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F.O.Box 71,

Hilton,

3245.

28th November, 1986.



Dr. Tony Morphet,
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Dear Tony,

Luckily you don't put dates on your letters so I can pretend yours to me only arrived yesterday.

I don't know when it did come because we have been away -- to England and Scotland. The excuse was that Vanessa has produced a baby, so we went to look at it, although that was only half the reason for the trip. The other reason was that Derick Marsh was spending the year at the Shakespeare Institute and we thought that once he went back to Australia we would probably have lost our chance of ever seeing him again. We spent the first week with Vanessa and then set off on a tour -- first the Hâans and their family, most of whom have Cockney accents. Then a party of assorted people in London, amongst whom I was astonished and delighted to find Peter Rodda. I thought he was on the point of death. He wasn't that night, although he walks with crutches and left early. He seemed pretty good to me. Somebody said they thought his cancer was arrested, but that may just have been wishful thinking.

Next day, north to Meldner in Stirling -- a Scotsman in all but accent. The pride with which he showed us Edinburgh -- mostly driving the wrong way down one-way streets -- and then Stirling, of which he is even prouder still. It was a great occasion. Next day, down to Stratford to Derick, a bit fatter and complaining about arthritis, but otherwise very little changed. We really enjoyed that, and then rounded it all off last Friday night with dinner with Bill Hoffenberg at the Royal College of Physicians. Not much change in him from twenty years ago either.

All of which has been leading up to the article. I'm not sure whether you are saying "Yes" or "Perhaps", but I'm taking it as "Yes" !

Have a good Christmas.

Yours,

Alan