### CONTRACT

invites YOU to be

### CHALLENGED

ENTERTAINED INFORMED



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Pag	<u>e</u>
1.	EDITORIALJohn Mitchell.
2,3	
4,5	
	WHY LUKES WILL WIN!
6,7	
8,9.	THE ARTS
	ST. LUKE'S THEATRE-THE FIRST TERMJohn Mitchell.
10, 1 12, 1	3. SPECIAL: "AS YOU LIKE IT" FEATUREJohn Money (Photographs)
14.	CINEMA: CASSIDY, CULTS AND CRITICSJulian Pedley.
15.	BEHIND THE SCENES'
16.	SMILING-A POEM Shaun Noe
17.	WHAT'S COMING ON AT THE NORTHCOTT? Robin Weston.
18.	CONTACT FILMING WITH T.V. CREWMartin Hannant
19.	REVIEW OF FORSTER'S 'MAURICE'S. H. Burton.
22	WHY WE NEED AN ARMY
23.	
24	LODGINGS OFFICER GIVES WARNINGMrs.Denny.
25	EXETER STUDENTS! WEEKENDMike Hunkin.
	THE REED FOR EDUCATIONAL COURAGE Sir Richard Actand
28	SHORT STORY EXTRA! (Transcript from) Donald Cross.

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John Mitchell, St. Luke's College, Exeter.

At the New Year, I expect that most of us performed the yearly habit of making New Year Resolutions. It is quite a harmless activity and—although we might give the impression of great intent with our vows—our tongue is usually in our cheek when we make them. Often within a few hours, our new rules for life are broken.

Man is a creature of great paradox! He desperately wants to change himself but is terribly frightened to do anything about it. We all need to think that 'Tomorrow is a new day', that 'every cloud has a silver lining' and live with the belief that 'we never know what will turn up'-we have to believe in the phenomena of CHANGE otherwise we would soon go round the bend! One thing is certain-we are always changing but it is usually a process shrouded in Micawber-like vagueness and rarely a wholehearted effort to develope ourselves.

There was a girl on Television recently talking about being a drug addict. One of the things she said hit me between the eyes. With great sincerity, she said that if she did not have drugs then she would have to find some other way to destroy herself. This tragic statement stayed with me for many days as I began to think about how people do desire self-destruction not necessarily with drugs, but destroy themselves with the negative side of being human: worry, fear, aggression, hate, guilt etc. It is these things which destroy people and when given an outlet collectively-destroy countries through War.

It was the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas who said that war is in each of us. And as we look at the world today, we can see that it is these destructive forces in Man at work. It is the destructive side of ourselves projected and magnified for the Intolerance in our own lives is no different to the Intolerance shown by another man in another part of the world; the Hate and Anger that we show in our personal relationships is only the same force at work which is in Northern Ireland at the moment.

when we are negative in thought and action, it is such that it reproduces more negative behaviour in ourselves and others. This snowball effect at worst makes us enbittered, withdrawn and unhappy and at best-if you like to look at it that way smug, proud and full of illusions about ourselves.

Take an example. I think we have all tried to 'shut the door' on someone or something in our time. For various reasons we have tried to push someone or something that we were once committed to out of our lives. Here is yet another great paradox. For no matter how hard we try to shut the door, we never can because what we were once committed to has become part of us. In other words, we are trying to reject not other people or things—but ourselves!

Because we treat other people in the same way that we treat ourselves, there is an important need for each of us to come to terms with ourselves. We have to start being honest with ourselves and other people. The more understanding we have of ourselves and the more insight into other people, the more we become aware of the destructive forces that can ruin many, many lives. It is important for ourselves to know this for our own happiness. More important, self knowledge will also let each of us see the magnificent side to ourselves, which we were meant to live to the full.

# HOW THE B.B.C. STUPPEDMY

People often want to know how I started as a broadcaster.

What they mean is, how did I get a start with the BBC.

That is one story, and it began twenty years ago. How I became a uch broadcaster is another story altogether, and that didn't start until m later.

My first broadcast came about because my family were trying to stome committing suicide!

I'd enjoyed four years of wartime flying and adventuring, followed by five supremely happy years in Central South America; working as a cowboy on the huge ranches, and exploring unknown jungles in my st time.

Then, as the only survivor of an aeroplane crash in Colombia, I was to toe back to England a total wreck. The many bone fractures from head n as I mended more rapidly than the immense damage to my pride, as soo realised that I'd never be the same man again.

All I had left was my South American diary. I used to type a daily y girl of my life among the cowboys and Indians, and send copies to all my friends in England. It saved a lot of writing!

In desperation my Father took the diary to Dilys Powell of the Sunda who was a customer at his bank.

Following introductions from Dilys Powell, I was asked to broadcased for an extract on radio at 9. in the morning! Children's Television askeround six programmes showing my photographs and soon publishers came suicide! asking for books, and I was so busy I quite forgot about committing

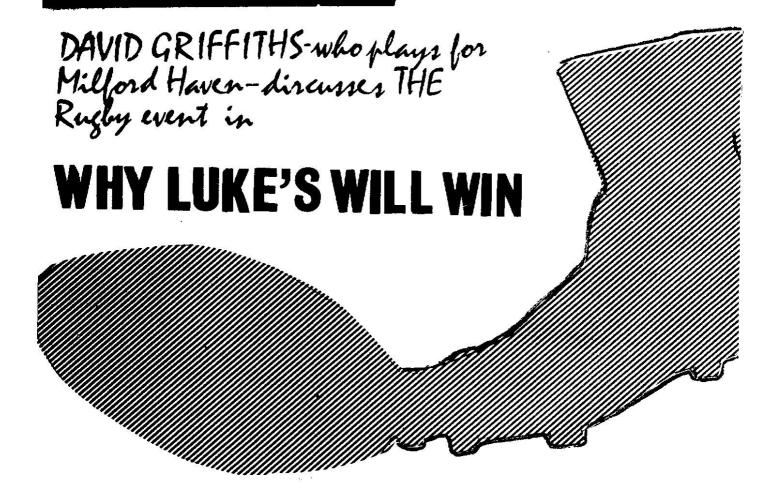
When I came to Devon to ranch cattle on Dartmoor, I started working BBC, Plymouth. Odd stories like an escaped prisoner, or the Tam Bridge project, and always a rugger match on Saturdays.

It took me all of an hour to prepare, to write and re-write my one  $n_1$  in rugger match report with long words from Roget's Thesamus throw Must have sounded awful.

Then one day, Alan Gibson, who is the best broadcaster in the busingte me to stop lecturing to all those people out there "Radio is an intima medium", he said.

So throw away your notes, and tell r

VOUR RUGGON motab



LOUGHBOROUGH REPORT

D Griffiths

#### Lukes will Win!

February 19th, 1972 will see yet another pilgrimage by hundreds of fervent Saint Lukes' supporters to the Stoop Memorial Ground, Twickenham On that day fifteen fellow students wearing the hooped jerseys of Lukes will take the field against that previously unmentionable College from the Midlands, in an attempt (no doubt it will be successful) to win back the honour lost last year and again put Lukes in its rightful place as top rugby playing college.

For those who have never attended a Lukes v Loughborough you have an experience ahead of you. The atmosphere at this game is unique, more, even than an international fixture. Here the nervous tension is similar to that of an international but one is not playing for ones country but for your College, your home for three terms, the place where you have most friends and most fun. That reminds me, when these boys go out onto the field they will be at their peak fitness level and absolutely crammed with tension. Even the simple task of tying up their boot lace has become the most difficult operation. In their mind is the fear 'will I have a bad game' and, 'think what it will be like back in the common room at Lukes'. All I would like to say to them is never mind worrying, even such expert rugby critics as Lukes' supporters will understand if you lose while fighting, but we all realise that this year we will not, we cannot lose.

The idea horrified me. Talk without a script? I couldn't do it.

A few weeks later Alan Gibson and I were in Exeter studio again, reporting two rugger matches. I had my carefully written script in front of me, then the programme started. With an air of finality Alan picked up my script, tore it into pieces and threw it in the wastepaper basket!

That was the day I became a broadcaster. I learned that broadcasting is talking to people, not reading. You split infinitives; you say sentences without a verb in them; you speak to one person on the other side of the microphone. That is broadcasting.

Telly is much the same. You've got to take the fear and suspicion out of it: kill all the humbug.

The man who taught me this lesson is Brian Johnston.

When he was senior television commentator at cricket matches, nobody even felt tense or keyed up at the most important Test Matches.

We use lip microphones, held very close to the mouth, so that they don't pick up what is said a few feet away. And if anybody made a slip of the tongue, or if there were any ambiguity that was funny, then Brian laughed. We all laughed.

My favourite joke that sent us into hysterics, was a remark by Denis Compton at a Test Match.

Snow was bowling at one end, and Knight at the other. A very fast ball from Snow hit Knott, the Wicketkeeper in the groin. He collapsed in agony.

A very serious Compton said: "To be hit by one of Snow's balls in a vital part can be very unpleasant....but Knott is a very brave fellow,... you see, I bet he'll still stand up to Knight."

Ross Salmon

B. B. C.
BULL BAFFLES CLEVERNESS



#### STOOP MEMORIAL GROUND TWICKENHAM

PRE-MATCH REPORT overleaf



ST. LUKE'S COLLEGE, EXETER

versus

Alan Friel, Alan Mart, Ray Needham, John Pyne, Steve Cubley and Mike Francis are playing regularly for the firsts again this year. Two of last year's reserves, Robin Whitcombe and Ralph Warmington are also playing well. Team Captain this year is last year's Vice-Captain, Alan Friel whose size and initial speed give him advantages that seem to have put him well on the road towards his full Scottish cap. He is well supported by that dynamic Welshman Alan Mart who has distinguished himself with some fine performances for both College and Devon. Competition for places against Loughborough seems as tough as ever this year, with at least two people laying claims to each position. For instance, Ben Goss is challenging very strongly for one of the second row berths, and Carron Downer, a very strong scrum-half, is unfortunate that Alex Reid is in such fine form. Some promising first years who have given some polished performances for the first XV this year are - Mike Sleman, Ian Read, Tony Kloska and Mike Redding. Straight after Christmas the list of names showing the squad for the Loughborough match will be put up, and the boys will get down to the serious business of preparing for this momentous occasion, with sessions organ ised by the Captain and Vice-Captain. No doubt, Mr Martin Underwood, Chief Coach, will put in a lot of work to get the squad into a team more than ready for the 'do-or-die' battle in London.

It appears to be a bit disappointing that only Alan Mart retains his place in the Devon side - in fact Loughborough have as many players in the Devon side as Lukes now that centre, Glenn Waugh has been selected. However, this is nothing to judge the players by, as County selection has always been an erratic affair. This could turn out to be an advantage, for now there will be less outside demands on the players, and they will be able to play together more often. Another change for the better is that this year's final teaching was in the first term so all third year members of the squad will be in College next term.

Talking about the coming match with some friends a few weeks ago they brought up the subject of Loughborough's victory by 86 points to 9 over Leicester University and pointed out that Lukes went through a bad spell in October and lost five matches on the trot. Admittedly, Lukes did lose to some second class teams like Barnstaple but, since then they have brought off some fine wins. Perhaps the Lukes v Gloucester and Loughborough v Gloucester games in the weeks preceeding the game will give a better indication of the strength of the two teams. My view is that any team can play well against third or fourth class teams, but any club which has a reputation for playing such good rugby against top class sides like Bristol, London Irish, Neath and Llanelli must be a side to be reckoned with. Indeed, many top English and Welsh club sides who have had top fixtures pruned would envy a match calendar like Lukes. Obviously, Lukes are going to benefit from having harder match practice before the game.

Won	12	_	3	23.2.66	Won	13	_	3
Won				22, 2, 63	W on	9	-	3
Won	9	-	8	21.2.68	Won	12	-	9
Lost				15.2.69	Won	14	_	6

Results of Previous Matches in the Series

14.2.62 Lost 3-11 15.2.69 Won 14-6 20.2.63 Lost 13-17 21.2.70 Won 11-9

22.1.59 24.2.60 22.2.61

19.2.64 Won 8 - 6 20.2.71 Lost 3 - 21 24.2.65 Lost 6 - 16 19.2.72 ? ?

Personally I give Lukes to win by a clear eight points. Will you be there to find out?



Hey, you! Yes, you running for the Killerton bus, and you for dashing to get to a lecture on time - yes, you PE students changing for games or an Ed: Gym lesson. Stop a moment and think! I want to take you back to when you were nine years old. Life opening out, school, playing games, rushing about, happy, carefree, Suddenly an accident at cricket, an injured leg, treatment doesn't help, you go into hospital. Doctors examine you - they look worried - an operation - nurses get you ready - the anaesthetic - oblivion..... you wake up - look round the ward, the bottom of the bed looks funny - you feel under the bedclothes -only bandages where your left leg used to be - it's gone - Oh! God!

Oh, they're very encouraging - you'll get a new leg soon, old chap - of course we had to take it off high up, so walking won't be easy - running? - well I'm afraid not, quite out of the question.

If at this stage you had decided that you would learn to play chess, and to become a good 'looker-on' no one would really blame you, but if you had done that you name would not be Tony Willis; for this is a true story of a Plymouth schoolboy, and it all happened just over four years ago. Tony lost his leg just as I have told you, it was very high amputation - through the hip joint in fact, so he has no stump to which an artificial leg can be fixed, and hence his leg is heavy and his walking is a bit ungainly - but none the less effective as you will see.

Quickly Tony made up his mind that losing his leg was not going to stop him enjoying life, and it certainly wasn't going to stop him playing games. Within a few weeks he was walking on his new leg, and, since running was impossible he decided to hop. On the sportsfield he has been hopping ever since. Of course he uses his leg for getting around, but at home he hops as it is quicker, and when he changes for games he leaves his artificial leg with his trousers.

His balance on one leg is superb, and he really can move fast. At first he tried his hand at gymnastics and was successful - having rather less weight than usual below the waist was a help. Next he tackled trampolining, and again found success. But he wanted to play team games, and took up basketball - he now plays for his school and has represented the Plymouth area schools. Football has always been one of his favourite sports and so

You might say that now he had achieved success in enough sports, but his gymnastics training had shown him that he could jump, so two years ago he started high jumping and achived even greater success. In his second season of jumping he came fourth in his age group in the All England Schools championships last summer.

Since he cannot infringe the 'two-footed take-off' rule of high jumping he is able to run (sorry hop!) straight at the bar and then do a forward somersault over it. Unfortunately this means that he needs a very good landing area (soggy sand would be literally lethal), and this can be found only at Clifton Hill, or for indoor jumping in our own gym. To travel this distance frequently is more than he can afford, so a Trust Fund has been set up to help him and Tony started this off by taking part in a sponsored walk across Dartmoor, covering 12 miles at an average speed of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  mph.

Cynics and amateur psychologists might say that Tony is compensating for his physical deficiency by an over-agrressive interest in sport. Don't you believe it - Tony is a perfectly normal 17 year old, who lives a full life, finding it difficult to get his head down to the books in order to pass his exams. However, even here he is well motivated because he knows exactly what he wants to do with his life. He wants to teach. Oh, yes, you may say - and very suitable too, not too much physical exertion, just the job for him. Tony has other ideas - he wants to teach PE and I personally echo his comment of 'and why not?'

In defence of his ambitions Tony lists his achievements. School colours in two major games, area representation in one, County representative in athletics, swimming proficiency, plays all racket games, skilled gymnast and trampolinist. He admits that there might be some difficulty in rock climbing (although he is not convinced that simple climbs would be impossible) and in playing in the scrum in rugby; but he strenuously denies that he could not complete a two day expedition across Exmoor.

Already Borough Road College have offered him a place, but Tony hopes to come to St Lukes, and certainly from the point of view of sport in Devon we would hate to see him leave the county.

With so many achievements behind him, what are Tony's hopes for the future? Apart from getting into College his main ambition is to improve his high jumping. Unfortunately, the pressure of school work coupled the the problems of getting to and from Exeter for training has severely limited the amount of jumping that he has been able to do in recent weeks. Nevertheless, in five days from now as I write he will be jumping indoors at Cosford for the first time. In the circumstances we do not expect great things at his first outing, but the experience will be valuable. His determination, courage and skill suggest that in this field at any rate he has a long career ahead of him, and I do not think it too optimistic to forecast that within three years this country will be represented in international matches by a one legged jumper.

Perhaps one day we may proudly add the name of Tony Willis to the roll of former students of this College - at any rate I hope so.

#### HAVE YOU READ

CID DIOLLES







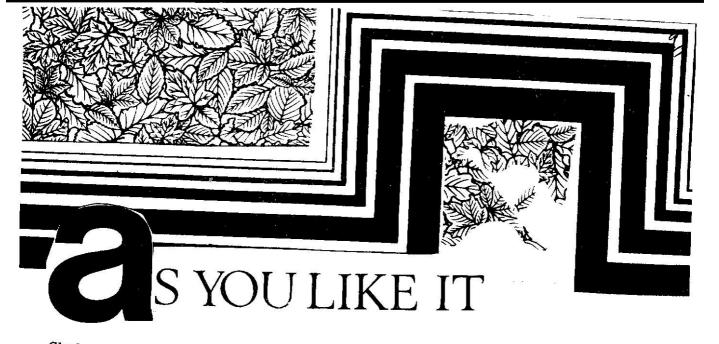
Let's consider the challenge: a big, four-hundred seat. Theatre which has been in the Doldrums for a year or so, needing a varied, but popular programme. In order to run the whole show, a large, hardworking staff has also to be found.

Well, a lot of those seats were filled for 'ROMEO AND JULIET'-but the sound was atrocious. The College Committee recognised the problem and proposes to spend £2,000 on new equipment.

As regards live Theatre, the Committee has offered superb material. STEVE BENBOW AND DENNY WRIGHT were excellent, as was our own 'SPARE THE ROD'.

However, not all of us knew that these were on because we need things thrust under our noses usually, and so Publicity was bad.

(Continued)



Shakespear is the greatest living English playwright. 'As You Like It' written almost 400 years ago, is still the most brilliant and the most beautiful comedy in the language. And it is for several reasons an especially suitable play for a college production.

For one thing, it necessarily involves almost every Department. There are, for example, particularly intriguing problems for the designer (how to catch the Forest of Arden, which means different things to different men and where the seasons blend and diverge within minutes); there are the songs (and no play has such a marvellous collection)- and there is a no-holds-barred wrestling match. In these matters alone, Art, Music, PE and several other Departments are all actively involved.

Then again, the significant action of this play takes place within the words, "Every teacher in English is a teacher of English" and I don't think it is too grand to say that we have here a special responsibility or too presumptious to claim that we are specially well equipped to carry it out.

Finally, the content of the play has a direct contemporary relevance. The great tragedies, of course, touch the deepest levels of human experience; but it is perhaps the comedies, concerned as they are with the delights and difficulties of day-to-day living, that strike home more immediately.

'As You Like It' is about love and it is about marriage - love and marriage of different kinds, but each with its modern counterpart: touching inexplicable, ridiculous, human. Not that this is a self indulgent play, as I believe, 'Twelfth Night' is, in some respects. "Men had died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love": Rosalind's words are realistic and it is the realism that makes them so poignant.

This is also a play about town and country; or, we might say, about the move from the metropolis, opting out from the rat-race, doing your own thing, the search for an identity, the pressures which society puts upon the individual. And finally, this is a play about families, and the disconcerting way in which blood ties breed bad blood as nothing else can. Family quarrels set in motion a play that ends "in true delights".

But Shakespear does not talk about these things. He is first and last a dramatist, forever active, endlessly creative, and therefore (as you will see and hear and feel) recreative. As you like it. Here and now.

#### JOHN MONEY

Also, other departments in the Theatre-such as Front of House-have to be greatly improved.

The Theatre Committee is composed of staff and (at the moment) two students from all areas of the College. You see, this is the aim of the Theatre Committee—to represent ALL students and get as many of them into the Theatre as possible.

In this respect, the Committee must be realistic. St. Luke's is a hot blooded College consisting of a great deal of young men who will not throng in their hundreds to see Checkov. They will, however, go and see good films like 'MIDNIGHT COWBOY' and 'WOMEN IN LOVE' etc., and live performances that appeal to their nature—such as the Gang show, a few years ago.

When the BEAFORD CENTRE gave us an excellent evening of plays, it was of 'minority' interest-but the 'minority' could have filled many more seats that it did. The Theatre has got to be sold like any other commodity—and sold hard! This is the only way St. Luke's Theatre can establish itself—as it can indeed do. Or rather, it can do this if the people concerned—who have supposedly committed themselves to working as a team—stick at it during this, the hardest year.

But unfortunately, the THEATRE PROCTORS-DEREK BAKER and JOHN FIELD-

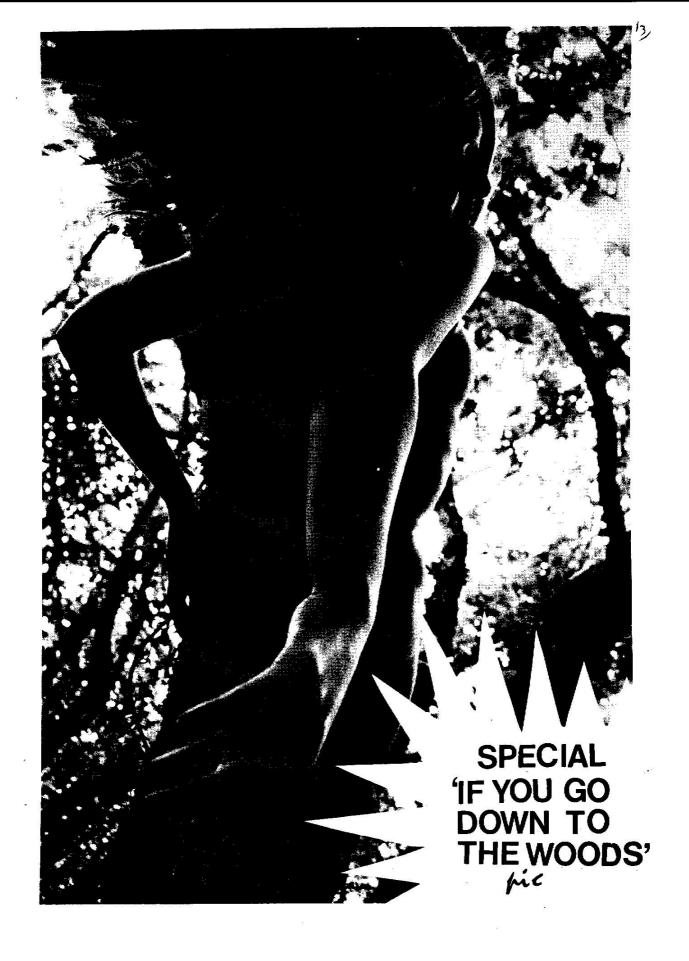
have handed in their resignations.

#### THE FUTURE

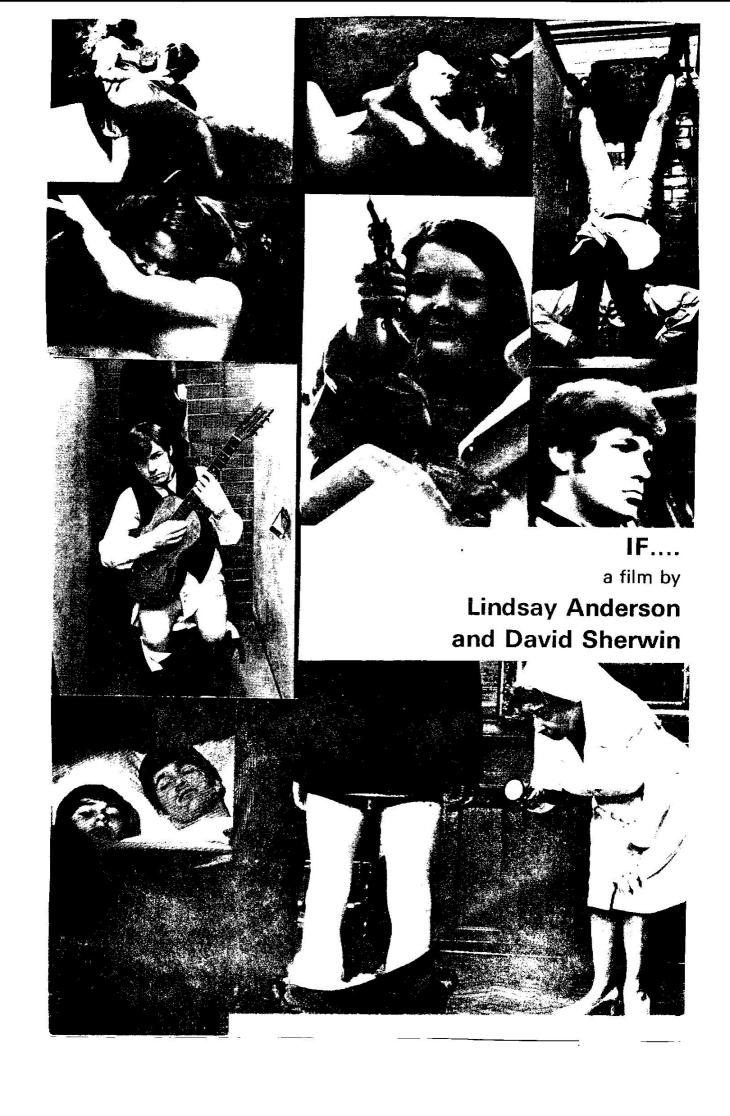
Two new members of staff will be joining the Committee-one from P.E. and the other from DRAMA. As the Committee matures, it will overcome its pitfalls. It will gain confidence and knowledge and become fully competent in offering students an enriching experience.











CHARIDIE CATTO PERE CASE ERGO

Criticism is still principally a matter of expressing a personal taste that needs no other justification than that it is considered to be a superior taste; an impressionistic account of the critic's immediate response to a film is still the characteristic method; no critical vocabulary has been developed; amateurism is still a matter if pride! (Alan Lovell, SCREEN Spring 1969)

What this boils down to is that most Film criticism is still more or less a matter of saying "I like it" or "I don't like it", whatever kind of fancy language these judgments may be dressed up in. Critical analysis, especially of films, usually boils down to saying either "boo" or "hurrah" The other Arts have been going for so long that some kind of objective critical framework and language has eveolved. But the Cinema, "The Seventh Art", is still in its infancy, and this goes for its so-called critics too. Further difficulties arise for the film critic from the fact that the Cinema is not only a very new Art form, but that it is also dominated by commercial considerations. Most critics have got round this difficulty by concentrating on non-commercial "art" films and distastefully sniffering at "Hollywood trash". However, it is arguable that the commercial, mass-oriented framework is a very vital part of film culture and that art films are a hot-house creation; this would involve a complete critical volte-face for most of writers. No longer can "commercial" films be judged in terms of "art" film standards, but vice versa.



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are great, rather that we miss a very great deal of real worth in the so-called commercial cinema, mainly because we lack any kind of objective critical standards and language to judge films by, and are thus open to all sorts of personal whims, fancies and prejudices. By the same token we can over-rate certain films and exalt them to cult status.

For example, the highly derivative and contrived BUTCH CASSIDY seems to be a case in point. If people realised just how second hand, computer-made and manipulative this film was, they wouldn't be so entertained by it and would see it for the cheap-jack package that it is. Nor would they be fooled into making comparisons with such wholly admirable works as BONNIE AND CLYDE, and THE WILD BUNCH (and even JULES ET JIM, from which it has cribbed shamelessly). In the case of "Butch" we have effects (and not very original ones) for "effects sake" and a general tricksiness and trendiness; in the other films mentioned we have real innovation, creative direction and editing and a real sense of the director's vision of the world. "Butch Cassidy" offers none of this - only something which can entertain only on the most glib and superficial level.

The other side of the critical coin is that many films are undervalued and dismissed as pretentious simply because people do not know what the director is trying to do (for instance, BLOW UP and SECRET CEREMONY). The true critic should be able to provide the artistic and philosophical background for the appreciation and understanding of these films, as well as a description of what the director is actually doing, and what he is saying into the bargain.

The critic is not an "artistic Manque" trying to re-create the feeling of the work he is criticising though this is precisely the level on which most film critics work. His job is in a different category to artistic creation - it is analytic and descriptive, and seldom evaluative. The critic is not a more sensitive and knowleadgeable "common reader", as FR Leavis would have us believe, but rather a specialist in his chosen field with a professional knowledge of the field he is criticising. This has yet to be realised in English film criticism; it has long been realised in France, and this partly explains why nearly all the most important French film makers of the fifties and sixties began life as critics. If film criticism were taken as seriously in England perhaps we might produce a few more interesting and exciting films.

Julian Petley

BEHIND THE SCENES is a collection of theatre and film interviews from the 'Transatlantic Review' which has been edited by JF McCrindle and is published by Pitman.

There are 33 interviews in all and they offer a wealth of pleasurable and informative reading to anyone interested in the Arts. The majority of interviews are about the theatre, though to be fair, in many cases the person concerned has worked in both disciplines.

It is always a delight to pick up a book like this and to read at leisure the words of the High Priests of the entertainment industry, be they pundits like Ken Tynan or producers like John Dexter. But what a pity that so many of the interviews in this book date from the early sixties. To read John Schlesinger talking about 'A KIND OF LOVING' as his most recent

The best interviews for my money are with Joe Orton - "I think the English 17 have the worst taste of any people upon earth". - Federico Fellini -"Cinema is neither new nor an art, Cinema is an old whore .... who knows how to give many kinds of pleasure". - John Hopkins - "A lot of good writers who write for television and write well for television are undervalued", -David Mercer - "I've always been haunted and hedged about by what, I suppose, I would call my political personality". And as well as these four you have Albee, Bond, Gaskill, Hochhuth, Pinter and Wesker - to name but a few .....

The only points I am really critical of are the trivial biographical notes preceding each interview some of which seem to be straight out of Womans Own "His study is on the top floor and when I was shown into his room he was at his typewriter. He stood up and poured me a whisky" - and the interview transcript which remains utterly faithful to the tape recording to the point of absurdity -

Interviewer: May I ask a very basic question,

first, What do you think constitutes a

good television play?"

Hopkins:

'I don't know that... that's a very ... yes, it's a basic question. It's a very

difficult question..."

Surely, even in the interest of authenticity and credibility the reader doesn't have to suffer that sort of shilly-shally.

Yet for all this, Behind the Scenes is a good buy for £2 and no self respecting thesis-huntin' student should pass it by.

Colin King

# **MBARRASS** THE FIRST TIME YOU DO IT

but why not mention Contact in our advertised local shops?

It will help us do our thinking of YOU

#### **SMILING**

Death comes with light; rest comes with dark; Suffering comes with the rise of sun; suffering ends with its fall. The greyness of the morning mists hang as in a pall, Shrouding the cloak of death as it hovers, waiting expectantly, through the "foul filthy air".

Watching, unfaltering, lingering, as tired eyes follow its path of death across the waters of congealing blood, hardening mud, spinning a web of fate over those fated to live; those destined to die.

The sound of drums echo faintly across the fields, ghosts summoning; gently beckoning their friends, enemies, the unknown, to follow their paths of glory, their death, resurrection, their journey into the world beyond.

Who volunteers? Who is the silent voice? No-one makes the choice.

Shells splinter the earth, bullets miss and thud, Men crash into the mud, yet still they come, Shall they die with a gasp, a fearful look, a sigh? Decorations proudly worn, no longer gleaming, smiling But blackened and rigid, dulled by dying breath, This mock of death, this tribute to deaths forlorn.

Flared momentarily colour the sky, paralyse the pacing clouds, Drifting aimlessly, black coffins, charred faces materialising, Bodies hating, souls waiting. Flickering momentarily, Then seized in the grips of death, contorted in fear, Frozen animation, lost to dead hopes, forgotten contemplation.

What memories haunt them in their last hours?
Withered garlands, blackened reefs, dead flowers?
Despair, futility, can only express themselves
Through dulled, glazed, eyes perhaps
Desperately clinging to blackened pictures of
Loved ones, reminiscent of once known happiness cherished.

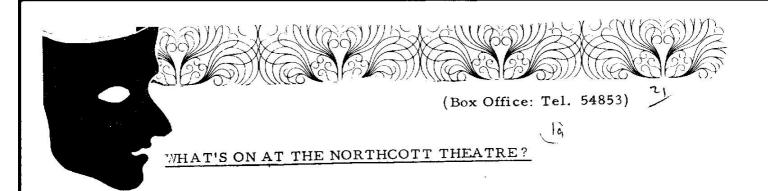
All but hopes now perished.
Fears christened with dirt, putrid squalor, tears, do not end with them; mortality is temporal, spirituality is eternal; they yet live on. The light of day dies, the dark of night comes, stealthily bearing away lost souls shivering, gently quivering under a pallid moon, severed, snatched from stiffened, gazing corpses; they find no repose in the stars, knocking at heaven's vault, thinking, mocking.

Restless movements, silent pattering, unheard, unseen by human eye

Marks the coming of dawn, the passing of night. Those Still alive stare, expressionless, listless, gazing, have only one hope. The passing of another day, the repose of night, the dying drums, the silent ghosts . . . the Smiling Stars.

SHAUN NOE





#### GUYS AND DOLLS December 15th to January 22nd (in repertoire)

This musical fable of Broadway is based on a story and characters by Damon Runyon. Runyon was a commentator on ganster-land, and wrote many stories about the colourful crap-shooters, beer barons, safe-blowers and gangsters; their big schemes and their girls. This musical is based on one such story - "The Idyll of Sarah Brown". It first opened on Broadway in 1950 and has been a smash hit ever since, both on stage and in the screen version. Songs like "Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat", "Luck Be a Lady" and "A Bushel And a Peck" have also remained 'world-wide family favourites'!

#### HAPPY FAMILIES December 22nd to January 15th (in repertoire)

This year's musical play for children is called "Happy Families" and has been written by Bernard Goss. It is based on the ever-popular Victorian card-game, but in the play the game is actually played by three dolls - John Bull, Britannia and New King Coal, while the characters from the cards - such as Sarah Soot, the Sweep's daughter and Charlie Chip, the Carpenter's son try to find their missing relatives and make up family 'sets'.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST February 8th to 19th

This is regarded as Oscar Wilde's best play and is surely the most outstanding comedy of the 19th century for its witty dialogue, elegance and theatrical dexterity. The story is briefly one of misunderstandings caused by two of the characters - Jack Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff - assuming double identities in order to court their respective future brides - Gwendolen Fairfax and Cecily Cardew. The complexity of the play and its sub-plots, together with such memorable characters as Lady Bracknell, makes this the funniest of comedies.

#### THE CORNISH PASSION PLAY March 15th to April 1st.

It is here in the West Country that we have one of the finest examples of English Mystery Plays dating from the Middle Ages. This little-known 14th Century cycle is attributed to the monks of Glasney College in Penrhyn. The cycle is in three parts - the Creation, the Passion and the Resurrection. In this Cornish Passion Play the Northcott is presenting not only the major parts of the Passion Play, but also parts of the Resurrection Play. What is unique about this cycle are the incidents and characters which the authors have invented, and which give the play its distinguishing local flavour, thereby making it all the more relevant for the spectators.

\* \* \*



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### CONTACT

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'Publishable - but worth it?' Those were the words that Forster inscribed on the cover of the final typescript of his posthumously published novel. A novel that was written in 1913-14, revised painfully over a long period, and published in 1971.

Publishable? Of course. His fame was such that anything he wrote was publishable. Worth it? Tes; because anything that adds to our knowledge of a great man is valuable. And nobody who admires his work can fail to read this book with profit. There are flashes of the insights and sensitivity for which we are all so deeply in his debt.

It is not a great book. He was writing too deliberately to argue a particular case. It is dated. The dialogue creaks with its pre-1914 upper-class slang. Incidents are clumsily contrived at times. The really sad thing is that the book is bad enough in places to give some semblance of justification to his enemies even to such mean-minded outbursts as Brigid Brophy's 'review' in The Listener.

The main trouble is that his people don't live. For once, we don't care very much about them. His theme is still the 'undeveloped heart', but his confessed propagan da smothers the fire. He had done the job once before, and so much better. Stewart Ansell (The Longest Journey) is subtly, truthfully, sensitively drawn. So subtly, that most contemporary readers did not realise what Forster was saying. Later, the homosexual debate was so crudely argued that Forster's delicacy in the earlier book still went unnoticed.

I have a fear that Maurice - quite unfairly - will cost Forster's reputation dear. Those 'progressive' and 'liberal' educators who have dominated the teaching of English for so long are going to be very upset by the book. Though even a Judge Argyll could not find it 'obscene', Forster's other works, which have had a central place in college and university reading lists, will be quietly withdrawn. 'Advanced' opinion always knows best what is good for other people. Maurice, it will be concluded, is not good for growing minds, and Forster will cease to be a 'life-enhancer'. The truth has always been that this great writer stood for values that reactionaries hate and that progressives fail to understand.

### CONTACT Filming

UNE bright morning, a grey and rusty A35 ventured forth with three passengers. DEST INATION-Dartmoor. REASON-filming with the B.B.C., based on an article in this magazine ('Dartmoor Odes', Vol. 1, No. 1) which was written by Edward Poore. You may remember that he had discovered some strange writing on Dartmoor stones and the B.B.C. wanted to recreate the scene of the inscriptions-BEAR DOWN, one hundred years ago. Two actors myself and SHAUN NOE were chosen from a choice of two to play the part of a labourer and the eccentric vicar of Tavistock, Our beloved Editor and agent arranged these first steps to stardom with the camera crew and various other bodies, such as the NORTHCOTT who kindly provided traditional dress.

Minor mishaps followed, like a certain person treading in a two foot muddy bog and also the arrival of strong winds and heavy rain. Firstly, Edward Poore's commentary was taped and then the actual filming commenced, followed by another downpour. Finally when we all felt like taking part in the milk advertisement which says, Filming is hard work the work was 'in the can' and we headed home. The film had RAVE NOTICES when it was shown on 'SPOTLIGHT SOUTH WEST' (at least, Shaun couldn't stop raving!!)

MARTIN HANNANT.

Publishabin 1-21 causes - 12

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Our roving writer EDWARD POORE reports FURTHER UNIQUE DISCOVERIES on Dartmoor more intriguing than his Odes! Safe Local CONTACT hopes to publish these in the future-so watch-over the mo out for: Charwas.fr tooms A

"MERLIN'S SECRET CAVE" and "LAND OF THE DRUIDS! bollarload

### Woodley Shoes

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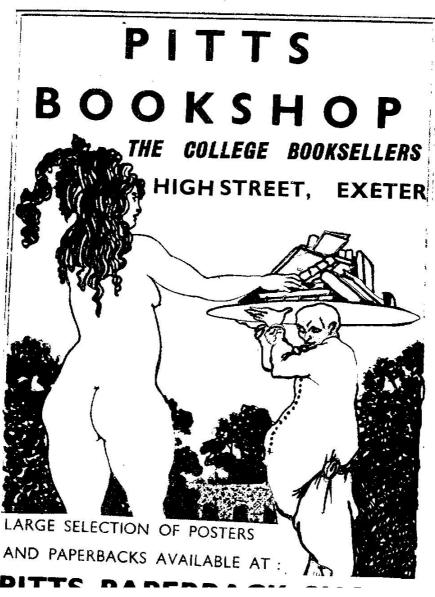
Woodleys Shoes had be a life end need for values that reactions

His own words - in the 'Terminal Note' - sum it up; 'The book certainly dates... not only because of its endless anachronisms ....but for a more vital reason: it belongs to an England where it was still possible to get lost ... There is no forest or fell to escape to today ... no deserted valley for those who wish neither to reform nor corrupt socity but to be left alone.'

Failure? Yes. I think so. A noble one.

S.H.BURTON





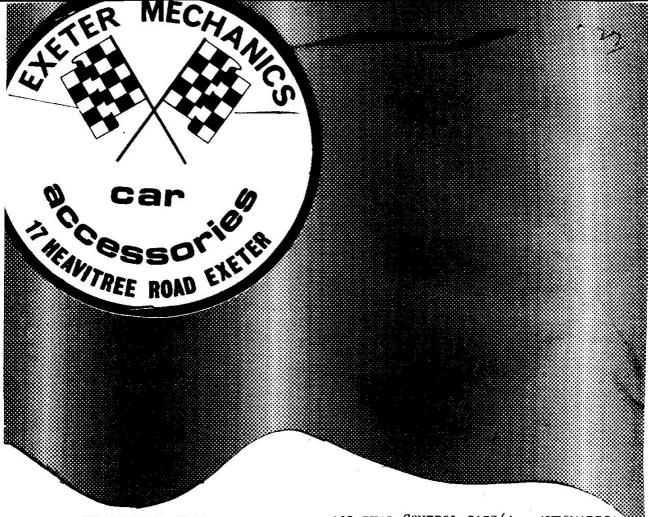


# WHY WE NEDAN ARMY

POINT OF VIEW

Harry Banstow

Many people regard with abhorence this nation's policy of spending annually two thousand million pounds upon defence. To them it is totally immoral to devote a vast sum of money to military purposes while so many social problems remain. One does not need a pro-marxist outlook to hold such an opinion, merely a troubled and caring social conscience. Slums still remain in Britain and countless other sources of human suffering; much of which could be remedied by a reduction in our defence budget. However.



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#### **ODE TO ELLISCARS**

Dear ELLISCARS you did your best
All praise to you I've passed my Test.
I thought the task would be too great
The family said, 'You're much too late',
My youth has passed long ago
But dear Miss Creed said 'Nave a go'.

One trial run in an Elliscar Convinced me that age was no bar. Mr.Ellis, bless his heart,

Gave me confidence right from the start. Kind help and guidance all the way. Through Exeter without dismay.

Cars, lorries, hikes, and fearsome hus were met and passed without a fuss. Instruction calm and gently firm, I soon felt even I could learn To drive and master those dreaded rears without the usual rows and tears.

Hill starts, corners, and reversing, hoad turn took some time rehearsing. With good instruction I can claim That courtesy shall be my aim.

From public transport I'm now free So ELLISCARS all praise to thee.

Let us look at Ulster for example, of a military role. Here, with the civilian population existing in the middle, lies a conflict between the IRA and the Military. If the Military should be withdrawn the situation would be placed in the hands of two civilian groups whose armies would be the 'mob'. Quickly, let me analyse a 'mob'. He is 'you' and 'me', solicitor, executive, miner, manual worker, shopkeeper, etc, etc. In fact it is US. Though we do not realise it, we are all capable of joining the Mob. Because it wears no standard uniform and has no standard discipline we are bemused into thinking that it is not an army. But it is! Moreover, it is the most lethal one of all because it has no discipline; and without discipline it shows no mercy. If such armies rampaged Ulster it would be a black day indeed in the history of these islands.

Secondly, many believe that should the West - namely America and NATO disband its forces the Communist group would do likewise. It is a truly wonderful hope, but tragically so unrealistic as to be in the realm of fantasy. The Communist group have a simple philosophy of striking when their prey is weak; the Chinese conquest of Tibet is a classic example. Totalitarian nations - ones that do not permit any political opposition within their borders - are immature by comparison to countries that do. Therefore it is a terrible risk to our future if we ASSUME that we are free of enemies who would take advantage of our weaknesses; as the peoples of Tibet, Checkoslovakia and Hungary will testify.

Now let us return to our own defences and their justification. To strike with a sword and then execute an inocent human being is one thing; to keep your sword in its sheath is another. In both cases the cost of maintaining the sword like keeping it rust-free - is the same; although their prime purpose is different. One purposes is to kill for the sake of killing and conquest, while the other is a means of self-defence.

Regretably, a nation's means of self-defence must be of a similar strength to the potential means of its foe. To reduce its strength is to wet the appetite of an enemy. We should not forget this. Moreover, to fight a war is costly, but never think that to preserve peace is any less so.

#### LODGINGS OFFICER WARNS STUDENTS

I am grateful to the Editor for giving me a space in your paper as I think that some words of warning at this stage could be helpful to students who are thinking of changing their digs.

. First - on no account part with a term's money in advance until you are satisfied with the living conditions and feel that the landlord is a fair and reasonable person to deal with.

Second - remember that living conditions which seem pleasant on a fine warm day may not be so good when it's wet and cold. See that the heating arrangements are adequate and beds comfortable.

Third - sign no agreement without first taking advice - parents, college authorities or solicitors, but remember too that a single agreement can be helpful to both parties. Make sure you "read the small print" and understand what you are signing!

The Lodgings Office is here to help you and we are grateful to hear of good and bad accommodation. Your comments may help future students. If you have found good flats, etc., we would be gladef the

#### Exeter Students - Weekend in Community

'A venture of faith' - this is the title of a booklet describing the foundation of the largest mixed religious community in Europe - it is called Lee Abbey.

The community is situated in 260 acres of magnificant North Devon countryside on the edge of rugged Exmoor. It is on the coast and an extremely attractive balance of coastal and wooded sceneryis to be found there. Close by, the estate is the celebrated 'Valley of Rocks' of 'Lorna Doone' fame and only two miles away are the delightful villages of Lynton and Lynmouth.

Each year the Abbey welcomes Exeter students there for a weekend. These weekends are 'open plan' in that people going on them may take part in the programme (discussion groups, forums, walks, folk-dancing etc) or they are free to enjoy the country walks around the estate, along the cliff paths or on the beaches - it is a very good opportunity to 'unwind'.

On previous years there have been about 100 students, mostly from the University and usually the weekend is held in February (this year February 11th - 13th - not the Loughborough weekend!)

The theme for discussion last year was about as wide as it could be in its scope - the world - discussion groups explored the areas of the mass media, ecology, conservation, race etc., and most people seemed to find these of value, finally tying a lost of 'loose-ends' in the final forum. The walks, folk-dancing etc., provided a good balance and for the incorrigible student a good library (and log fire) proved irresistible.

There were also opportunities for students to meet and talk to the community members - many from overseas - and learn a little of other peoples' attitudes to life. It was altogether a very enjoyable and relaxing time.

To fill in a little on the history of the community - Lee Abbey became a Christian community just after the Second World War. Twelve people had felt that there was a need for such a centre in Britain and so, when they discovered that the estate was for sale, together they decided to buy and obtain it and use it as the basis for the cummunity. They had little money, but one of them was left £1,000 which promptly became the deposit for the estate.

In the course of the past twenty six years Lee Abbey - formerly the residence of a local squire and mentioned in 'Lorna Doone' as 'Ley Manor' - has grown Donations have provided for its needs and it is now a thriving and very active centre with its own farm and gardens. There are about 80. community members (a few families with children) and throughout, the World an associated body of 'Friends of the Abbey' - about 8,000. The community is highly international and there are people from as far apart as Australia, Japan and Canada living and working there.

Early next year, in February, there will be posters appearing giving full details; also there will be a preview slide and cine show of the community and its work for those interested in joining the trek northwards to Exmoor.

### THE WEEKEND THAT COULD CHANGE YOUR LIFE





### NEED FOR EDUCATIONAL COURAGE

I suppose, during this term, appreciable numbers of first year students will be asked to teach their classes about the Roman Invasion of England the Norman Invasion of England and Drake's Voyages for England as they have been taught for years past. Such teaching was all very well in a total education leading to life dedicated to the service of the spendid British Empire. It is far too insular for the pupils who need to understand what goes on in the last third of the twentieth century, and where it all came from. The whole Graeco-Roman Civilisation, centred not in England but around the Mediterranean, is a superb teaching theme; in countless ways the whole world is still influenced by it. The fact that it pushed an outermost finger into a trivial island off the north west coast of Europe deserves a fleeting mention to children who happen to live in the island today. But to make it the theme of a whole Scheme of Work is sheer anachronism.

The same thing applies to the Norman Invasion. In north west Europe, the conversion of the northmen from dynamic marauders into dynamic constructors of civilisation is a superb theme. That William brought this thing to England has more consequence for today than has the Roman invasion of the islands about a thousand years earlier. But it is incidental to the whole; and to teach an incidental as if it were central is to distort pupils' understanding of the whole process.

Drake's voyage constitutes an exciting minor incident in a fantastic European process. The creation of the rudder-guided ocean-keeping cannon-bearing sailing ship is possibly the most decisive technological creation of all history. It is important to remember that it was not created by classical Greeks, nor even by a rediscovery of ancient Greek learning. It was created by medieval Europeans. It stands out in history as the supreme exemplar of the European technological and military superiority which enabled the Europeans, from the sixteenth century and increasingly down to the outbreak of the "European Civil War" in 1914, to impose their dominance on the entirety of the human race. And this is the dominance which the human race, very painfully but absolutely rightly, is now determined to throw off. Teach the totality of the sage of this sailing ship as a root cause of what is now happening in the world; and you are being relevant. Teach Drake's voyages as if they lead up to anything of contemporary significance; as you are distorting your pupils' understanding.

I wonder. Is it possible that there could come from St Luke's a student who, when asked to teach any of these insular trivialities, will explain, quietly and politely but with absolute firmness, that he refuses to teach them except as minor English incidentals within a far greater European and World-wide framework.

#### SIR RICHARDACLAND



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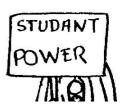
# After reading S.H.Burton in CONTACT READ

Well known as anthologist, biographer, broadcaster and critic, S. H. Burton has an unrivalled knowledge of the Exmoor National Park. For more than twenty years he has spent much of his leisure in walking over it, and has explored every facet of Exmoor past and present: its history, its literature and legends, its wild life, and its present-day problems. As Chairman of the Exmoor Society he has been deeply involved in the controversies that have marked National Park administration.

Mr. Burton's first book on Exmoor was published in 1952 and soon achieved recognition as the standard work on its subject. That book has been out of print for some time, and the present work, though incorporating some of the material used in its predecessor, is a completely new volume, embodying current archaeological and scientific findings and dealing exhaustively with National Park history and other events of recent years, such as the Lynmouth flood disaster and the impassioned debate about the hunting of the wild red deer.

Exmoor is at once an addition to regional literature and a comprehensive and scholarly study of one of Britain's few remaining wild lands.

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### EXTRA

SHORT STORY by
Donald Cross

A highly aclaimed MYSTERY story

It was when I turned my attention to the back garden after moving into my new house that my difficulties first arose. I was, I suppose, some two months trying to sort it out. I can't claim that I unearthed any Roman coins or anything of great monitory value, but I did find a gravestone: not a big one but one sloped rather like a regular trapezium, and on this gravestone were carved these words:

D. A. MACDONALD

AT REST-JAN. 14th, 1941

Naturally, my wife and I were intrigued, and we tried to work out exactly how it got there...after all, the Churchyard was only 20 yards from our house, the Church tower jutting up alongside, and so we wondered if it had been flung over into our garden during the hombing raids over Exeter. But even this was not a very likely or plausible explanation. My youngest child, Richard, then 4 years old, thought that it may be the grave of a dog or a horse...efter all, that part of the original vicarage was a paddock.

well, we didn't get very far in putting forward an explanation as to its origin. I wavered between turning my back on it entirely and approaching the vicar to help me in the matter. So, in the end, I decided to put it down flat at the bottom of the garden, so as not to attract undue attention, where I could keep it clear from undergrowth and then I got on with other concerns.

Now, I must leap over 8 or 9 months of uneventful activity as far as the stone is concerned, but 1'll carry you forward to Christmas Day of that year. It was 1967 and, as usual on Christmas morning, we all went downstairs early and had breakfast amidst piles of presents and colourful wrapping paper.

I suppose it was about 8.30 when someone knocked on the door. There was a knock yet again, and we looked at each other in surprise. I opened the door and there stood a man of about 30, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant commander of the Royal Navy. I looked at him, he looked at me, and then said: "I'm sorry to trouble you on Christmas Jay...it's a bit akward really", he stuttered. "Do you think I could look at my father's grave...?"

I was a bit nonplussed at that moment, for it seemed a little facetious to suggest that the Churchyard lay on the other side of the road...and say: "Cross over and take the turning right at the first gravestone..." So I said: "How can I help you.. ?" And it suddenly struck me that perhaps someone had told him that I was the sextant.

"Well, my father's grave is in your garden", he continued. I hesitated no further, replying: "I'll get my coat and we can go back together.."

So we climbed down the steps to the back of the garden, and I continued, "I don't know if it's in the same place as it was when you were last here", and we crossed over to the corner of the garden. There it was, face upwards, with markings on it. He looked down at it for a moment and remarked that it was not in exactly the same place as it had been originally.

"But it doesn't matter... I'm grateful to you for putting it in a permanent place... I came here early this morning when it was dark but I could'nt find it—it was a great shock to me... to see all

these houses standing here. when I came 2 years ago-I come every 2 years...we take turns to leave our ship and have Christmas off... I had no problem finding it 2 years ago-even though it was well before Sun-rise!"

He stopped for a moment and smiling at me he said, "Please leave me alone for a moment, and then I'll go away and I won't trouble you again for another 2 years."

I went back to the house, and became embroiled in a game of Monopoly... I hate the game, but on Christmas Day one must do one's

As weeks and months went by, we became less concerned about the affair...and the frost soon killed the carnations. I lifted them carefully from the grave and put them in the bin; I suppose that I didn't really think that I was in a position to put flowers on the grave reguarly week by week and so there was a kind of blurring effect after a time.

Two whole years passed by Christmas 1968 came towards us and went by But then, before we knew it, after the hurly-burly of the Autumn term, we were right up against Christmas 1969.

My wife and I went to bed well after midnight, this being quite usual in our family. Our children still insist on their belief in Father Christmas, for reasons which they keep to themselves, but I go off to sleep fairly quickly. It happens that my wife likes to read much later than I do, and so I've learnt to go to sleep with the light on ... so it came as no surprise to me when my wife suddenly said: "Donald! Donald! ". She seems to have this curious habit of assuming that I'm awake, when in fact I've been asleep for a long time). I made an impatient noise in my throat, and refused to open my eyes. She now shook me and continued, "Donald, Donald-There's a man in our garden.. " I opened my eyes and reached out in the darkness for her hand and together we tip-toed across the landing and into Richard's room. I knew before I looked out of the window what my wife had seen... The sky was slightly overcast but, after standing there a minute, the moon suddenly broke through the clouds, flooding the garden with light... No one was there-only a bunch of red carnations, glistening on the gravestone, in the far corner of the garden ...

Another year went by and on Christmas Eve, I walked into the 'Ship Inn' for a drink and there fell into talk with an old regular, who often makes his way past the Churchyard.

I bought him a drink, he bought me one—and so we continued as he reminisced about Heavitree. I began to get curious, and in ways which may have been a little devious to say the least, I brought him around to the subject of the gravestone. Yes, he knew about it. I must now telescope what he told me.

"Yes, I knew Daniel very well...He killed himself on the night of January 14th, 1941. He couped himself up in the kitchen, his wife having gone away through tragic circumstances to stay with a friend. He turned on the gas and left a letter-left a letter for me." He paused. Then he gulped and continued, "He'd heard a few days before that his son had been killed on hoard ship, off the coast of Newfoundland. It was Christmas Eve, 1940 at 2 in the morning...Very proud of his son he was...Received office of lieutenant commander when he was only 30..."

I went home in a state of considerable turmoil because he said that he would tell me something about the affair that he'd told no one before. And what he told me was this: "That note he left me...Daniel killed himself, not just because he had lost his son but because he was overwhelmed with a great sense of shame. The night his son died, Daniel spent not with his wife, but with another woman. And when he had reflected that he was lying with her at the very moment that the ship went down, he could not endure the thought of living any longer.

It was an uneventful Christmas this year and when I went to bed, I turned over the events again and again in my mind... Then, as the night wore on, I started to shiver less and think logically rather more. This was the conclusion I reached: that man who first came to us in 1967 and returned again in 1969 as he had promised, was not a spirit back from the dead at all, because the night Daniel lay with that other woman, I was convinced that he begat another child. The dates were right and the ages were right. So when he came to us that Christmas Day, he was not marking the anniversary of his death, but the point at which his life began. Ans

And so I fell into a deep sleep, less puzzled than before. I hope that next Christmas, even though you are busy, you will manage to spare a thought for me. If you should wake up in the morning at 2 o'clock. you