

LES GOES TO LUNDY re read 2016

Can it be that it was over twenty years ago that we landed on the beach in the pouring rain and had to unload all our props from a large ferry, transfer them onto a small boat and then along a narrow gangplank that had been wheeled out into the surf?

That was in 1989. Nigel Curzon and I had started work on a 'Timewatch' documentary about Napoleon Bonaparte's imprisonment on St Helena. We had gone to see the director at Elstree studios and that's where we met his assistant Nina. We were told that the budget wasn't that big being that it was a documentary. Also it was unusual for their department to actually use the services of the design department.

The next step was to read the scripts, do some research and then take a trip to Lundy Island as it was suggested to be a good location for all the scenes. 'Lundey' means Puffin Island - 'lundi' is Norse for puffin and 'ey' for island. Lundy was occupied in 1627 for 5 years by Barbary slave traders, pirates from NW Africa. European and English captives were then sent to Algiers as slaves. Read the book "White Gold" for a fascinating history of Barbary slave traders.

A date was set and we drove to Bideford and booked into a hotel ready to catch the ferry the next morning. Up early and ready for sailing we all met at the quayside. The weather seemed a bit breezy and a little overcast. Then we were told that the ferry was cancelled owing to bad weather. That was a blow for the schedule and we hung around for an hour or so expecting the weather to improve. However, it was not to be.

NO SAILING TODAY.

What to do? Neil the producer/director suggested we go down to the quayside and ask the captain of one of the smaller boats to take us over to Lundy. We approached a likely looking man working on the side of a boat. "Would you be prepared to take us over to Lundy Island?" The captain looked at us carefully and slowly turned and pointed to the huge ship that was our intended transport to the island, the ferry M.S. Oldenburg. He turned back to face us and with a look of disbelief said, "**If that big bugger can't go to sea how do you think my boat can?**" That was said with a hint of contempt, so with our tails between our legs we shuffled off to the nearest pub where we went through the script letter by letter, line by line, paragraph by bloody paragraph scene by sodding scene. The longest most boring meeting I think I had ever had.

The next day the weather seemed a little better and the ferry was set to sail, hooray. Nina had sea sickness pills and some wrist adornments that she assumed would prevent her from being ill. I thought it was a bit over the top as it wasn't blowing a gale. What was she worried about? 240 day-trippers, old married couples, children and teenagers all boarded the boat. T-shirts, shorts, open neck shirts and summer dresses they were all set for a day trip to Lundy and enjoying the sun which had just come out.

Neil went below with his laptop to do some work, did they have laptops in 1989? Perhaps it was a portable typewriter. Nigel, Nina and I stayed on deck. I was going to enjoy the trip and look out for sea birds on the way. Nina kept on about seasickness and I told her, "Stay on deck and don't think about it and you will be fine". Such wise words from an unknowing fool.

The moment the ship passed through the harbour entrance everything changed. The sky turned dark grey, waves started to get bigger, the wind started to blow and the rain started right on cue. Still I never gave it a thought about being sick myself. I would take my mind off it by whistling in the wind as they say. People then started to be sick and the crew, who were fantastic, ran around handing out sick bags.

The boat was purchased from a company in Germany but it wasn't designed to sail the high seas and rolled much more than other boats due to the shape of the hull. Nigel was now feeling ill and retired below. Half an hour later he emerged looking very uncomfortable saying, "It's hell down there, every one is being sick, the floor is covered, the toilets are full. One man came out of a cubicle and the person waiting outside vomited straight into his face, Another guy with his head in the basin had people crowding behind him and he ended up with someone being sick all over the back of his head"



We were in tears as he told us what was going on below, and even as I am typing now I can't help laughing to myself. What a warped sense of humour I must have. As we looked around the day trippers were freezing and some huddled up on the deck in agony. An hour and a half had passed and I hadn't been sick. With the wind and rain lashing Nina asked me if I would take her bags down below as they were getting soaked. I hated the thought of going below and facing that living hell. I then started to feel queasy and at the same time a crew member rushed up to my side and dropped a sick bag overboard. The boat rolled to one side and the bag hit the steel hull and with a ghastly explosion the bag burst and exposed all its contents. I dropped Nina's bag and ran to the back of the boat with the remains of the sick bag, not to the front, because if you throw into the wind the object blows back towards you. "Better out than in", I heard someone say - charming!

I sat back on the bench seat when Nina finally emptied the contents of her stomach all over my left shoe. Charming f.... charming. So much for her pills and for the medieval charms strapped about her person!

The island appeared in the distance, dark grey and unwelcoming, but at least we could get off this hell boat and find somewhere warm and dry. Looking down I could see dry patches on the timber deck shaped like curled up humans where trippers had been lying in their torment.



The boat stopped a little way off the beach and we all had to climb into a small boat which took us to a boardwalk that had been wheeled into the sea. The walk up to the tavern took about twenty minutes. Hard going for some of the trippers who were wet and exhausted and some didn't even make it and waited several hours on board

for the trip back to the mainland. On another occasion, just a few days later, a tripper had been so ill that he was bringing up blood. When the boat anchored a helicopter was waiting to take him straight back to the mainland and in to hospital.

Forgot to mention that Neil the director had worked at his typewriter throughout the whole journey and apparently wasn't bothered at all.

The tavern on the Island called the 'Marisco' was a very pleasant pub cum restaurant, cum grocers, cum post office all rolled into one. We checked into our room which was a small chalet in the valley. I couldn't wait to have some free time and check out the wildlife.



Did I mention that I was a keen birdwatcher?

St Helen's Church and the Marisco Tavern

We toured the village after lunch selecting locations, measuring and making notes for the actual filming which would take place in a few weeks time. A Victorian church, dry stone walls, farm buildings, chalets, a light house and a small brewery. A rough track disappeared into the distance heading out to the far end of the island. Steep cliffs surrounded the whole island and the only safe landing was where we had arrived a few hours ago. By now the trippers

had gone home and the island took on a very different feel, silent, isolated and beautiful with a feeling that we had gone back 50 years into the past. The recce was uneventful and we returned the next afternoon with lots of plans, notes, photos and directors requests.

Nigel--Neil--Les



Nigel- Neil -Les



John --- Simon ---- Danny--Joe--Nigel---Les

Back in the office the next day we retold our story of the 'Sea of Sick and had the female members of the design dept squealing with horror and the guys killing themselves with laughter. I even found an old Victorian etching of captured French soldiers on board a ship and most of them being sick, that image was pasted onto the front of my file straight away.

Props were hired, drawings completed and a bit of research into a billiard table led us to a table maker in south London who made us a period version.

They didn't have green baize in the early days, just stretched off white canvas and the tables were smaller. Of course we didn't need the expensive slate bed so that was replaced with block board. We also had to have a period camp bed made up from mild steel to represent the one that Napoleon had slept in.

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Milking a Ewe



So here we are a month later back in Bideford. We are staying the night in a nearby hotel after loading as much as possible onto the boat and leaving some of the larger items on the dockside ready for loading first thing in the morning. It had taken us eight hours and we still had more to go on but we had to leave space for the crew's luggage and then continue to load if room was available.

We now had a scene crew. Chippy Joe Wilmot, supply man John Starkey and Tex the grip. We could write a book on Tex, a love him or loath him character. I have worked with Tex on many occasions, notably 'Open All Hours', and I can see how he could annoy many people but he was a good soul always ready to help, but he always tried to outdo everyone. I, for one, got on well with him. In the bar the night before sailing we, of course, retold the story of the dreadful crossing. Tex boasted "I won't be sick. I'm used to sailing and

have my own boat, so there will be no problem for me” Oh dear he had rather set himself up!

Next morning we were all on the dockside loading equipment; paint, timber, tools, lights and luggage for three weeks.



Tex has just been sick along with others

Also loading were people staying for the week on the island, birdwatchers, archeologists, divers, hikers and some people who were going to stay on the island for the foreseeable future. A young couple who were moving from Scotland with their sheep and with the intention of making a specialist sheep's cheese. Once we had set sail I had a go at milking the sheep. Who do you know who has milked a sheep?

The Oldenburg looked so strange after it was loaded. The deck was festooned with palms and greenery that we hoped would turn Lundy into a south Atlantic island, some hope! Once again as soon as we got out to sea the boat rolled and pitched uncomfortably. Under my Barbour coat I had a camera ready to catch any of the production crew having a 'kit inspection'.

Danny Euston the prop man offered me £5.00 for a photo of Tex being sick. That's one person who obviously loathed him. "No, he's a seasoned sailor" I told him. "Look he's even got a sailing cap on" "Wrong, he's going to be sick! I know it". Tex stood on the deck hands behind his back clutching a gin and tonic, legs apart facing the wind and probably singing an old sea shanty to himself. "He's going to be sick, he's going, he's going, get your camera ready" I still didn't believe he would throw up but the sneaky bastard casually walked over to the rail and threw up. I got the photo but too late. The sod knew what we were up to and I missed it. Danny was beside himself with fury. "I was going to pin that photo all over Ealing Studios".

The dark outline of the island could now be seen in the distance, wet and misty, not at all inviting. The crossing wasn't as bad as the first one although we did have wind and lashing rain for a while, but even so quite a few had been ill. We arrived in the bay and anchored. We now had to do what I had been dreading, unload all those bloody props into a small craft and then unload them again onto the wheeled boardwalk in the surf.

We had just four and a half hours to complete the task in wet and windy conditions. Any props unloaded would have to remain on the boat and go back to Bideford. A quad bike, the only vehicle on the island, was provided for us to transport all the props up to a storage barn. Hired antique props sat on the beach in the pouring rain oh how we could have done with an army of men, but budgets prevail. The quad bike had a wire mesh trailer that soon got waterlogged and sand got stuck to the ply panels which made great sand paper and helped destroy the wood finish on tables and chairs. Exhausted we finished our task. The two Simons worked like Trojans transporting all the props up to the storage area returning as soon as possible to the beach for another load. Looking back I don't know how they managed it.

Desperate for food and drink we headed to the tavern for a late lunch. What would it be fresh, locally caught fish - a hot meal?

No.....,I can't remember exactly what it was but it was on the lines of boiled eggs, crisps, spam and bread and cheese. Well I like crisps but not as a main meal especially after the horrendous day we had been through. There was almost a riot and some members of the crew were ready to pack up and go home the next day. Complaints revealed that this was all that could be provided for what the production team had been prepared to pay. This was the production crews first venture into location filming and they were not aware that crews who are on the road every day expect a decent meal.

The chef said we couldn't expect lobster for the money he was being paid but he could provide whatever we wanted although it would require more money. The evening meal had already been prepared so a meeting was held with production who agreed to pay more but we would have to make do with the meal provided for that evening, with a promise to have a better menu the next day. Not a good day.

The crew members were scattered around the village in chalets and huts. The girls were settled into Millcombe House nestled in a valley. Design were fixed up in the Victorian lighthouse which sat on the top of the cliff, not the one built on the rocks below. Why two lighthouses? Because when they had finished building the first one, come winter they found that the light could not be seen because the lantern was hidden by mist and low cloud. Neil and Nina

bagged the top floor which was warm, cosy and spacious. Down below was cosy but rather small and cold. "Lets light a fire in the grate" someone suggested. We gathered some wood, screwed up some paper and set light to it.

Within seconds we were all choking as smoke filled the rooms, windows were flung open and bodies hung out to get some air into their choking lungs. The chimneys had been blocked up! Looking through the guest book I noticed that Michael Woods the historian and presenter had stayed in this room a little earlier so I hope he was warmer than us.



The next day design had to start preparing the sets ready for filming the following day. Joe set about fixing the louvres and the two Simons busied themselves bringing down props and furniture in the trailers. I've got to say those two lads worked their socks off and were great company. The production started filming and interviewing various experts on the life and history of Napoleon.



The weather wasn't very good and scenes where Napoleon was sitting on the veranda had palm trees swaying and falling over in the background due to high winds. Not very convincing I must admit. We were all rather surprised by the appearance of the actor playing good old Nappy. He had recently played the part of a baddy captain in "Star Wars" and was as thin as a rake not a bit like the portly man we had come to expect and seen in countless paintings.

The filming went on with countless changes in the script, schedules changed without any of us being informed. We had to keep asking the girls if they knew what was going on as they seemed to find out before us and they knew all the gossip. The girls, later to be called 'The Crumpet' by the lighting crew,

were Sue Gibson and Maggie Partington-Smith doing costume with Liz Rowell in charge of make up. We all made friends very quickly and we found them to be great fun and not taking things too seriously. They had sorted out their digs with a nice little kitchen and we often popped in to see them at the end of the day for a cup of tea and a laugh, and not forgetting the latest information and gossip.

A few days into filming, when things had settled down, Simon King wanted to paint a puffin and asked my advice. The puffin had declined in recent years from thousands to just a few breeding pairs each year. In fact I didn't see any at all when we were on the island. Rats on the island and over fishing were the main cause of the decline. I suggested to Simon that we search for a nice piece of flat slate and paint the puffin onto it. He made such a good job that I thought it would be a good idea to get every one to make their own puffin using materials, that if possible, reflected their trade. I drew up a board suggesting that each entry would cost a pound and that all proceeds would be given to the church charity which, was by coincidence, called St Helena's. The response was fantastic and even the cast participated.

Below is a list of just some of the entries;

Pint of Puffin - Lundy has it's own brewery and the beer is called, you've guessed it, Puffin Ale, Puffin Pie, Powder Puffin - my favourite made from a powder puff, Pine Puffin whittled from a track wedge by our old friend Tex, Bat Puffin, Puffin Boots and Meat and two Puffins. And many more works of rubbish, whoops, sorry art! Would you believe it? They let the bloody leading actor win with a rather pathetic, abstract and silly entry made from a piece of camera equipment - Fiddle! The money was duly donated and I understand



the artwork could still be seen a year later with a little explanatory sign below. Perhaps it is still there.

The summer of 89 had been extremely hot with very low rainfall and now the island was running out of fresh water with the tanks almost empty. I woke up with a bad stomach and sickness. The light house was about a quarter of a mile from the tavern where we all met in the morning for breakfast and to find out, if you were lucky, what the schedule was to be. I should have stayed in bed but I got up and staggered along the field beside a dry stone wall. In fact I became so weak that I ended up crawling on all fours. Having got to the tavern I went straight to the gents which was an outdoor 40s style concrete smelly affair painted with black bitumen and soaked in years of good ole Lundy urine. Still ill, I was on an my hands and knees with my head in the gully, not nice. Someone found me and I was carried to an empty hut and set down on a rather uncomfortable bed where I lay for the rest of the day.

At the end of the day Tex came in to find that I had almost recovered and wanted to show me his bedroom which was next door, no problem, he is straight. You couldn't imagine the mess and clutter that confronted me. We had been there for about a week and every surface was covered with... lets be kind and call it bric-a-brac. It was as though he had brought the entire contents from his shed at home and scattered them along with clothes, magazines and a dinghy, yes, a dinghy all about the room.

A few days later someone had organised a film show or perhaps it had been a programme on TV that everyone wanted to watch. Anyway a large room had been set up with rows of stacking chairs. I walked in and there was Tex in the front row, dead centre, right in front of the television but all the others were sitting a few rows behind. No person was closer than five rows to Tex. And then it hit me, a strong, offensive, sweet smell of sweaty socks with a hint of matured body odour. Tex had his shoes off and his feet stretched out onto the rostra.

Of course I looked for a seat as far away from him as possible and could see Maggie and Liz behind holding their noses and pointing to Tex - as if I needed to know where the stench was coming from. I sat down not knowing how long I could take it. Did I really need to see this film? The door opened and in walked Sue, she took one whiff and shouted "Tex, go and wash your feet and socks!" Tex took not the slightest notice.

In the evening the tavern was transformed, it became the local pub with a great atmosphere. The shop cum post office was closed, the day-trippers had

gone and the bar was open. Our meals were served in the gallery to keep us separate from the island guests when the food arrived. The tables below had the guests eating their meal. One of them was the long staying resident, or local piss head, as he was known, a weasel faced guy who had an "S" shaped leg. I found out that a few years earlier he had walked out of the tavern fully tanked up and thought he could jump across the cattle grid. Silly boy! He just wasn't up to it in his inebriated condition and landed smack in the middle of the grid, breaking his leg in many places. Every time I see a cattle grid these days I wince and walk very carefully around it.

One evening we were filming a scene that involved several English Redcoats who were to march down the track at night with lanterns lighting up the path. Maggie insisted that I would be perfect for the part of a soldier. This was perhaps because I was the only one that could fit into the costume. What a load of ribbing I got but that was to be expected. I would of course do the same. I became the chocolate soldier for the day, straight from a tin of Quality Street. I had to dress up again for continuity the next day for a scene in which Napoleon was being rowed to shore in a small boat. This was crewed by the Lundy wardens John Orford and Andrew Jewel. I think I even got paid.

Whenever we worked into the night we started a little later the next day. That meant that I could get up and do some bird watching usually trying to get away from the village and further up the island.

One morning as I walked along the cliff top I noticed a large white bird fly past below. At first I thought it was a large gull but what gull has yellow feet? I quickly got my binoculars onto it before it vanished out of sight, time enough to establish that it was the rare little



egret that is seldom seen in the UK. In fact on the wall in the



tavern is a stuffed little egret in a glass case and that had been shot over one hundred years ago. I couldn't believe my luck. Every birdwatcher wants to find and report a rarity. In the distance I could see the warden driving in the one and only car on the island, a Land Rover. I ran across to the track and stopped him. "I have just seen a little egret" I panted. He didn't seem too interested, thought I had imagined it I suspect.

He changed his mind the next day when it was reported down on the beach. I wrote a report and sent it off to the rarities committee who accepted it a few weeks later. The Lundy bird report duly included my observation and details in the next edition. Little things please little minds they say.

Just a few years later more and more little egret were reported in the UK and now you can expect to see them just about everywhere, which just goes to show how wildlife can quickly fill in a niche. Outside the tavern stood a blackboard where birders would chalk up any sightings of interesting birds.

Luckily for me, one lunchtime I found that a rarity had been reported in the walled field nearby so I made a quick dash with other birders before we returned to work and I had ticked my first ever quail.

I had seen several peregrine during the first week and I was due to go out on the quad bike to dress a set. One of the resident's wife asked if I could take her and a friend along to find a peregrine as she had never seen one before.

Peregrines were rather rare in the 80s due to pesticides, illegal shooting, theft by falconers and egg collectors and pigeon fanciers destroying eggs in the nest. Strangely enough these woman had never been to the end of the island. In the end three woman squeezed onto the quad bike and we slowly made our way to the far end of the island called Puffin Gully. They were delighted to see this majestic and beautiful bird sitting on a crag below and another swooping overhead.



Soay sheep were introduced in 1944 and there is still a healthy population of these bronze age sheep spread around the island. They even appeared on the Marisco menu, but vegetarians beware - not to be confused with soya! These sheep could be seen clinging to the steep sides of the cliffs below but I never managed to get really close to any of them.

The calling of grey seals, hook nosed pigs drifted up from below. Grunting and bellowing sounds echoed off the rocky cliffs. It takes a while to spot them resting on the spray splattered rocks with waves breaking all around them. Grey seal are our largest mammal, even bigger than a red deer would you



believe? Some of the rare birds that I saw, included; scarlet grosbeak, Baird's sandpiper, wryneck, pied flycatcher and barred warbler which I spotted from the loo. But that's too much information.

Lundy is the UK's first Marine Nature Reserve and attracts many divers each year who go searching for corals, sea squirts and fish such as the basking shark and red band fish.

Lundy generates some of its income by producing its own set of stamps. One set I just had to buy was a set of three on a Christmas envelope stamped and dated 1976. The first stamp depicts several men landing in the surf just like a scene we had filmed a few days earlier. The second shows the church, St Helena's which is the island we where were supposed to be filming. The third stamp depicts the lighthouse "old light" which reminds me of that awful crawl to the tavern.

Getting back to Tex, it was decided to have a BBQ in the paddock outside the tavern for the crew. Just like Corporal Jones in 'Dad's Army', Tex was the one who promptly volunteered to do the spit hog roast. I think we all assumed that Tex had done this many times before, being the expert he is in so many fields. Come the evening which was quite pleasant for a change, we all ambled into the paddock but the animal had only just gone onto the spit and I

always thought it took several hours of slow roasting and constant turning but what do I know. We decided to go for a walk, had a drink and then returned some time later for a delicious helping of spit roasted pig. Flames were roaring around the meat and I had serious doubts about eating it. Tex assured us that it was all under control and it would be fine. Now at long last for the carving. Oh my God, the surface was blackened to the point of charcoal and the meat below was raw. Huge piles of burnt flesh were dumped in the bin and I think we all drifted into the tavern for a sandwich.

Some days later and the filming had finished and in celebration and thanks, a special meal was to be provided for us. We had half a lobster each and all the trimmings. It turned into a riotous night because all the varied types of visitors were also leaving the next day. Climbers, birders, canoeists, etc all gathered together for the final evening.

The fun started when one of them produced a set of juggling clubs. It always seems so easy to do and of course you know who wanted to have a go. Our Tex. Juggling wasn't on his list of expertise and clubs were bouncing all over the place. Then, would you believe, a monocycle appeared. In theory, to me that is, it's impossible to ride these things. Tex was in there like a shot only to fall dangerously flat on his back. I once tried to ride one when I found one in props many years ago. Nobody was around so I held onto the shelf racking, eased myself onto the saddle and tried to pedal away. The wheel shot forward leaving me suspended for a spit second before slamming downward onto the concrete floor, flat on my back. There was no way that I was going to repeat that!

The climbers were well away by now and decided to have a competition which involved climbing over the bar, up the wall and along the gallery. Amazing agility was demonstrated and various fools tried their hand at copying them. The final challenge was to travel the whole distance across the room without touching the floor or walking on top of the tables which were quite long and very sturdy. The climbers hung to the underside of the refectory table like giant sloths, gripping tightly and inching their way along through the braces and managing to get across to the next table without dropping to the floor. Some people never seem to learn and I'm afraid Tex, who was extremely sozzled by now, suffered severe bruising to his back and head as he dropped with a loud thud onto the floor, banging the back of his skull against a cross rail for good measure. What a bizarre night!

The next morning, hung over members of the crew made their way down to the shore to await the M.S. Oldenburg to take them home. We were sorry to see the girls - "The Crumpet" depart. The design department was due to stay



on for a few days to pack and load all the props onto the Oldenburg. The girls were good fun and great sports and we couldn't let them go without some sort of farewell and decided to make a flag and hoist it up the mast when the ship departed.

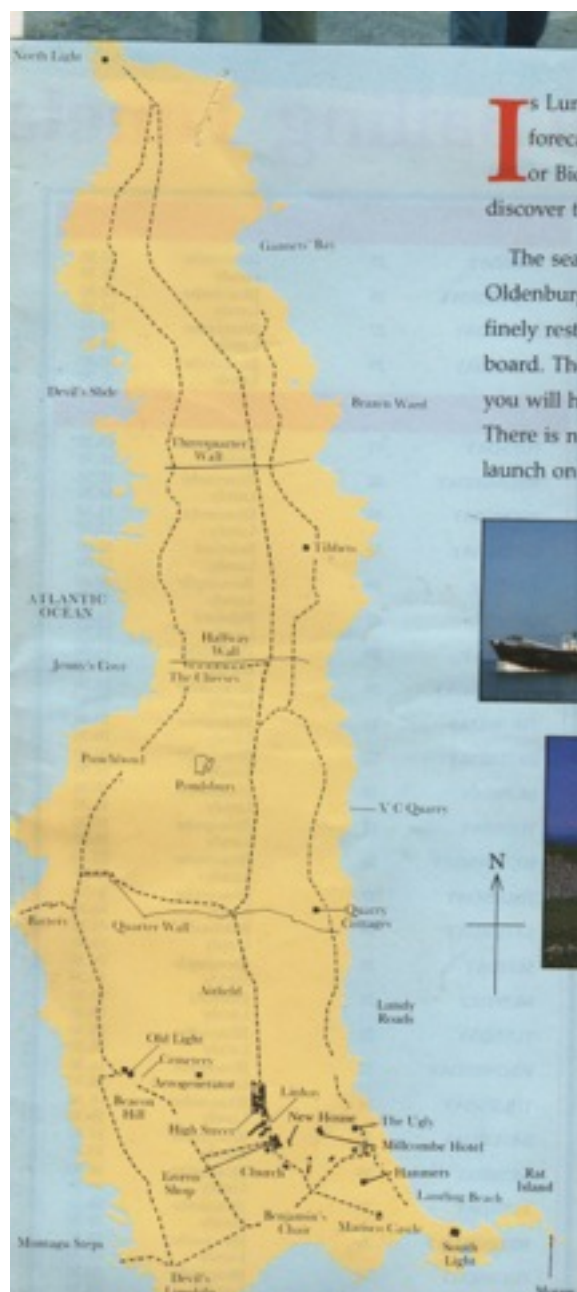
But for now the landing pier was awash with equipment, bags, luggage and Tex, who was as drunk as a sack, and had collapsed on top of his gear. Did I mention that he had brought along an inflatable dinghy? One never knows when you might need one. Now who in their right mind would bring a bloody dinghy. Snoring and out like a light some members of the crew suggested leaving him to sleep and miss the boarding but that was ruled out by us. The ferry anchored and a scene supervisor with an extra prop man arrived to assist with the departure. What a shame that Simon King, [below centre with Nigel and Simon Fairclough] who had worked so hard and was on top of everything and would now have this bolshy guy tell him what to do. The extra man was, as it happened, a dead loss if I remember correctly. All aboard and the boat set sail and our flag was hoisted and fluttered in the breeze, we hoped the girls would see it "Goodbye Crumpet".

Then peace and quiet spread across the island once again as we continued with our preparations for the sail back to the mainland. The trip back a few days later was uneventful, with only a few people being sick. One in fact was a merchant seaman who said he had never been sick before and was unaccustomed to the roll of this ship. One lasting image for me was of a swallow that came from the direction of the island, emerging out of the mist just a few yards away from the boat, and heading in the same direction as us. The mist was so dense that we couldn't see more than 150 yards ahead. The swallow was along side now and only slightly faster than the boat. What a wonderful sight, being level with a bird that is flying at full speed but appearing to stand still. Other passengers sat in awe watching this bird overtake us

but oh so slowly. It took a good ten minutes for the bird to pass and disappear into the thick fog.

Back on shore Nigel and I set off in the hire car. By now it was 7pm and we hadn't heard the news for several days. Switching the radio on we heard the intro to 'The A-Z of country music' being announced. We were just about to change channels when the voice of Ray Charles rang out "Your cheating heart" followed by Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Locklin, Hank Williams and so many other great artists and songs that we had never considered to be country music. We sang along to almost all of them on our long drive home. It was a very pleasant ending to a memorable location.

A few days later, back at television centre, I found on my drawing board a manuscript - 'Crumpet goes to Lundy'. It was 12 pages chronicling a filming expedition to the Isle of Lundy written by our old friend Maggie. She had, unknown to any of us, been observing the comings and goings of life with a film



crew. From day one she had been making notes and producing wonderful sketches of some of the crew and various scenes. I loved the pose of Nigel and the two Simons whizzing around on the quad bike, which also happens to be one of the images that is stuck in my mind. This manuscript was copied and read by most of the design department who thought it extremely funny and very witty. I even had managers come to my office asking for a copy. Some designers wanted to have a copy to use in their lectures so that they could show a lighthearted view of what life can be like on location.

This account was written after not having seen Maggie for twenty years since the filming and then getting an email saying that she would like to turn the manuscript into a proper book. Would I have any memories of the filming that would help fill in some spaces and expand the scope of the book? Well I did and here is the result. What other film location could I write about some twenty years later after the final call, 'That's a wrap'. [Wind Reel And Print] A fantastic memory of an island that is well worth visiting even if you do get sea sick on the way there as you cross twelve miles of choppy sea. Maggie did produce her book and it's called 'Crumpet goes to Lundy' what else would it be called.

Les McCallum