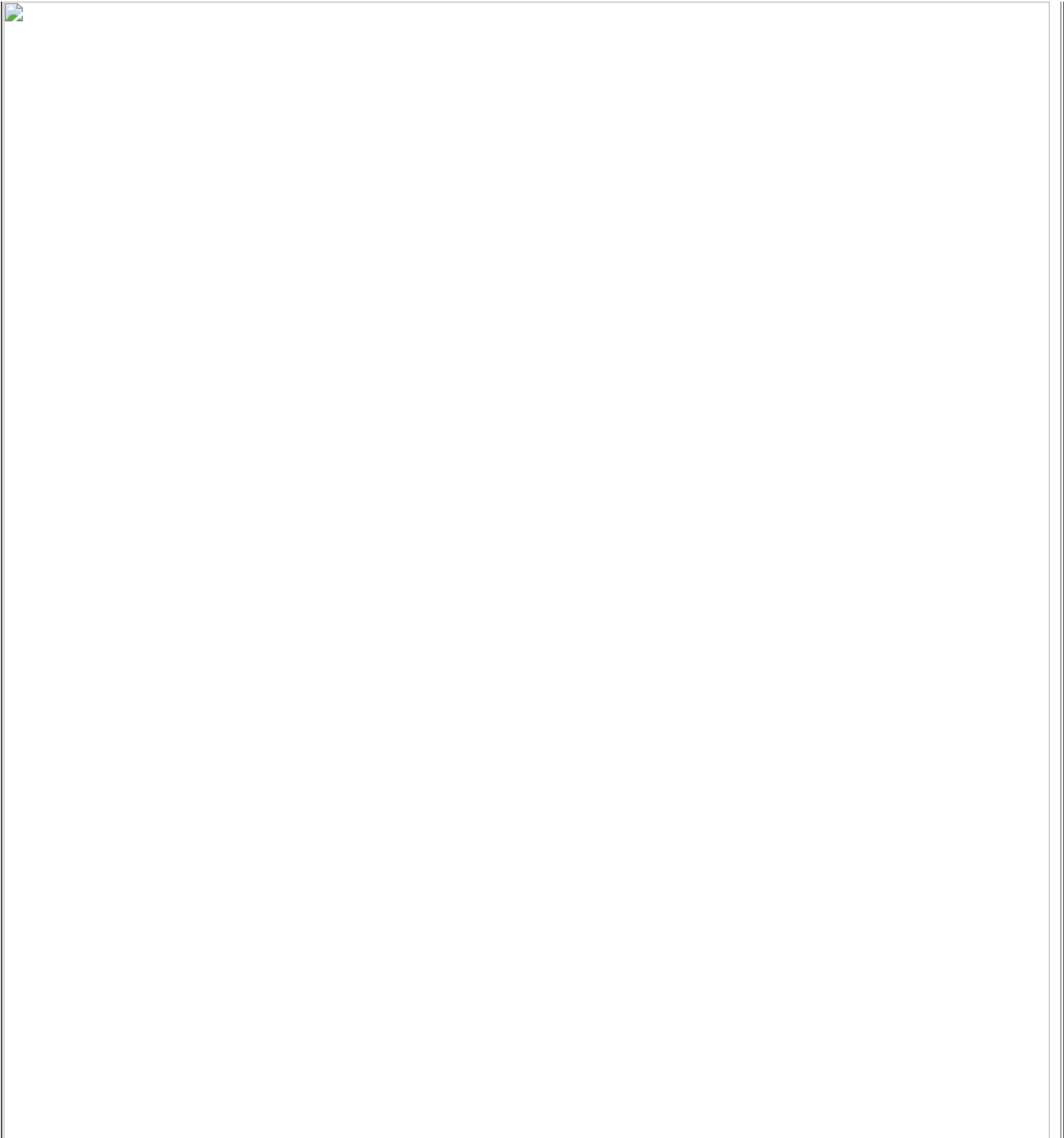
Liz and I set out in early June for our 4 weeks 'camping' in France, meeting up with Hugh for 2 weeks in Biarritz in the Southwest, the starting point for a trip down the Pyrenees to a favourite area in the Corbieres. At our first stop in the mountains we were lucky to be sited next to an excellent swimming pool, the daytime temperature being 39 deg. We delivered Hugh back to UK from a campsite near Biarritz which was packed with motorcyclists taking part in the Wheels and Waves Festival.

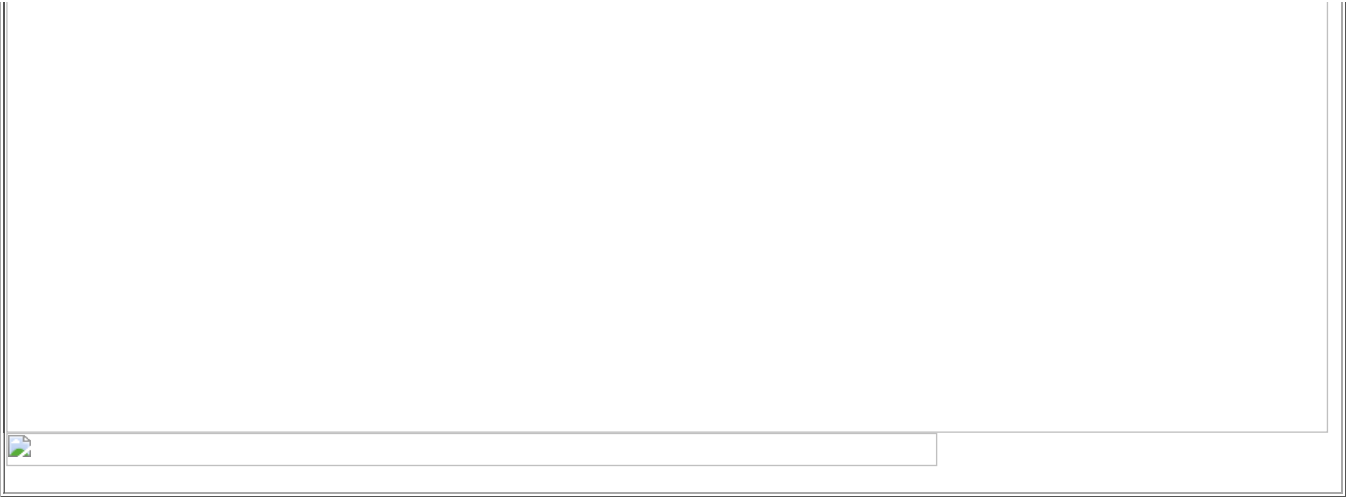
We had a very enjoyable visit from Hugh's Youth Orchestra friend Jon, with his wife Ruth. The birth of their first child was imminent and we spent most of that sunny weekend (remember them?) in the garden debating the best name if it were to be a boy. No decision but the boy soon arrived to find he is called Freddie. A highlight of the music year for me was a visit To Romsey Abbey to hear Hugh in his Southampton Concert Orchestra playing the gigantic 'Leningrad' Symphony of Shostakovich. This was trumped for us by Hugh's recent SCO Rachmaninoff concert. The concert itself was wonderful (and sold out). The weekend was made memorable by our special guest Ali, from Berlin, and even more so as it was Liz's triumphant first time out, 4 weeks after her operation (see below).

Clive's family are all thriving; he really has finished the campervan he was building. Carrington has made the great discovery that it is worth working hard at her job in the Pig Hotel in Brokenhurst as it pays for holidays in Amsterdam and Italy. Bailey is studying Maths with Education at the University of Winchester, living at home so that he can continue with his with paid work. Kenny continues to be enthusiastic and energetic. She has moved from Guides to Young Helper. Now preparing for GCSE and looking forward to moving next year to Sparsholt College to study things to do with animals (my vagueness – not hers).

I am still playing in the City of Southampton Orchestra, a recent great experience with them being a performance of Sibelius's glorious violin concerto with the brilliant young Charlie Lovell-Jones. Besides the occasional refereeing of journal papers my only science work now is sharing Saturday morning tutorials on GCSE chemistry with my teenage neighbour Zayd. I hope he enjoys them as much as I do.

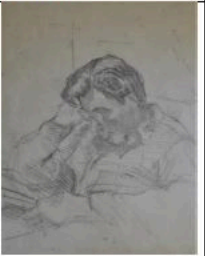
Looking through previous Christmas newsletters I realise that I do not need to include pictures of our immediate family as we look much the same. So here are just a few special illustrations.





Looking through previous Christmas newsletters I realise that I do not need to include pictures of our immediate family as we look much the same. So here are just a few special illustrations.

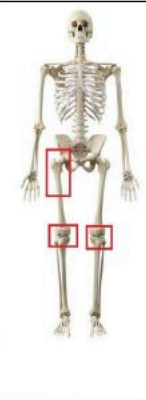
A personal achievement. This is a rare Christmas letter in which I can seek your admiration for a personal achievement: I am overwhelmed so you should you be. I have cleared out both the garage and the loft which included many trips to the recycling centre, and to The British Heart Foundation with boxes of Meccano, and a dozen heavy bags of books. I found it difficult to wave goodbye to my youth – Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Greene, Sartre, Camus, Robertson Davies, Kazantzakis, C.P. Snow and Anthony Powell whose last novel in the series Dance to the Music of Time was, appropriately, the last to dive into the plastic sack. I still cannot decide what to do with a huge number of 12” LPs (remember them?) still lurking up there. Amongst the 40 years of accumulated stuff I found this sketch of me, made at Reading University in 1961 by artist friend John Nankivell. Reverse of Wilde’s Dorian Gray?



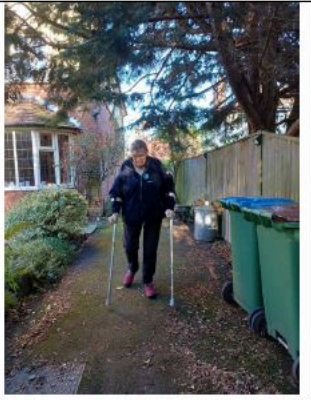
A Silly Starry Story: Because I found my 30 year old 8” Schmidt-Cassegrain astronomical telescope too heavy to use I loaned it to Liz’s nephew, Bill, and bought a high quality 3”mm refractor. But after adding enough bits and pieces to make it easy to use it was also too heavy to move in and out of the shed. I then learned about special covers allowing telescopes to be left out all the time. Bill very kindly understood and returned my big SCT which now sits waiting patiently for clear skies in our back garden. So I now have an this excellent Skywatcher 80mm motorised refractor available for any reader who would like to have it on long-loan or purchase. Special thanks to Bill and Roger for a very enjoyable stay with them when I went to collect the SC telescope.



Event of the year: over the last two years the pain in Liz’s right hip had continued to increase until unbearable. So she bravely arranged to throw it away and get a plastic and titanium one fitted. This was in mid-November. All went well and 2 weeks later stitches were removed and less than a week later she is back to her household duties (at least some cooking). All good for her but what about me?!??- cooking, cleaning, washing up, all continuing while I work at playing cello, reading, listening to music etc. She has been so brave (so have I!).



The picture shows the discarded parts. Plenty remaining.



The first walk outside. So brave.

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TOP

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2023 CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat

Last Christmas we had a great time with our waifs and strays:- our neighbour Rob, my old biochemistry colleague Tony Lee, and our special Sri Lankan pianist and lawyer Josh Ashokan.
In February we celebrated my little brother’s 80th birthday with a whole Anthony family re-union in a golf club on

Dunstable Downs.

Liz is able to walk much more this year with her bionic hip. She usually goes for a walk every day with Hugh, averaging 7000 steps on her FitBit. Hugh of course averages at least 11,000. Meanwhile I just load the dishwasher. When I ask her for material to write here she says nothing much changes – so: a lot of excellent cooking, general family care, crosswords, Sudoku, and prayer (not necessarily in that order). In the weeks after her hip operation we started to play scrabble every day and we have kept this up. To answer the obvious question I used Excel to confirm that we are more or less equal: we both won 49 of the 98 games played and our total scores were almost identical.

Hugh continues working at the National Oceanographic Library and occasionally at the University Hartley library. His annual review said that he is exceptionally effective in his work on the Academic reading list and the library online chat help systems, and in presenting a friendly face to library users. We were all a bit surprised when he received a 20 year service badge from the University. He remains an enthusiastic member of the Southampton Concert Orchestra, the highlight this year being a very adventurous concert – playing Debussy, Elgar and Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra. He is now learning German, using DuoLingo on his daily bus journeys, to set himself up for a visit to friends in Berlin. His latest relaxation technique is to fly around Southampton in his new Flight Simulator.

Clive continues collecting and sharing intelligence about criminal activities in the area, keeping us safe, using his spare energy rebuilding his car engine. Kennedy did well in her GCSE exams and is now enjoying studying ecology stuff at Sparsholt college. Bailey is at Winchester University, enthusiastic about his education and maths course while paying his way at a local supermarket. Carrington works in a posh PIG hotel which provides funding for regular frequent trips abroad.

A highlight for me was our November concert which started with a public announcement of my 'achievement' – I have completed 50 years playing with the City of Southampton Orchestra. My hint that I should be made a subscription-free life time member has fallen on tone-deaf ears. The highlight of the concert was a magnificent performance of the Saint-Saens 2nd piano concerto by Thomas Luke, the winner of the 2020 BBC Young Musicians Competition (Keyboard section). A previous concert this year featured the winner of the Woodwind section of this competition, Ewan Millar playing the Strauss oboe concerto. A newish venture – I now write the programme notes for our CSO concerts (all on my website). I play (in private) in a string quartet, and piano trios with neighbour Paul (clarinet) and retired music professor Bill Drabkin; and also with Doina and Stephen. A chamber music highlight was playing a Brahms string sextet in a small friendly concert organised by Sue at the Greyladies, Bursledon. When I had a dental check I was told 6 teeth are likely to be a problem. They have been; number 5 came out yesterday. I still spend time working on my website (please visit). My only science work has involved keeping up with stuff related to my research which is almost History of Science, but have been enjoying a bit of friendly GCSE chemistry tutoring with a neighbour's son; we got an A; so now starting A level, with me learning more than Zayd.

A special camping trip was to Uplyme (near Lyme Regis) half a mile from Jane and Richard Godfrey with whom I attacked a lot of the Cello duo repertoire, the highlight being Beethoven's last cello sonata. The evening was made more special because we encouraged Liz to join us with her flute in trios by Handel.

We spent a very hot July in France. Liz and I drove down slowly to a campsite on the coast near Montpellier, Hugh flying out to join us. We then visited our favourite campsites around the Corbieres (e.g. Tuchan) and Cevennes (Le Vigan) before returning to the Montpellier coast campsite to deliver Hugh back to the airport to fly home. His flight was cancelled as EasyJet diverted its planes to rescue passengers from burning Greece. His replacement flight was then delayed, then motorways closed so it took him 12 hours more than expected, getting home at 3.0 in the morning. By contrast, we gently meandered home by road. It is silly to use half the space available for the one negative experience; positives were – the best possible camping friends, safe easy travelling, good food and flamingos. In September Liz and I did our usual autumn 'camping' trip up North to play Cello and Flute with my friend Nigel near Berwick in Northumberland.

We have been lucky to have some special visitors this year: Josh (on Christmas day), who I met when he was a conducting student with my orchestra; Tahir Basha who was in my MSc Microbiology course in Tirupati 20 years ago; Komal, an engineering student I met in Tirupati in 2015, now working in Berlin; Ali (she is also living in Berlin); Hugh O'Neal, a brilliant pianist who came to Southampton as a student the year after I started (1968); My brother John's daughter Margaret and family; my brother Richard and Pat. If you came but are not listed then either my memory failed or you are not special enough (who said life is fair).

	
Liz and Hugh camping at Uplyme	Richard & grandson Cillian arriving bemused at his party
	
Neighbour's mad security light shows Kizzy the way home. France is all about	What camping in France is all about
	
A highlight for me: at our Brahms sextet concert: Kinga, Paul, Jane, Sophie, me and Zoe	

TOP

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2024 CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat
This year I was provoked to start writing this by waking on 21st November to heavy snow! We all remain more (Hugh) or less (me) fit and healthy, as well as can be expected etc.

Hugh continues to work in the University libraries (mainly the National Oceanography Library) and playing in the 60th year of the Southampton Concert Orchestra, highlights for him and us being Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, Mahler's 7th Symphony and Stravinsky's Petrushka. A major event in Hugh's year was a trip to Berlin to stay with his friend Ali, first met on a cat forum many years ago. He prepared for this by learning German using DuoLingo on his bus to and from work. Most weekends we watch a televised concert by the great Berlin Philharmonic. Hugh and Ali were able to attend their performance of the gigantic Leningrad Symphony (No. 7) of Shostakovich. The following weekend we all watched the recording, with Hugh in the front row standing and leading the applause. A bonus was him being able to meet up with Komal, an old friend I first met on my last trip to India.

Liz always says that "she just does the same as last year". She does - but 'just' does not do justice to her looking after us so well! She says that she particularly enjoys the Sunday evening service where she is usually surrounded by joyful hordes of students in the congregation. Her step counter tells us that this year she has done about 2 million steps (more than 1000 miles).

I continue as before, recoiling in shock each morning when I look in the bathroom mirror - I seem to get older every day. I continue with the City of Southampton Orchestra, writing the programme notes and playing, a recent highlight being a performance of music from Bernstein's West Side Story. I continue playing in two string quartets with Sue, Sophie, Jane, Kinga and Paul, and piano trios with Clair and Frances, Shostakovich's piano trio being a major personal achievement.

A great event - at last a visit from my best friend in my last few years visiting India; Mazahar Moin engineered a visit to Leeds University - connected with his work in plant genetics, and so was able to come to us for a few days. Other important visitors include Richard and Pat, and Ali from Berlin.

Clive continues his work in 'intelligence' in the police in Lyndhurst keeping us safe in our beds at night, enjoying life with Tiffany, Carrington, Bailey and Kennedy. Carrington is at present in Australia but no one really knows why. Bailey is finishing his University course and Kennedy is in the final year at Sparsholt's College, enjoying tree surgery and hedge building.

In February my 20 year old Ford Mondeo died in dark drizzling heavy traffic. Cyclists and scooter riders kindly pushed us out of the traffic. The RAC eventually they got me home. My brilliant mechanic (Jonathan Willis) pronounced the death of the Mondeo and recommended I replace it with a Mazda - because he had never had to repair one - so I did. So I now have an all singing/dancing modern car. Initially worrying but now delightful. This is the first year when France is off our summer menu. Our alternative was UK camping, visiting friends and family. Our first ('Wales') trip Included camps in Eryri (Snowdonia); on the beach near Harlech; camps to meet up with Liz's brother Hugh and Mary, to celebrate our Hugh's birthday, near Shrewsbury; a farm near St. Dogmaels near Cardigan for a wonderful visit, with niece Clair, Graham and Lindy turning up for a happy family reunion; and a final stop at Monknash on the coast south of Cowbridge and Cardiff for a reunion with Liz's brother Andy and Lizzy.

At the end of September Liz and I went East to Whipsnade near Dunstable in the wettest week of the year for a reunion with my baby brother, Richard, his wife Pat, niece Kim and Sean with their entertaining children Cillian and Ashlyn. Dunstable was flooded the day we left them and our route to Cambridge had many flood-provoked *diversions*. An odd word, sometimes used to describe small amusing activities; these were not. But we arrived in Cambridge for our reunion with Ram, Deepa and their wonderfully active son Kiv. Then dropping in for lunch with cousin Judy (and Robin), on our way to camp in the car park of Barnabee's bookshop in Westleton in Suffolk to visit old friends Debbie and John Shepherd. A memorable trip was the windiest wettest ever visit to the famous bird sanctuary at Minsmere. Our trip home was also memorable with major flood diversions preventing us getting to our final campsite, so we crept home with metaphorical tails between our legs. Home beats camping.

A final important thank you to Stu for our garden, and our wonderful neighbours for advice and help with tyre inflation, cake provision, electrical and plumbing repairs, tree surgery, fence repair, setting up excellent Toob internet, and general goodwill and friendship.



Mazda (doesn't fit my image they say)



In Wales. Note wonderful inflatable awning



Pat, Kim, Sean, Richard and Liz (eyes closed)



Ram, Kaivalya, Me, Liz (eyes open). Sorry Deepa.



Berlin Philharmonic. Hugh and Ali far bottom left



Kenny at work

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WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY 2025 CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From the Southampton Anthonys, written by Chris on behalf of Chris, Liz, Clive, Hugh and Kizzy the cat
Hugh suggested that I send last years letter and see if anyone notices. Certainly very little is different so in places I have followed his suggestion.

For our last year's Christmas lunch we downsized to only two guests - my old colleague Tony Lee and Deepan, an MRes student from Tamil Nadu and a good addition to our 'family'. Using one of my old cameras he has become an expert bird photographer. I am writing these nice things about him so he continues coming to our concerts. To all my other friends in India (1982-2015) I still miss you.

One sad farewell: we sent our bikes to a charity that sets them up and sells them to needy people. One free offer for you: I have more than one hundred 'classical' 12" LPs to give away. One happy event: when a Virginia Creeper was pruned we found it was holding up the fence which was then repaired by one of our many wonderful friendly and helpful neighbours.

Hugh continues to work in the University libraries (mainly the National Oceanographic Library), and playing with the Southampton Concert Orchestra, a highlight for him (and us) being a performance of Shostakovich's 4th Symphony. This is another example of his orchestra accepting their conductor's increasingly difficult challenges and then performing wonderfully. Of course this means that our early Friday evening has some weird musical sounds as Hugh's violin lesson was devoted to mastering the almost impossible. Now it is Stravinsky's Rite of Spring (see below for details).

Liz always says that "she just does the same as last year". She does - but 'just' does not do justice to her looking after us so well! She says that she particularly enjoys the Sunday evening service at Highfield church where she is usually surrounded by joyful hordes of students in the congregation. Her step counter tells us that this year she has done about 2 million steps (more than 1000 miles). Our great friend and car mechanic (Jonathan Willis) came to tell us that Liz's ancient Ford Focus had failed its MOT. The good news was that walking out of the MOT test he met a friend who told of a car he had for sale so within 40 minutes of losing her old Focus she had a replacement - a slightly younger Fiesta.

I continue as before, recoiling in shock each morning when I look in the bathroom mirror - I seem to get older every day (I gather I am not unique in this). I continue with the City of Southampton Orchestra, writing the programme notes and playing, a recent highlight being 5 pieces relating to the sea. Of course they all included very stormy material, fast, furious and horribly difficult, the best piece being the great Sea Interludes by Benjamin Britten. I continue playing in two string quartets with Sue, Sophie, Jane, Kinga and Paul; my favourite musical activity.

Clive continues his work in 'intelligence' in the police in Lyndhurst keeping us safe in our beds at night. He is still an enthusiastic photographer (I have included one of his pictures below). After an Engagement lasting about two

decades, he is now married to Tiffany. When other people say their wedding was 'simple' they cannot compete with Tiffany and Clive. Held in the library in Romsey with just two witnesses - a couple of hi-jacked librarians. As Hugh points out all librarians are versatile and willing to help. Kennedy had a sucessful year at Sparsholt College (and passed her driving test!!), where she has now started a degree level course. Carrington says she spent half the year travelling but expects to remain here for some time and is currently working at Garmin - a fitness watch, and GPS technology company. Bailey works just across the office from her, and appears to have taken up boat building, In May, Liz and I enjoyed 3 days camping in a huge ex WWII airfield campsite in the New Forest. Using the Merlin App to identify birdsong we discovered that the Red-necked Diver (a rare visitor to the Scottish Lochs) is now living in the New Forest. Our main camping holiday took all three of us slowly up North. It was all memorable, but especially the chickens who found their way into the van, the gale that nearly blew away our awning, the Rock Pipts on the coast near Dumfries and the heavy slog up to the Crabpot café only to find they did not serve crabs. We eventually arrived at Duddo near Berwick in Northumberland to stay with friends Nigel and Frances for lovely walks, food, cello duets, and a happy meet up with an old friend of Hugh (Debbie) and her dog, Poppy. We then said Good bye to Hugh who flew home from Edinburgh, leaving us drift gently homewards down the wonderful A68.

There is a link to my photoes and videos of our trip at the bottom of this page. We later camped for a weekend near Devizes in order to meet up with my niece Margaret and her beautiful family.

In summary: a good year for which we are truly grateful.

	
Deepan the photographer	Our Robin nesting in the back garden
	

Typical Scottish weather; Liz and Hugh undaunted	Hugh Liz me and Nigel. Apology to Frances, excluded to take the photo
	
Hugh, Liz, Debbie and Poppy at Nigel's cottage	One of Clive's dragonflies (a Common Darter)

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SOME FAMILY PICTURES



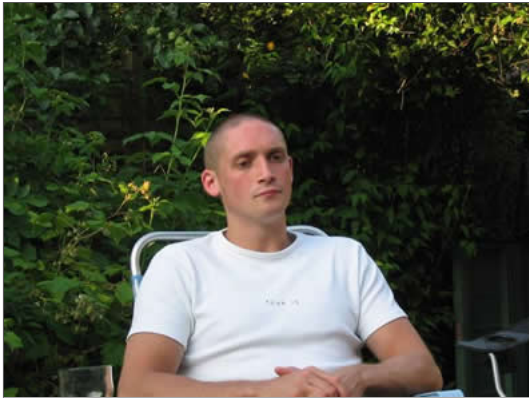


our house



RH half of City of Southampton Orchestra







John my twin brother



Me playing my trombone in 1958



Hugh





Peggy with Hugh



Hugh and Dad after our first concert together in Romsey Abbey



Hugh in private concert

	
Hugh on 30th birthday	Hug on 30th birthday with Clive

Hugh's cat Peggy	
	



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