

General Certificate of Education
January 2004
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION A)
Unit 6**

LTA6

Thursday 29 January 2004 1.30 pm to 4.30 pm

In addition to this paper you will require:
a 16-page answer book.

Time allowed: 3 hours

Instructions

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is LTA6.
- Answer **both** parts of the question.

Information

- Materials from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 40.

Advice

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between the different aspects of English Literature.
- You will be assessed on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary, where appropriate. The degree of legibility of your handwriting and the level of accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be taken into account.

LTA6

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

1 Reading

- Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study. You will be using this material to answer the questions in the examination which appear on the facing page.
- Alongside the four pieces (**B, C, D** and **E**) about The First World War (the prescribed area for study) you will find **Extract A**, a pre-twentieth century poem, *Vitai Lampada*, by Sir Henry Newbolt. This also has **war** as its theme.
- Read all five pieces and their introductions carefully and closely several times in the light of the specific questions set.

2 Timing

- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on Question 1(a); this will include reading and planning time.
- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on Question 1(b); this will include reading and planning time.

3 Wider Reading

- Question 1(b) tests your wider reading on the subject of **War in Literature** with specific reference to literature of and about **The First World War**.
- In your answer you should take every opportunity to refer to this wider reading and to your knowledge of this specific area of study.

Answer **both** parts of Question 1.

1 (a)

You should spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on this question.

Basing your answer on **Extract A and Extract B**, you should:

- write a comparison of the ways the writers present attitudes to war
- say how far you agree with the views that Newbolt's poem is inspiring and memorable and that McCrae's poem presents a disillusioned view of war.

(b)

You should spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on this question.

By comparing **Extracts C, D and E**, and by referring to your **wider reading**, examine how typical in both style and treatment of subject matter these writings are of literature from or about The First World War.

You should consider:

- language, form and structure
- the writers' thoughts and feelings about war and contemporary society
- the influence of the time of composition
- the gender of the writers.

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over ►

THE READING**Extract A**

This poem was written by Sir Henry Newbolt in 1892.

*Vitai Lampada*¹

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote:
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's² jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

¹ the torch of life

² a type of machine gun

Extract B

John McCrae, a Canadian doctor, wrote this poem at a dressing station for the wounded near Ypres in 1915.

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JOHN McCRAE

TURN OVER FOR EXTRACT C

Turn over ►

Extract C

Extract C from *Strange Meeting* by Susan Hill, Penguin 1971 – not reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

Extract D

R.C. Sherriff was an officer in the East Surrey Regiment during The First World War. His play *Journey's End*, based on his own experiences, was published in 1928. In this extract, the Colonel is ensuring that Captain Stanhope has put into place the arrangements for a raid on the enemy.

- Again STANHOPE wanders restlessly to and fro. The COLONEL comes down the steps.*
- COLONEL Everything ready?
- STANHOPE Yes, sir. *(There is silence.)* You've no news, then?
- COLONEL I'm afraid not. It's got to be done.
- STANHOPE *(after a pause)* I see.
- COLONEL The brigadier says the Boche did the same thing just south of here the other day.
- STANHOPE I know; but didn't you suggest we altered our plans and made a surprise raid farther up the line after dark?
- COLONEL Yes. I suggested that.
- STANHOPE What did he say?
- COLONEL He said the present arrangements have got to stand.
- STANHOPE But surely he must realise —?
- COLONEL *(impatiently breaking in)* Look here, Stanhope, I've done all I can, but my report's got to be at headquarters by seven this evening. If we wait till it's dark we shall be too late.
- STANHOPE Why seven?
- COLONEL They've got some conference to arrange the placing of reserves.
- STANHOPE They can't have it later because of dinner, I suppose.
- COLONEL Lots of raids have taken place along the line today. With the attack tomorrow morning, headquarters naturally want all the information they can get as early as possible.
- STANHOPE Meanwhile the Boche are sitting over there with a dozen machine-guns trained on that hole — waiting for our fellows to come.
- COLONEL Well, I can't disobey orders.
- STANHOPE Why didn't the trench-mortars blow a dozen holes in different places — so the Boche wouldn't know which we were going to use?
- COLONEL It took three hours to blow that one. How could they blow a dozen in the time? It's no good worrying about that now. It's too late. Where's Osborne and Raleigh?
- STANHOPE They're up in the sap, having a last look round. What d'you make the time, sir?
- COLONEL Exactly nineteen minutes to.
- STANHOPE I'm thirty seconds behind you.
- COLONEL Funny. We checked this morning.
- STANHOPE Still, it's near enough. We shan't go till the smoke blows across.
- COLONEL The smoke ought to blow across nicely. The wind's just right. I called on the trench-mortars on the way up. Everything's ready. They'll drop the bombs thirty yards to the right.
- STANHOPE Are you going to stay here?
- COLONEL I'll watch from the trench just above, I think. Bring the prisoners straight back here. We'll question them right away.
- STANHOPE Why not take them straight down to your headquarters?
- COLONEL Well, the Boche are bound to shell pretty heavily. I don't want the risk of the prisoners being knocked out before we've talked to them.
- STANHOPE All right. I'll have them brought back here. *There is a pause. The COLONEL sucks hard at his pipe. STANHOPE roves restlessly about, smoking a cigarette.*
- COLONEL It's no good getting depressed. After all, it's only sixty yards. The Boche'll be firing into a blank fog. Osborne's a cool, level-headed chap, and Raleigh's the very man to dash in. You've picked good men to follow them?
- STANHOPE The best. All youngsters. Strong, keen chaps.
- COLONEL Good. *(Another pause.)* You know quite well I'd give anything to cancel the beastly affair.
- STANHOPE I know you would, sir.
- COLONEL Have these red rags on the wire upset the men at all?
- STANHOPE It's hard to tell. They naturally take it as a joke. They say the rags are just what they want to show them the way through the gap.
- COLONEL That's the spirit. Stanhope. *OSBORNE and RALEIGH come down the steps.*
- Well, Osborne. Everything ready?
- OSBORNE Yes, I think we're all ready, sir. I make it just a quarter to.
- COLONEL That's right.
- OSBORNE The men are going to stand by at three minutes to.
- COLONEL The smoke bombs drop exactly on the hour. You'll give the word to go when the smoke's thick enough?
- OSBORNE That's right, sir.
- STANHOPE *(at the servant's dug-out)* Mason!
- MASON Coming, sir!
- STANHOPE Were the men having their rum, Uncle?
- OSBORNE Yes. Just as we left. It gives it a quarter of an hour to soak in.
- COLONEL That's right. Are they cheerful?
- OSBORNE Yes. Quite.
- MASON brings in two cups of coffee and puts them on table.*
- STANHOPE Would you like to go up and speak to them, sir?
- COLONEL Well, don't you think they'd rather be left alone?
- STANHOPE I think they would appreciate a word or two.
- COLONEL All right. If you think they would.
- OSBORNE They're all in the centre dug-out, sir.
- COLONEL Right. You coming, Stanhope?
- STANHOPE Yes. I'll come, sir.

Extract E

The poem *Great Men* written by Siegfried Sassoon, an officer in The First World War, was first published in 1918.

Great Men

The great ones of the earth
Approve, with smiles and bland salutes, the rage
And monstrous tyranny they have brought to birth.
The great ones of the earth
Are much concerned about the wars they wage,
And quite aware of what those wars are worth.

You Marshals, gilt and red,
You Ministers and Princes, and Great Men,
Why can't you keep your mouthings for the dead?
Go round the simple cemeteries; and then
Talk of our noble sacrifice and losses
To the wooden crosses.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

END OF EXTRACTS

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