

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY.

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EDITORIAL.

It is both a great pleasure and an honour to be asked to edit this newsletter. It is hoped that it will be a way of keeping LFS members, and indeed, any friends of Lundy, in touch, as an ordinary family letter would do.

As LFS members are aware, we already publish a splendid and academically formidable annual transactions. This newsletter is nothing like that. As you will see, it is meant to be read as a letter, and, that being the case, the Editor hopes to be written to. The items included in this, my first, newsletter do not constitute a template, according to which one must write, but are the first collection of what the Editor hopes will be a brisk and varied correspondence. Mr Walker will contribute from his collection of scrambles and Mrs Langham from her knowledge of the Lundy buildings, because they probably know more than most of us about these things, but that should not stop any one else from joining in (and from what one knows of Lundy people, it will not).

It may strike some readers that the names of the contributors form a sort of pattern: Mrs Langham and Mr Walker are co-editors; Mr Walker and Mr Betts were present at the Golf Match; members of the Betts family were "guided" round the island last year on the LFS field day by Helen Cole; Peter Cole is the Hon. Sec. of the LFS. This observable pattern does not indicate an infallible short-list of contributors, it merely indicates the extraordinary way (the Editor finds it most felicitous) in which Lundy produces this kind of pattern.

Lundy also provides marvellous chances for the pursuit of special interests: birds, flowers, fauna are obvious special interests and most fully dealt with in the LFS Report, but there are always interesting fragments that might not make a full scale piece for that, which would make a most satisfactory letter to the Editor. And what about climbers and dowers and ley-liners? Etc?

The domestic note on cooking might well promote a flood of helpful letters, the person who could contrive a meal that took 5 minutes to prepare and all day to cook, being perfect when one returned from the North End, would be a Public Benefactor.

If any of our readers saw the request in "The Times" recently for instructions on how to play "Racing Demon", they should their instructions to the Newsletter Editor too. When it rains on Lundy, "Racing Demon" can be played by very large numbers of people, only providing they each have a pack of cards. Apart from vingt-et-un, 3-card Brag and Scrabble has any one any inspired wet-day suggestions?

On a family note we would like to know about Births, Marriages, What-People-Are-Doing-News, and the kinds of things like that, that keep groups in touch with each other. We can say that Lt. A. Langham WRAO was married in 1981 to Lt. N. Saunders. Royal Navy. Dr Dawkins and Mr R. Dawkins became grandparent (for the forth time) and parent (for the second) time in 1980. Mr and Mrs A. Taylor now have a son,

born in October 1980. Mr R. Campey is now teaching at Taunton School.

Without your letters, this letter can be nothing- like a play without an audience. The Editor looks forward to hearing from you. All items, from wherever culled, are welcome and should reach the Editor by October 1982.

All the very best.
Ann Westcott.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN: A GOLFER'S HOLIDAY.

by Patrick Penny.

The founding of the Lundy Ancient and Necropolistic Golf Club in 1980 was marked by a competition, the Lundy Open Course Golf Championship, on the Old Course on Acklands Moor. This was well attended and hotly contested. Since all good golf clubs have two courses, an 'Old Course' and 'New Course', Patrick Penny decided to play this year's competition on the Clubs 2 hole, 6 mile, par 106, New Course, from Rocket Pole to the North End helicopter pad and back. PP put the idea forward in the club newsletter but the response was far from overwhelming. In fact only Patrick Penny's father, Douglas, and PP were willing to brave the course.

PP divided the holes into sections which depended on the island's dividing walls, and each section had it's own par. The clubs used were 7-irons; DP used his whippy shafted iron and PP his neolithic iron. The ball collection included a new orange 'Sovereign' and an old 'Fitliest' which the rats had been eating outside Millcombe for a year. The same local rules as last year applied, and we also played winter rules, with 'Fairway' being grass, heather and bare rock, and 'Rough' being bracken, reeds, rabbit holes, and climbers' rucksacks.

At 10am on Saturday 29th August 1981 we drove off from Rocket Pole to a green three miles away. We were fortunate enough to have fine weather, a caddy and an official send-off by the Hon. Press Photographer and Mr Christopher Betts, one of the players last year. On our three and a half hour journey out we must have walked the island about three times, the first to see where we should try to put the ball, the second to see if we put it there, the third to see where it really did go. The play was summed up by the 1980-81 Ladies' Captain and Club Champion, when, observing from afar, she said that we were in 'standard Lundy Golfing position': that is, bending over and probing the depths of some burrow buried under five feet of steel-like bracken for a maggot-eaten ball.

The Hon. Greenkeeper was noticable for his absence, as were fairways and places in walls to put the ball through and save the competitors a quarter mile walk to the next gate.

When we had beaten down and dug up a suspiciously rolling path to the North End, we approached some people and the hole. The people said; "Good God, they're golfers." The 'hole' or stone, sat on a patch of grass on the H-pad, and our approach to it was far from flawless. The lack of green on the green did not putt(sic) us off, and the Ray Reardon putting action was effective. PP sank a two-footer for 61, and DP had about the same score. We then headed for the bar, swiftly assembled in the shade of an outcrop, which stocked Remy Martin VSOP and was complemented by a marvellous picnic made by Joan from Millcombe.

After lunch and a photographic session, it was time to start the hole 'in', and it was the first section of the hole that saw the best golf of the day, although not before PP sustained a bruise on his upper arm from DP's golf ball. The difficulty was the crossing of the small combe north of Threequarter Wall on the west side, and this involved dropping, (or even hitting) the ball on to a small piece

of grass. Both golfers made it with DP taking the optimum line.

DP found Middle Park expensive on golf balls and by this time the supply was running low. Any more losses and we would have had to retire injured. Indeed, after a chronic loss of pellets at Halfway Wall DP decided to stop playing and scouted forward for PP instead, while PP scuffed and lopped his way down the main track. DP did not warn PP of the bull and people in front, so a shot pitched past a startled and annoyed looking animal and ricocheted round the ears of the unsuspecting couple who were completely unaware of the gravity of the match in progress. The shot stopped between the gateposts of Quarter Wall gate.

The play in to Rocket Pole was straightforward stroke play but otherwise fraught. On the Airfield PP's hand traitorously produced a blood blister, probably caused by sun-stroke. It was thought that the ball might have to be played over the Old Light, but the worry of damaging the weather-vane, and Mr Holden's temper, prevailed. At the Old Light we were greeted by a couple not with surprise, but a kind of rich expectancy, since they had been talking all day about how good a golf course Lundy would make.

We drew near to Rocket Pole. On PP's approach DP asked him to drop the ball where DP was standing. PP did miss - just, which was a shame, because it would have squared the series, and crowned the day beautifully. Three shots later, at 5.00pm, the game was over. After vacating the Green we signed the card, a gross 114, net 98, and then went back to Millcombe.

A few days later, a sign went up in the bar:
"Lost, 17 golf balls between the Rocket Pole and North End Helicopter pad. If found, please hand in at the Bar. Patrick Penny. Hon. Sec. A.N.G.C.
It still applies.

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SOME LUNDY SCAMBLES.

by A.J.B.Walker.

The Needle's Eye.

This is a strenuous expedition around Lametry, not suitable for small children, (say under 10 years old), or nervous or clumsy adults, being on jagged and usually slippery rock. In some places it is quite definitely dangerous, and you do it entirely at your own risk: you should expect to take at least an hour, so, beware of being cut off by rising tides, and, tell someone where you are going. Required equipment: good plimsolls or something equivalent; elastoplast for minor cuts.

Start from the beach about an hour before low tide, or more if you want to swim in the Mermaids Pool. Go up the South Light steps, and turn right before the lighthouse walls, over the top of Lametry and down to the NW corner of the peninsula (+slippery earth/gravel/grass). Here you will find a rope fastened to stakes (+possibly rotten). Use this to help your descent to the rocks below, and then go left (roughly SE) along very jagged (+and occasionally loose) rock for about 75 yards to Mermaids Pool. This is a superb swimming pool for hardy enthusiasts, being large, deep, calm, usually clear, and usually cold.

From the Mermaids Pool, go up over the ridge to the left; at the bottom of the next gully you will pass an intrusion of yellow stone, possibly Lundyite. Cross the next ridge high up (near the landward end), and you now overlook a squarish cove floored with big round slippery boulders. Watch out for loose shale boulders falling from

a great height on to you as you descend to sea level. Cross the cove to a small alcove opposite, and the west end of the Needle's Eye is about five feet above beach level to your right. This is a most excellent cave going through an otherwise impassable headland.

Struggle up into the cave and traverse deep pools and slippery rock in semi-darkness. At the east end either go up to the left and negotiate a painful(++and potentially very dangerous)climbing move on to a slippery outcrop, or go down to the right and negotiate a strenuous(+and slippery)scramble up the same outcrop, heading up to the left, and sea-wards. If you have got this far, just carry on over one or two more outcrops to the sea-weedy boulders on the south side of Hell's Gates.

(The Editor has done this scramble under expert escort, and would suggest that for most people the scramble should not be undertaken alone.)

THE MONTAGU STEPS EXPEDITION.

This is an attractive outing involving some fifty feet of sidings covered in loose earth and little round pebbles("ball-bearings") but otherwise easy. Use good plimsolls or something equivalent.

Start from the SW point overlooking the Shutter. A good path slopes down and North from here, towards the next headland. Carry on down with due caution, and about 200 feet down you will find the big iron stakes which held the end of the walkway to the wrecked HMS Montague. The actual steps go down to the right(north)from this level.

Timing? Say fifteen minutes from the Tent Field gate by the Tavern, twenty minutes back, if you are in reasonable condition. Take longer if you are not. Sea-bathing is not recommended from the rocks.

THE PILOTS QUAY EXPEDITION.

Similar to the Montague Steps expedition. Head for the third headland north of the Shutter and go down on an occasionally visible path to somewhere not too close to the edge. If a steep path on to an outcrop is not obvious, you are on the wrong headland. Note, this part of the path, or scramble, may have fallen away. In this case do not proceed. If you can see the way down, and are prepared to risk the loose earth, proceed. At the end of the headland you will find, still in excellent condition, the original steps used by the Bristol Channel pilots. The steps go down from a point to your right.

In very calm weather this has been a place for bathing by experienced sea-swimmers. You imitate these at your own risk.

(These times are for the young and fit. It is unwise to go on any expeditions like these on your own, and without anyone knowing where you are going. In the nesting season you should ask at the Office if the place you are going to is a nesting area and closed for climbing. Editor.)

COTTAGE COOKING.

Whether you are experienced or a first time "Cottage Cooker", help is always welcome. The Editor therefore offers some helpful advice, freely acknowledging assistance from various quarters.

We have found that having a Cook-of-the-Day is a good method of

balancing the chores in a 4/6 group. COTD gets a standard breakfast, say boiled egg, toast and tea; it makes much more effective use of time if you all get up together even if late. Lunch is often a picnic and it's everyone for themselves. COTD prepares and cooks the evening meal. The rest of the party are responsible for clearing the table, washing-up and a minimum house clean.

All our recipes are designed either, a) to take a long time and be ready when we get back, or b) to be cookable in an incredibly short time: our OEUFS MORNAY are stars in group b).

Here is a recipe from the Editors family, which has always called it "Aunnie's Dish." You need 3oz. good stewing steak per person. You need a couple of carrots and onions per person, or more if they like more, or fewer if they like fewer. (You can always have more meat too, but it makes the dish more expensive.) If you want to, you can brown the meat, carrots and onions, which you have cubed $1\frac{1}{2}$ " (meat) or sliced (carrots and onions.) If you brown them it gives added colour to the dish, but it does not make so profound a difference as to necessitate making a frying pan dirty. You cook the meat, carrots and onions in a roasting tin (the large rectangular sort, though the deep oval will do) without a lid, in the oven (middle of) at 325 for 2 hours or until meat is tender. An hour before you wish to dish up, you put your dumplings on top of the meat, and so they are baked dumplings and not boiled ones. The dumpling recipe is as follows and makes 4/6 large dumplings, if you want more, double the ingredients, or treble or whatever. You need 4oz. SR flour, 2oz. suet, seasoning. You mix the flour, suet and seasoning with enough water to make a stiff dough. You divide (with floury hands) the mixture into your 4, or 6, or whatever, dumplings, and then they are placed on top of the meat to cook. The gravy in which you cook the meat can be made several ways. If you only like a little, you can have 1pt. of made-up stock-cube. If you like a lot, you can have whatever you like, and seasoned well or little as you like. If you want maximum nourishment you can make your own stock with household bits. You can use a two lb. collection of bones (eg. chicken carcass, bones from a joint, giblets, bacon rinds, the steak trimmings, raw bones or whatever you have) and a one lb. collection of veg. onions, carrots, leek, not potatoes, cabbage or turnips. Cut up the veg. then put everything in a large pan with three pts. of water and simmer for four hours. This stock then, with cube-stock added, would do you either two casseroles/stews or one and a soup. But the beauty of "Aunnie's Dish" is that you don't have to have a full scale stock, it is very good without: delicious, nourishing, easy and cheap. You can serve extra vegetables with it, leeks are very good, but we don't have potatoes, only masses of dumplings. If you like bread-and-soak, the gravy is gorgeous.

SCHOOLHOUSE BUNGALOW.

by Myrtle Langham. Nov. 1981.

The School Cottage, or Schoolhouse was built in 1886 - not long after the iron church at the head of Millcombe Valley, and similar to it in construction. There were no partitions inside, no kitchen attached to the south end, and its purpose was to serve as a Sunday School. The scholars were the children of island employees and families in the employ of Trinity House.

A harmonium was installed there, and the one tiny drawing of the room that survives shows it in use for a concert party. It was also used occasionally for Sunday readings when there was no service in the church, and, despite the limitations of its size, appears to

have been used for a time as a kind of church hall.

Little is known about the history of the building between then and 1925 - nor is it known when the partitions and the kitchen extension were added, which established it as a residence. Mr Gade said that in his time it was sometimes let, sometimes used by family or friends of the owner, and sometimes used for staff quarters; and that he had lived there himself at one time. The best remembered tenant was Col. "Tubby" Harrison, a regular and frequent visitor from Bristol in the years before and after the 1939-45 war. He was a convivial and hospitable man who entertained his friends on numerous occasions, so that during his tenancy the house was referred to as "The Red Lion".

At that time there were two internal partitions dividing the room into a narrow central lobby, with living-room to the south and bedroom to the north. The annexe was very small, and had a lavatory cubicle in the south-west corner.

In 1976 it was decided to convert the bungalow for holiday lettings: the south partition was removed, giving space for one large living-room, and a new kitchen and lavatory annexe was built, making a very pleasant little cottage for 2-3 people. Just when it was painted blue and termed "The Blue Bungalow" I don't know, but the name had been in use for some years before it was let under that name. Though the bungalow now has a modern use, it has been re-endowed with its original name.

(Myrtle Langham has been visiting the island since the 40s. She is co-author with her husband, A.F. Langham, of "Lundy" in David and Charles' Island Series. She has edited, with A.J.B. Walker Mr Gade's memoirs, "My Life on Lundy." She has also produced an "album" of photographs culled from the Heaven Collection.)

CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED.

Leamington Spa.
30th December 1981.

Dear Madam Editor,

Impressions, you say, of the LFS day-trip from a comparative newcomer? Most Lundyites will know already what we remember most: the splendidly kind weather, after a week of rain and wind at home (Wellingtons and cagoules lay unused), the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with fellow-addicts and islanders, the need to check that favourite spots remain as we recall them, the hope of seeing unusual fauna and flora. In our case, we observed the expression on the face of the Society's Secretary change gradually, during the day, from anxious to relieved, as it became evident that, despite the late change of date, the trip would be a financial and social success (here a passing word of thanks to him and everyone else who made it possible); around the Quarry Pond we felt the same stillness as last year, and the same sprawling conviviality outside the tavern; we half-saw a puffin, by which I mean that a nearby ornithologist identified it but that it moved back into the shadow before I got hold of the bonoculars; and we enjoyed the simple pink of the bunches of thrift in the sun against the sea - "enough in itself", says my wife, "for a separate visit". The bird which did pose for us, on Quarter Wall, looking smug, turned out to be a mere oyster-catcher. We failed to get within view of the Kaaksburg, except when (in a well-meant gesture which in retrospect seems to have been tempting Providence) the captain of the Ivanhoe took us up the coast for a look before

returning. Next time,we thought,making one of those promises which everyone must make on leaving,we'll get a closer look. (We did too)
The teenagers' impressions are appended.

Yours very sincerely,

Christopher Betts.

THE LFS DAY-TRIP.JUNE 27th.1981.

by Tom and Susy Betts.

After disembarking from the ill-fated "Prince Ivanhoe", (such a nice little boat) we decided to follow the Special Tour, led by the profound, witty and leisurely Miss Helen Cole. Thus we proceeded along the familiar route to the Tavern, where we all partook of a little light refreshment. Half an hour later, revitalised, Helen announced that she was setting off, the other tours having departed some fifteen minutes earlier. So a motley crew trudged up the High Street in brilliant sunshine, eventually reaching Quarter Wall, where we left the path to visit the Quarry Pond. Here Tony Walker dropped down exhausted, groping for his Piccadillys. The ensuing golden silence was shattered by a minor public-school youth, who exclaimed on seeing the pond from above for the first time; "Gold-f++++g-fish!" The atmosphere did not seem the same after this, so we pressed on along the Lower East Side path, in order that many of us could get our first view of the wrecked East German coaster, the "Kaaksburg". Helen now discarded her badge ("Special Tour Leader, Helen Cole"), as she wasn't being called upon to say a great deal and; "Felt a bit of a gimp wearing it anyway."

It was then generally agreed that we should make our way over the top of the island to Jenny's Cove and the Earthquakes, where Walker again held up proceedings, causing still further damage to his already insalubrious lungs. As time was drawing on, the Tour Leader proclaimed that she was now returning to the Tavern and that anyone who wanted to could continue the Tour themselves. Predictably, almost everyone faithfully followed their guide.

Back at the Marisco, the Greensward was rapidly becoming obscured by horizontal bodies, enjoying the establishment's offerings. Soon all the Tour Leaders and their disciples had congregated and the gathering was only broken up by the impending departure of the "Ivanhoe" an hour-and-a-half later, which was never to return with such a merry throng..

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REVIEW OF "LUNDY ISLAND, A MONOGRAPH." BY JOHN R. CHANTER: pub.1887.

CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN, LUDGATE HILL.

by Ann Westcott.

It would be easy to dismiss Chanter as an antiquarian Victorian cleric, who had time to sit on the landing beach which rumour says he did and write a monograph from secondary sources; but it would be a pity to dismiss him so. West Country Victorian clerics appear to have been a very special breed. (Look at Hawker of Morwenstowe, Baring-Gould, Froude, Kingsley and perhaps Keble Martin.) They were enthusiasts and in the 1980s when the god within has been almost displaced by gods without, they make fascinating reading.

Because Chanter is interested in everything, he appears to accept ideas that a more sceptical age might reject. But what fun to follow up some of his ideas.

He refers to a Mr. Kerslake's "Notes and Queries" describing the dedication of St. Helen's Chapel as by OFFA in the 8th century, and supposing a Mercian Colony in North Devon: an idea one had not met elsewhere.

Then there is reference to a letter of Dorothy Osborne to Sir Wm. Temple about Lord Say's having "writ a romance since his retirement to the isle of Lundy." Could one trace it?

And Chanter had WOAD pointed out to him while he was on Lundy, though it is not mentioned in Mr. Heaven's Botanical list. A species of cuckoo-pint, a calamintha, a wild asparagus (on the granite of the shore), and plants any botanist could spend a happy summer holiday looking for: Chanter says they were there in 1887.

And all these exciting notions occur in the Introduction.

Chanter's use of secondary sources, in fairness to him, should dispel the rumour that he wrote the monograph on the beach in one afternoon. But the intriguing mention of "many other notices of the Island and incidents in its history are to be found scattered about in the Archaeologia and other periodicals" is more exciting than looking at his references to the Public Record Office. This vagueness (impermissible to a modern scholar) means that one can browse in any antiquarian bookshop and one might find treasure-trove. Another tantalising comment of Chanter's is, "several historical sketches and notices of visits have appeared in periodicals from time to time, and the sensational incidents of the Conspiracy of Marisco and the capture of the Island by the French in the reign of Wm. III have been frequently used in works of fiction". Where are these (and Lord Say's) Romances now?

Benson's Cave bears "marks of great antiquity", but Chanter never says what they are, though he implies he thinks Benson did not build it. Another Hougue Bie, as in Jersey? Did he take the phrase from the "Journal of--time--spent in--Lundy 1787" - "its form shows its great antiquity". Did he mean that the so-called Round Tower west of Tibbets actually contains cement? Because if it is what he means, then the Round Tower, the Castle, Benson's Cave and the Chapel of St. Helen were all built at the same time. Impossible?

Not only is John O'Groats House used as a "luncheon room" but so is "the Summer House", marked on Chanter's map, by Gannets Combe. More matters for a May morning: one will check the map reference this year.

Discussing the Marisco family, Chanter refers one to "Les Monte Morenci de France et les Monte Merenci d'Ireland" by Col. Hervé de Montmorenci Morrès, Paris 1828, for an account of the family. Where can one find a copy? Or of the "Archaeologia" of 1771 containing a paper by the Rev. Mr. Pegge on "Whether England formerly produced any wine made from grapes". He believed erroneously that Lundy produced such wine.

Chanter's bird list (which is Hudson Grosett Heaven's) contains the Subalpine Warbler, (*Sylvia subalpina bonelli*). Is this today's Subalpine Warbler, (*Sylvia cantillans*); Bonelli's Warbler, (*Phylloscopus bonelli*); or even *Sylvia ruppelli* which the Subalpine Warbler, (*Sylvia cantillans*) resembles? Does any reader know Parfitt's "Fauna of Devon" which apparently develops the entomological work of British Museum specialists Woolaston (in 1844/45) and Smith (in 1870 and '74)?

I salute Victorian clerics: benedicunt omnia opera.

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FIELD STUDY HOLIDAY, SPRING '81.

by Terry Shannon.

How did the Field Study Holiday go ? I enjoyed it very much, less than ten minutes after leaving Hartland Point, the helicopter deposited us near the High St. and we were soon being welcomed by Doug Kestell in the pine-clad interior of "The Barn", our home for the week. Sustenance for hungry travellers was soon provided by our cook; we reacquainted ourselves with old friends and welcomed first time visitors. We dispersed after the meal, some on their own to a favorite spot on the island, newcomers on a conducted tour of as much of the island as time would allow.

A typical day on Lundy ? The keen and energetic rose at first light to explore and observe that which the early hours offered. Others, including myself, rose just in time for a large cooked breakfast. The washing up done, party members help with the chores, we packed up our lunch boxes for the day and left "The Barn".

Informality is the key to the Field Study Holidays. One is completely free to pursue one's own particular interest on one's own, or to join a small group of fellow enthusiasts and enjoy the company and advantage of each learning from the other. Everyone's pursuits varied. Strictly the bird for some! Others photographed the wild scenery. Some found a sunny spot and lazed the day away watching the seals at play. Another sketched a favoured scene. It's your choice! Then, in the early evening, pale faces beginning to tan in the Lundy air, we returned hungry to "The Barn" for an excellent meal provided by the Field Society's cook. Refuelled, some sought the fresh air once again, perhaps a glorious sunset over the Atlantic on the west side, others adjourned to the Marisco Tavern, the social centre of the island. Observations were recorded in the LFS log in the Tavern and chat exchanged with other visitors and islanders. Much later, if you still had the energy and a good torch, some set off for the cliff tops to listen to the weird cries of the Manx Shearwater.

And so to bed, dormitory style.

What to take ? Luggage on the helicopter is limited to 25lbs. Stout footwear and weather-proof gear are essential; a sleeping bag, or sheets and pillow cases; a towel must be taken. The rest to personal taste.

Do join us in the spring or autumn.

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LUNDY, SUMMER '81

by Halcyon Wood.

On Sunday 23rd of August a small group led by Tony Taylor arrived on Lundy. There were four others in the party: Tim Scoones, Jackie Bowater and myself, who are pupils at Bryanston School where Tony teaches, and Jera Lea-Wilson, a cousin of Tony's. We had been intending to arrive by steamer but as the "Prince Ivanhoe" was wrecked on the Welsh coast a few weeks earlier we flew in by Helicopter from Hartland Point. Jackie and I camped while the other three slept in the "Blue Bung", a little cottage at the head of Millcombe Valley with a lovely view of the sea and, on clear days, the mainland.

We went to Lundy to watch and ring birds. We used both the Heligoland traps; one is at Quarter Wall and the other is below Quarry Pond on the east side. As well as these we used mist nets

in Millcombe valley, wader traps in Quarter wall pond and occasionally slightly less orthodox means.

Our greatest success was in catching one of a pair of Dotterel. We were told of their arrival at the area around Pondsbury in the early evening and immediately set out to see how approachable they were. They were extremely tame and we found that we could get within about 20 yds. of them before they showed signs of unease, so Tony and one of the boys took hold of an end each of a 60 ft. mist net, holding it tought between them. The rest of us got round behind the birds and slowly closed in. We were hoping either to drop the net down on them or to persuade them to fly up into it. The first five times they escaped but on the sixth attempt, some time later, we managed to catch one. It was fairly dark by this time so we ringed it and let it go to join the others.

Another bird which we spent hours trying to catch was a Wood Sandpiper which spent most of its time on Quarter Wall pond. We set up a wader trap along the edge of the water (getting extremely muddy as we did it) and then tried to make it walk into the trap. However it managed to walk around the trap every time. Then we tried a similar method to the one we had used with the Dotterel. This too failed and we eventually had to give up. One consolation was that we caught a couple of Dunlin in the trap at the pond instead.

While we were on the island the weather was exceptionally good, although a bit more wind might have helped bring the migrants along. Every day was hot and calm with sea mists drifting round, but never over the island. We were catching birds regularly although certainly not in record numbers. Our total catch was 65 birds and there were 14 different species. Of these the most numerous was the Willow Warbler. Others included Redstart, Grasshopper Warbler, Sedge Warbler, both Spotted and Pied Flycatchers, Whitethroat, Robin, Dunnock, Blackbird and House Sparrow. However we saw more than we caught; Cuckoo, Sparrowhawk, Greenshank, Oystercatcher, Green Sandpiper, Ringed and Golden Plovers, Curlew, Yellow Wagtail, Tree Pipit, Turtle Dove and Short-eared Owl were just some of the others we were fortunate to see.

Tim Scoones and I are learning to ring and we got some experience. However preference was given to Keith Mortimer, the barman of the Marisco Tavern, who is also a trainee ringer. Since the observatory was closed down there has not always been a qualified ringer living on the island although Mick Rogers, Ian Black, Tony Taylor and Richard Campey have each worked there for a season or two. There is no one there at present which is a great pity because Lundy is an important resting place for many migrants. The main purpose of ringing on an island such as Lundy is to find out, from any of the ringed birds which are later found elsewhere, where each species migrates to, what countries they pass through and the timing of their migrations. All the birds are weighed and measured, and their age and sex determined if possible, to give information on other aspects of their lives such as how their weight changes according to the season, and how long they live.

Of course, on such a beautiful place as Lundy we spent quite a of time admiring the island itself. We paid a visit to the remains of the German coaster "Kaaksberg" which was wrecked below the terraces in November 1980. We climbed in through a gaping hole in the hold and started to climb around. The whole ship was at a slant and the ladder up to the deck actually leant backwards which made climbing it fun. The deck was very slippery but we managed to reach the cabins. Inside, because we could not see the horizon, everyone appeared to be standing at an impossible angle as our eyes assumed that the floor was horizontal. After we had left in rather a hurry because the tide was coming in, we made our way up to the north end of the island.

On the way we saw some Soay sheep for the first time, near the Devil's Slide. During our stay we saw several other animals: Sika Deer, including one very tame one which we photographed as fed with sheep in the Brick Field, Lundy ponies, Goats, Seals, Basking Sharks and various butterflies and dragonflies. We also made a point of visiting some Lundy Cabbage, which is indigenous to the island.

We left on Sunday 29th August. Having packed up in the early part of the morning, some of us went to church and then played darts in the Tavern; I think the girls did rather better than the boys! As we finally took off from Castle Hill, on our way back to Hartland, the clouds were rapidly accumulating from the west, to bring the heat wave to a close..

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F.W.GADE MEMORIAL FUND.

The F.W.Gade Memorial Fund, which is administered by Mrs Cherry Richardson, has received most generous support in the years since it was established and now stands at well over £1,000. Mr Gade cherished the hope that anything he left behind would be of use to islanders and visitors alike."

The organisers would welcome suggestions as to how the fund could be usefully used, and members are invited, at the AGM or before, to make suggestions. Ideas so far proposed have ranged from some form of shelter at the North End; a plantation of trees or shrubs; a public telephone (which proved impracticable); and a drying room with coin-operated washing machines and dryers.

ALL suggestions will be welcomed, please do not feel reticent, your ideas are needed and will be discussed at the AGM.

A.F.Langham.

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LFS EXCURSION TO LUNDY 1982, LATE NEWS.

You will see from the enclosed notice that an Excursion is planned for June 12th 1982. There are, however, still some problems about landing at the island but it is expected that these will be overcome.

Please don't let this inhibit you from booking your tickets early, it will be first come first served and if there is a cancellation you will get your money back. As those of you who have been before know, the Excursion is one of the high points of the year. If you have never been before, why not join us ?.

P.B.F.Cole.

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ASW/PEFC/AFL. JAN. '82.