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Nevertheless, these stories are major sources for Daphne's own life in the Service, and in particular for her extraordinary courage. Although courage was the quality that she most admired in others, she always disclaimed it for herself: for herself she would admit only that she was curious and optimistic. But all these attributes are needed to explain what she was able to do. Who but an exceptionally courageous person would have entrusted herself to a midnight fishing trip from Stanleyville, in a canoe and with someone who was to all intents a stranger, in the hopes that after the fishing she would meet members of the Central Committee of *Le Mouvement National Congolais* who would form the government when, as was anticipated, Patrice Lumumba came to power? And who but a person of exceptional courage and presence of mind could have turned a menacing, weapon-bearing, African crowd bearing down on her Citroën 2CV into a friendly group, anxious to help, by getting out of her car, greeting them warmly, throwing up the bonnet of the car, and enlisting their help in repairing her carburettor (which as a matter of fact was in perfect working order)?

When, in 1980, Daphne became Principal of Somerville, she did not leave behind all the Difficult Places that she included in her entry in *Who's Who* as a form of recreation, but the particular ways in which Somerville was for a time at least such a place were new to her. Her own views were carefully formed, and often proved in the event to be prophetically right for the College. It was, however, a new experience for her to find herself without a defined place in a hierarchy, but only first among equals and possessing influence but not power. And it was a cause of some amazement to her that the fellows of Somerville disliked telephone calls when teaching or researching – two exclusion zones that seemed to cover most of the day – and preferred the written note as a form of communication. Later, e-mail would solve this problem, but to the end of her life, Daphne never used this method of communication. Because, as she frequently reminded us, she came from 'outside' and not from an academic context, she found no difficulty in separating the unparalleled achievement of Margaret Thatcher in becoming Prime Minister from the grievous effects of her Government's policies on universities. She found the University's refusal, in 1985, of a proposal to confer an honorary degree on Mrs Thatcher, and the lack of a significant measure of support for the proposal in Somerville, where she was an honorary fellow, incomprehensible. The sadness that she felt as these events unfolded never quite lifted during the rest of her principalship.

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Yet the fact that she was an 'outsider' in the sense I have explained, was a huge advantage to the College at this juncture in its history. She was quick to identify our needs, great and small; with no previous knowledge of this role, she made herself a highly successful fund-raiser; and as careers for our students in the older professions became more and more difficult to get, she worked hard to introduce them to different outlets and especially those existing in industry and commerce. As a cosmopolitan figure herself, and as an emissary for the Somerville Appeal, she breathed new life into the College's ties with its alumnae in every part of the world, but especially in the USA. In the University, moreover, she played an important role as a member of Hebdomadal Council and a pro-Vice-Chancellor.

Nevertheless, I see our main debt to Daphne as something quite different from anything I have so far mentioned. When she became Principal, in 1980, morale – especially among the fellows and graduate students – was rather low, and, in both cases, that mood can be traced to the fact that in the course of the last few years nearly every college in the University that had previously accepted only men had now begun to accept women as well, and to accept them at all levels: as undergraduates, graduate students, and fellows. The winds of competition were swirling around Somerville, still a college for women only, in a new and worrying way. Daphne however, was an incorrigible optimist and a highly infectious one. It was rare to meet her even casually without receiving some warm words of encouragement. I well remember a younger colleague, a historian, as I am, saying to me one morning: 'I have just run into the Principal and had my piece of encouragement for the day.' It was this optimism, joined to an inspired pragmatism in identifying the best way forward for the time being, that did so much to keep us together as a community, living in amity despite differences of opinion among us on major issues, and enabled her to lead us through these most difficult years.

When, in 1990, Daphne received a life-peerage, she entered on what she once called her fourth career, and it was one of unalloyed pleasure. She loved everything about the House of Lords: the formality and courtesy of its proceedings, the occasional pageantry, the importance of its work as a revising chamber for legislation, and other things beside these. At first, she hesitated to accept the honour when it was offered and felt obliged to tell Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister who had nominated her, that although she wished to take the Conservative whip, she might not always be able to support