

We cleared an L-shaped area and soon uncovered the cobble spread referred to above (Layer 6). This was removed and the corner of the wall revealed. A difference in the style of masonry indicated a blocked up gap in the wall, and on removal of two large blocks of granite (indicated by broken outlines) soon found the remains of a flag-stone floor in this doorway (?). This rested on Layer 10, the black early occupation level.

Also at this low level were the foundations of two walls running at right angles to the main structure.

Unfortunately time did not permit us to pursue any of these extremely interesting features and it is obvious that a considerable amount of work remains to be carried out.

Conclusions

In 1962 we concluded that Site III had been "a ditched structure of stone and possibly cob, dating from the late twelfth century and having collapsed by the late thirteenth century. . . ."

The new evidence tends to confirm this and to raise also the problem of an earlier occupation, represented by Layer 10, which pre-dates the stone structure.

It is still too early to dogmatically propound any detailed theory on the exact dating of this site but the following historical synopsis of the period should provide food for thought.

During the period 1138-48 the Orkneyinga Saga refers to the Island as the stronghold of a Welsh Sea-Rover whose relations with the Norsemen were somewhat strained. They could never catch him, however, for he always withdrew to Lundy.

By 1154 Sir Jordan de Marisco owned Lundy and retained it against the Royal wishes. In 1222 the Mariscos further fortified the Island with stone-throwing machines. Henry III in 1237 prepared ships against the Mariscos' pirate galleys and in 1242 he succeeded in capturing the Island. "The King's buildings" were repaired whilst work was put in hand to build the new castle.

Whether Site III was witness to all of this only further excavation will tell.

K. S. GARDNER.

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CLIFF AND CAMERA

Deep down in all of us, I'm sure, is the desire to get away from the pressures and tensions of modern life; to live at a more leisurely pace and closer to nature. This is why men climb mountains, sail and live on islands.

The idea of living on an island seems to conjure up a series of mysterious, nostalgic and exciting images. Knowing that many of us have this secret urge to own and get away to an island, I thought that I would try to capture some of the charm and fascination of the islands round the south-west of England, on film, for B.B.C. tv.

The islands I chose were Portland, Burgh Island, Drake's Island, Looe Island, St Michael's Mount, St Agnes and Sampson in the Scillies, and last but not least Lundy.

The last time that I had visited Lundy was before the war as a little boy, and I had vague, jumbled memories of paddle steamers, great cliffs, puffins and stamps. The great cliffs, particularly, intrigued me now, being a mountaineer, and I'd heard stories of splendid rock climbs waiting to be done on Lundy's rough granite.

I have known Admiral Lawder for many years, and it seemed appropriate that my film about Lundy should feature him and the rock climbs pioneered by him, in the past few years, as well as life on the island. To make up the party, Admiral Lawder's grandson, Iain, joined us, along with Mike McEvoy, who'd been the chief instructor at the Outward Bound School at Ashburton.

I rang up Trevor Davy to find out when the *Lundy Gannet* was due to sail, and one day in early September we staggered down to the quay at Bideford with our climbing gear and, for me, an additional load of cameras and film.

Luck wasn't with us. Gale Force 8 lashed the waters of the Taw and Torridge estuary, and although the *Lundy Gannet* would have got there, I'm sure, landing would have been impossible.

We spent a tantalising day clambering about and swimming below the cliffs at Morwenstowe. Away on the horizon, Lundy stood clearly visible—a solid block in the wind-swept sea. For, although there were gales, the sun shone out of a blue sky, broken only by a few scudding clouds.

The next tide that the *Lundy Gannet* could catch was the following morning. The wind had dropped and in the bleak, grey early hours, we shivered our way aboard and in the pearly dawn Trevor took the boat through the mists, out of the estuary and headed North-West.

I filmed part of the voyage (Trevor is becoming quite a star on television!) and soon the South Light and the cliffs of Lundy loomed out of the haze.

Now I don't know if it was the sea voyage or the piratical beards that greeted us, but I felt the same thrill and excitement that I get when I land at a foreign port after a long journey. I suppose the purists would argue that I was at a foreign port, as Lundy is outside territorial waters.

We climbed, rather breathlessly I thought for mountaineers, up the steep hill, past the hotel and the Marisco Tavern and across the fields to the Old Light, where we had booked in. What a delightful place this is. It has all the romantic charm of being an old lighthouse, coupled with the practical side of the excellent accommodation and facilities. Again and again I felt as if I was in one of the better mountain huts in the Alps. There was the same atmosphere and pleasant friendliness of the Warden and the other people staying there.

From then on we never looked back. The weather was splendid; warm and sunny but a little hazy. I filmed to my heart's content around St Helen's Church and Marisco Castle.

We clambered down past the Old Battery and down the cliffs to sea level, then up an easy rock climb, named Flying Buttress, which ran up the outside of a fantastic natural arch.

It's difficult to film rock-climbing successfully. From above or below it's not easy to judge distances and the picture gives no idea of the steepness of a climb or the drop below. Ideally the cameraman should be able to float about in the air and change position all the time! The next best thing is to climb parallel to the route on another climb or rope down beside the climbers.

I used both these methods to film this climb and our other routes on the Needle Rock (which is so like the Napes Needle on Gable) and Devil's Slide, which was a repeat of the first ascent made by Admiral Lawder. The results, I hope, show the fascination of these rough granite climbs on Lundy, where the restless sea is always churning at the foot of the sheer rock; where gulls wheel above you and seals poke inquisitive heads out of the swell below, to watch astonished your sweating, shaking struggles to find the next hold.

There was so much to film on Lundy, that I shot hundreds of feet more film than was ever used. The Devil's Limekiln, the Soay sheep and the wild goats rushing like a wave across the gullies near Devil's Slide, leaving behind their strange, dank, musty scent. All were recorded but never appeared on transmission. It's so difficult to show Lundy in five minutes—I'd shot a fifteen minute film at least!

These were peaceful, happy days. They gave everything that a man could ask for. The excitement and thrill, the sense of achievement of good climbing on sun-warmed rock. Evenings spent in the Tavern, in good company, where the beer and the talk flowed equally well.

Our final fit of madness (and everyone *knows*, except themselves of course, that climbers *are* mad) was to rope down the Old Light—a spectacular, skilfull mountaineering feat, that I wouldn't recommend to those who haven't the skill, nerve and practice.

The visit was over. I filmed the setting sun directly behind the glass at the top of the Old Light and the lantern seemed to shine out again as it must have done for years.

All too soon, the *Lundy Gannet* came, again through the mists, and took us away, with our ropes and boots, cameras and film, but a part of me was left behind. I know I shall return to Lundy one day to find it.

JOHN EARLE.

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